

# CORONET

MARCH

25c



Beckette:

**Air Base**

Boone T. Guyton

*Pictorial Story*

**I Cover**

*Photographer*

*Fiction Feature:*

**Public Servant**

*by Hugh Pentecost*



**Publisher:** DAVID A. SMART  
**Editors:** OSCAR DYSTEL  
 BERNARD GEIS  
**Associate Editors:**  
 HARRIS SHEVELSON  
 BARBARA BRANDT  
**Managing Editor:**  
 ARNOLD GINGRICH

### Articles

|                                   |                     |     |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|-----|
| Have You a Quiz Kid in Your Home? | WELDON MELICK       | 3   |
| Mobilizing the Elements           | MICHAEL EVANS       | 11  |
| I'm in the Navy Now!              | MC CLELLAND BARCLAY | 17  |
| Screwballs, Inc.                  | HOWARD WHITMAN      | 26  |
| Guinea Pigs of Gab                | MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM  | 32  |
| Major Bowes of the Opera          | W. F. MC DERMOTT    | 50  |
| Freight Trains Afloat             | DOUGLAS J. INGELLS  | 61  |
| Last Clipper to Lisbon            | GRETTA PALMER       | 93  |
| Enough Is Too Much                | WALTER B. PITKIN    | 99  |
| Lady of the Tiger                 | CLYDE VANDEBURG     | 104 |
| Headaches Are a Luxury            | HELEN FURNAS        | 145 |
| Now It's Bundles for Bluejackets  | BARBARA HEGGIE      | 150 |
| Dirty Weather for White Collars   | SHELBY G. DAVIS     | 157 |

### Streamlined Novel

Mad Mission to Berlin: *Third of four parts*

OSCAR SCHISGALL 67

### Fiction Feature

Public Servant

HUGH PENTECOST 39

### Features

|   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| Names in Masquerade: <i>Fifty Questions</i>           | 55                  |
| Winter by the Sea: <i>Painting by John Whorf</i>      | 57                  |
| I Cover the Newsfront: <i>Picture Story by Weegee</i> | 77                  |
| The Nine Young Men: <i>Portfolio of Personalities</i> | 109                 |
| The Gallery of Photographs                            | 121                 |
| Air Base: <i>Coronet Bookette</i>                     | BOONE T. GUYTON 161 |

### Miscellany

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Forgotten Mysteries | R. DEWITT MILLER 30 |
| Soldiers Below Zero | 37                  |
| Not of Our Species  | 75                  |
| Your Other Life     | 119                 |
| The Best I Know     | 155                 |

### Cover Girl

Douglas Johnston Smith is the name of the beauty on the front cover—so named by disappointed parents who were expecting a boy. You can identify her in Paramount's *The Fleet's In* as Laurie Douglas. The daughter of Juanita Johnston, movie actress during Valentino's heyday, Laurie made her stage debut at the age of 6, and when she did a Spanish dance in a grade school show at 9, she was part of the "atmosphere" in a musical comedy hit. She has been, successively, professional dancer, campus beauty queen at Oklahoma A. & M., and fashion model.



CORONET, MARCH, 1942; VOL. 11, NO. 5; WHOLE NO. 66

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright, 1942, by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered U. S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.

Contin  
Weldon

How does your offspring stack up against radio's youngest board of experts? First, though, let's meet the Quiz Kids in person



## Have You a Quiz Kid in Your Home?

by WELDON MELICK

**R**ICHARD WILLIAMS' career as a Quiz Kid very nearly ended the first time he appeared on the program. He was too shy to raise his hand, and Joe Kelly didn't call on him. Fortunately someone suspected he was timid and saw that he got another chance a few weeks later. Since then, he's piled up records for the longest run of consecutive appearances (29), the greatest total number of appearances and the highest score ever made on the program.

Dickie is getting over his shyness, too. When the kids were asked to write a poem about things they hated, he wowed studio and radio audience alike with a verse about how he hated to take medicine—including Alka-Seltzer, which sponsors the show.

"Where on earth do you find kids like Richard and Gerard and Joan and Claude?" someone is always asking Lou Cowan, originator of the

Quiz Kids radio program.

He says: "You find smart children all over the country. Our regulars come from Chicago, because with our broadcasting setup, we can't draw from a larger area. If we could, we'd have them from every city you can name."

Certainly Chicago has no monopoly on bright children. *Your* child may be just as smart as Harve or Betty or Jack. If your youngster likes to read, if he occasionally knocks your hat off with the things that stick to his memory, if he is able to answer a fifth of the questions Joe Kelly puts to the Quiz Kids on a typical broadcast (no one of the five kids on a program has to answer more than a few of the questions) — then chances are your child could hold his own with this much publicized group of children.

To satisfy your curiosity, Coronet has devised a way for your child to

compete directly with the Quiz Kids as individuals. On page 7 appears a quiz never used on the air which was given privately to each of 11 leading Quiz Kids by this magazine. Their scores have been recorded for comparison with those of your youngsters.

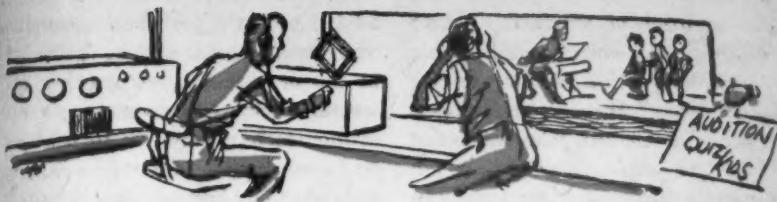
FIRST, OF COURSE, you will want to know whether your child meets other Quiz Kid qualifications. Some are very important. All applicants in Chicago are put through elimination tests by Joseph W. Bailey, a genial young lawyer in the Quiz Kid office. The first step is to fill out a questionnaire, listing favorite reading, hobbies, school activities, answering other questions about background, and writing a short essay on why they feel they are qualified to be Quiz Kids. Incidentally, any cockiness apparent in this essay disqualifies a child. The slightest tendency toward brattishness or smartness in the interview or audition stages likewise eliminates a candidate, regardless of intellectual attainments. And an unfortunate voice quality or habit may also prevent his consideration. So rigid are these precepts that all the regulars have loads of personality—there just isn't a brat in a carload.

A youngster doesn't have to be a prodigy or a genius to be a Quiz Kid. Most of the regulars have IQ's considerably under genius rating, although Richard Williams has one of the highest ever tested at the University of Chicago, and Van Dyke Tiers is in the same exclusive neighborhood. Few are ahead of their chrono-

logical age in school, and only two (Joan Bishop and Van) had early careers as prodigies. Van's precocity got him in two movie shorts at the age of three, and he later started school in the fifth grade. Joan Bishop entertained in public from the age of three, and exhibited feminine logic—or stubbornness—at five, while giving a recital which included Brahms' *Lullaby*. When someone called for her to sing louder, she stopped long enough to say, "You can't put a baby to sleep hollering at him," and then continued in the same tender tones.

In answer to the questionnaire query: "Have you ever made radio or other public appearances?" Richard Banister, 13-year-old recent red-headed addition, wrote that he had "said two words in a play for the old ladies' home." His questionnaire was one of the untidiest, most illegible and unintentionally funny applications that have ever come into the office. One of the reasons he thought he would make a good Quiz Kid was: "I am very strong for Wilkie and MacNary." There was nothing at all on his questionnaire to indicate anything unusual except that as favorite reading he listed *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia* by John Gunther and *First Principles of Astrology* along with the Oz Books and *Hans Brinker*. He turned out to be a wow in European history.

The board's American History expert is another red-head, Harve Fischman, 11, as roly-poly as Dick Banister is skinny. He doesn't look as though he'd ever cracked a book in his life. But a passionate interest in American



history was obvious from his reading list, and verified by the best audition since the program began.

The weekly audition, conducted in an NBC studio exactly as an authentic broadcast, is the next step in the weeding-out process. While sound engineers test voice qualities, Joe Bailey spends an hour asking 150 general questions on history, geography, science and literature, with a few reasoning and trick questions thrown in. This has been preceded by half-hour private interviews covering about 50 not-too-difficult questions, given to those whose questionnaires showed promise. The final test is a two-hour private interview.

Harve simply couldn't be stumped on history questions at his audition and interviews, and since then has often convulsed audiences with his intimate knowledge of the presidents' lives—and wives. He mentioned, after identifying the largest president as William Howard Taft, that he weighed 332 pounds and once got stuck in the White House bathtub and had to call for help, ordering a larger tub as soon as he was rescued.

On occasions, Harve's ignorance is as sensational as his knowledge, since he reads practically nothing but history books. Fifteen hundred people

gasped at a recent convention luncheon when the Quiz Kids were asked how they would pick a good bull and Harve said he'd buy the one that gave the most milk. But they practically rolled in the aisles when 13-year-old Betty Swanson, with a puzzled look on her face, half corrected him with: "I don't think bulls have much to do with dairy products, but most dairy farms have them around, don't they?"

Ruth Duskin's questionnaire was undeniably outstanding for a seven-year-old. She listed 12 favorite authors and 30 favorite books, including an encyclopedia and a set of story books. In her essay, she said: "I think I should be and I would like to very much be on the program because I love to play guessing games, do riddles and answer questions."

She thought it was a game when Bailey interviewed her, and began firing riddles right back at him. He almost did nip-ups when she was able to identify the youngest president ever inaugurated as Theodore Roosevelt, and excitedly asked her how old Teddy was at the time.

"I think he was 16," she said.

Ruth gave as her Quiz Kid qualities, "I have an excellent memory, a very good vocabulary, and I am at

ease in front of strangers. I love knowledge, and when I begin working at something I will not stop until I have finished." She is as much a perfectionist as Gerard, who was asked on one program to identify three fish of various habits after first establishing a fishy atmosphere by humming or singing *The Three Little Fishies*. Gerard ploughed inexorably through verse after verse in spite of everything Kelly could do to stop him, explaining afterwards that a story with a moral just falls flat if you stop before the ending!

In contrast to Ruth's very definite ideas about her qualifications, Claude Brenner wrote simply, "As to why I would like to compete with the Quiz Kids—I really don't know what to say, only that I think it would be most interesting and educational for me to do so, as I have never before spoken over the radio or made any other public appearances." His writing was careless and contained misspelled words and grammatical errors. His reading list was good but not complete. Bailey called him in for an interview only because he noted that Claude could read four languages and his list of travels looked like a Martin Johnson safari—including 10 Atlantic crossings from his home in Johannesburg, South Africa. (On one trip to the States when he was four, he made news by telling a reporter he saw lions nearly every day in Africa—but neglected to add that he lived near a zoo.)

Claude is the most ingratiating kid of the lot, and the most at home with

adults. Recently, Joe's announcement that Claude would return to the board at the next session, after being off several weeks, was greeted with an ovation such as only Gerard Darrow had ever been accorded. Claude is the only Quiz Kid who has been entrusted with the responsibilities of Quiz Master — pinch-hitting four times for Joe Kelly.

Claude's father died when he was eight months old. His mother is working at present as a sales clerk, in order not to have to touch Claude's Quiz Kid money, which is being saved for his education as an aeronautical engineer. Claude and his sister Sheilah have done an admirable job of bringing each other up in their mother's necessary absence—they both have beautiful manners. The children have few friends, and have made radio and libraries suffice for recreation.

Claude perhaps best represents the typical Quiz Kid in age, ability, personality and living scale. Jack Lucal, consistently tough competition for all the other kids, misses this honor by being older than the others both in years and comportment; Betty Swanson misses it only by being a girl—Quiz Kids come predominantly in pants. Richard Williams and Van Dyke Tiers are exceptional rather than typical, being the only ones who can do a more than creditable job in any field of knowledge while being unbeatable along some lines. Their gifts amount to genius. But Claude is highly endowed in every single attribute looked for in a Quiz Kid.

Specialists like Joan, Gerard, Harve,

Dick Banister and Ruth, create the most amazing impression on the air, but Claude and Jack and Betty are the ones who hold the show together by doing a well-rounded job on all subjects. The Coronet Quiz scores bear this out. The five specialists got the lowest scores on a general quiz.

"With two or three exceptions," Lou Cowan insists, "the Quiz Kids are average kids—frequently from less than average homes—a street-worker's, a janitor's, a family whose only income is mother's home-made candy.

"As a rule they like to read but would rather play. If there's a difference between our kids and other kids, I'd say it's in *what* they read and *how* they read it."

On the subject of the Quiz Kids' reading tastes, it is perhaps significant to note that not one of the 11 youngsters identified "Superman" as Clark Kent, when I put the question to them, though most of them knew he was a comic strip character.

Gerard said disdainfully, "I used to read it when I was young, until I got wise to myself."

? ? ?

### Quiz Kids Questions

CORONET gave the following quiz to 11 top-ranking Quiz Kids: You can learn whether your boy or girl is a potential Quiz Kid by comparing his or her score with those of Joan, Claude and company. Take the test yourself, too—you may be surprised. The average time consumed was one hour, although Richard Williams and Ruth Duskin spent but 20 minutes each. Ruth attempted six questions; Gerard, 11. Here's how the scoring works:

Each question counts four.

Each part of a two-part question counts two.

One part of a three-part question counts two; either two or three parts answered correctly count four.

In questions 4, 11, 12, 13 and 21, count one for each correct part (*answers on page 9*).

1. (a) What president had something in common with Cyclops?  
(b) What president had something in common with a billiard ball?  
(c) What president's funeral is not yet paid for?  
2. Who painted these pictures?  
  
(a) Arrangement in Gray and Black.  
(b) Debris of an Automobile Giving Birth to a Blind Horse Biting a Telephone.  
3. If two men should separate at the South Pole, one traveling due northeast and the other due northwest, which would reach conti-

mental land first?

- On what page of your paper would you be most likely to meet each of these people—front page, sports page, comic page, movie page or radio page?
  - Arlington Brough:
  - Cokey Ace.
  - A. Shickelgruber.
  - Grover Alexander.
  - Ralph Skihner.
- If a chain is 20 feet long and each of its 80 links will hold  $8\frac{1}{2}$  pounds, how many pounds will the whole chain hold?
- Give two short rhyming words which describe the following:  
EXAMPLE: A thin ghost—gaunt haunt.
  - The last ship in a convoy.
  - An unscrupulous butcher.
  - A burning pleasure boat.
- In what books do these talk:
  - A stove.
  - A toy pig.
  - A flower.
- If your electric refrigerator alternately uses current for 4 minutes and cuts off for 20 minutes, instead of running continuously at a cost of a cent an hour, how much would it cost to operate it in a 30-day month?
- These kids may not be as real as the Quiz Kids, but they're on the radio. Give their last names and the programs they're in.
  - Teddy.
  - Peggy.
  - Joey.
- How would you explain the meanings of these phrases to Mr. Noah

Webster?

- Strictly stock.
- I ain't hummin'.
- Don't hand me that jive.

- Name four movie titles containing a fruit.
- If you had the power to bring back these former rulers, to what country and title would you restore them?
  - Haakon VIII.
  - Carol Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.
- What would you be doing, in other words, if you gave a goober to a gibbon, some pemmican to a ptarmigan and a wallop to a wapiti?
- Of what mythological character are you reminded by Margaret Steen's book, *The Sun is My Undoing*?
- What major league ball players are suggested by:
  - A butcher shop.
  - A bakery.
  - A poultry market.
- Are Balthazar, Melchior and Gaspar noted for their musical, intellectual or athletic ability?
- No matter how thin you slice it, what is abalone?
- Can you iron this one out? Suppose you have an iron that cools so slowly that you can do all your ironing without reheating it. For best results, in what order would you iron your wool, rayon, cotton, linen and silk things?
- (a) Why should the word "Rosebud" make you think of what chubby-cheeked movie star?

(b) What movie star would be giving you his undivided attention if he said, "I'm all ears"?

20. Suppose there are five glasses of water and a plate of stuffed olives before you. You eat one olive after drinking the first glass of water, two more olives after the second glass, etc., doubling the number of olives after each glass. When you've had five drinks and five helpings of olives, how many olive pits do you have?

21. Give a word of the opposite meaning which begins with the same letter.

- (a) Obedient.
- (b) Idle.
- (c) Cowardice.
- (d) Fiction.

? ? ?

### Answers to Quiz

#### The Quiz Kids' Scores

|                            |    |
|----------------------------|----|
| Betty Swanson, 13.....     | 74 |
| Van Dyke Tiers, 14.....    | 72 |
| Emily Anne Israel, 14..... | 71 |
| Richard Williams, 11.....  | 66 |
| Claude Brenner, 13.....    | 62 |
| Jack Liscal, 15.....       | 62 |
| Joan Bishop, 14.....       | 49 |
| Dick Banister, 13.....     | 47 |
| Harve Fischman, 11.....    | 45 |
| Gerard Darrow, 9.....      | 28 |
| Ruth Duskin, 7.....        | 13 |

1. (a) Theodore Roosevelt. (Had only one eye. Emily Anne was scored correct for "Franklin Delano Roosevelt has but one 'I' in his name, and like

22. What radio characters would you be seeking audience with if you made appointments with these secretaries?

- (a) Miss Ellis.
- (b) Miss Miller.

23. Man has domesticated many animals for the food and clothing they provide him. Can you name two insects he has domesticated?

24. These words aren't slang, but brother, you're cookin' with gas if you know what they mean.

- (a) Braise.
- (b) Simmer.
- (c) Sauté.

25. If you were piloting a plane and it went into a spin, whirling to the right, would you press the left rudder pedal or push the stick forward in order to stop the spin?

Cyclops, son of the sea-god, he is interested in the sea.")

- (b) John Quincy Adams. (Was the only bald president.)
- (c) James A. Garfield, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt. (Only Dick Banister and Harve answered "Garfield," Harve adding that the undertaker was stuck for a bill of \$1,890.50. Five other kids scored with "F. D. R.")

2. (a) Whistler.

(b) Salvador Dali. (Who else?)

3. (a) There is only one direction from the South Pole, and that is due North. And both men are already on continental

land. (Either statement gets a full score—Van, of course, mentioned both facts.)

4. (a) Movie. (Robert Taylor.)  
 (b) Radio. (Easy Aces.)  
 (c) Front. (Adolf Hitler.)  
 (d) Sports. (Baseball.)  
 (e) Comic. (Skippy's father.)

5. 8½ pounds. (A chain is as strong as its weakest link—remember?)

6. (a) Art craft.  
 (b) Meat cheat.  
 (c) Hot yacht.

7. (a) *The Nuremberg Stove*.  
 (b) *Winnie the Pooh*.  
 (c) *Through the Looking Glass*.  
 (Betty says "Peaseblossom in *Midsummer Night's Dream*"—I don't dispute her.)

8. \$1.20.

9. (a) Teddy Barber.  
 (b) Peggy Young.  
 (c) Joey Brewster.

10. (a) "Nothing much," or "nothing unusual" (in answer to "What's cookin'?"")  
 (b) "I'm not fooling!"  
 (c) "You bore me," or "I don't believe it."

11. *Strawberry Blonde*, *Cocoanut Grove*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *It's A Date*, *Huckleberry Finn*, etc.

12. (a) King of Norway.  
 (b) King of Rumania.

13. Giving a peanut to an ape, compressed dried meat to a bird, and slapping a deer.

14. Icarus or Phaeton. (Only Claude thought of Icarus, whose father, Daedalus, fashioned wings for him, made of feathers and attached with wax. Icarus disre-

garded the admonition not to fly too near the sun; the wax melted, and he fell into the sea.)

15. (a) Either Max Butcher or Enos Slaughter.  
 (b) Either Cookie Lavegetto or Del Baker.  
 (c) Duckie Medwick or Birdie Tebbets.

16. Intellectual. (Three Wise Men of the Bible.)

17. A shell-fish. (Sorry, Harve—it's a gastropod mollusk, not a loaf of meat.)

18. Linen, cotton, wool, silk, rayon.

19. (a) "Rosebud" was the theme word in Orson Welles' first picture, *Citizen Kane*. (The kids all missed this one.)  
 (b) Give a score of two for identifying *Dumbo*, the latest Disney creation, whose auricular appendages developed elephantiasis, score one for "Clark Gable."

20. None. (Olives were stuffed.)

21. (a) Obstinate, obdurate. (Jack gave "ornery.")  
 (b) Industrious.  
 (c) Courage.  
 (d) Fact.

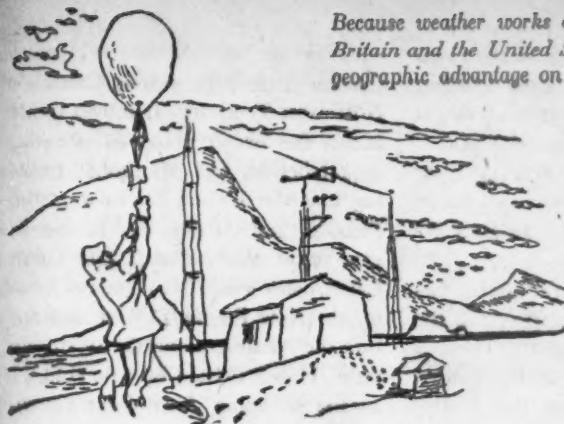
22. (a) Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons.  
 (b) Mr. District Attorney.

23. (a) Bee.  
 (b) Silkworm.

24. (a) Broil meat in a covered vessel, then bake or cook.  
 (b) Boil gently.  
 (c) Fry lightly with little grease.

25. Both, which would stop the spin and leave you in a straight dive.

Because weather works as it does, Great Britain and the United States enjoy a priceless geographic advantage on the forecast front



## ***Mobilizing the Elements***

by MICHAEL EVANS

IT WAS dusk of a November night. Simultaneously at 50 English airports, grim and silent young men, bulky in their flying suits, clambered into great bombing planes and roared off to the east.

Thus started, auspiciously, what the Royal Air Force had planned as the greatest night bombing assault upon Germany up to that time. Thus, also, started the war's greatest tragedy for the *RAF*—the loss of two or three of every five planes—of nearly 250 pilots, bombardiers, observers and aerial gunners. Conservatively, it cost England \$5,000,000 in equipment and at least an equal investment in trained men.

It was the most disastrous night in the air since one evening late in the World War when Germany's supreme war command sent a flotilla of 17 great Zeppelins out for a mass attack on London and lost every ship in a

storm that rose suddenly over France.

And as in the Zeppelin tragedy, the villain was not the enemy but that universal foe of all armies: *the weather*. The British planes started out on a clear, crisp night. What the British airmen did not know was that an uncharted storm was raging on the continent—a sudden cold front which had slashed down from the Arctic. The British planes hit that storm too late to turn back. Ice weighted their wings. Gasoline tanks ran dry. Plane after plane went down.

The weather front is the most bitterly fought and most obscure of the war. The strategy of battles has passed from the generals into the hands of scientific technicians who never fire a gun — the meteorologists who pore over charts and barographs in secret offices far behind the front.

If an army travels only at a speed of a mile or two an hour, a little delay

doesn't count much. Not so the modern blitz force. An air army heading into storm or fog may miss its target and lose valuable personnel and machines. An armored striking force needs clear dry weather to roll across open country at 40 miles an hour.

THE GERMAN general staff, farsighted as usual, has built one of the world's best weather staffs. There is only one better—that of the United States. Four days after the United States went to war, Congress moved to build an even better staff—by voting one-half a million dollars for special army meteorological service.

For years before the outbreak of war the German meteorologists had experimented in the development of long-range forecast methods. They conducted exhaustive observation of the movement of air masses. They sent special expeditions into remote parts of the earth—particularly into the Arctic, Iceland and Greenland.

The German attack upon Poland in September, 1939, was timed on a forecast of Nazi meteorologists that the high command could count on a month's fine weather to complete the campaign. Such forecasts are fully within the capability of modern weather science. Naturally, they need some luck—but less, for example, than does a sports prognosticator.

The reason for this is that, generally speaking, the weather behaves according to certain general rules. For instance, in temperate zones it moves usually from west to east. The "weather works" of the northern temperate

climates are the Arctic. A typical weather pattern starts up in Canada's Northwest Territory. It moves down across the broad plains of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, crossing into the United States over the Dakotas and Minnesota. It sweeps east across the midlands and Great Lakes, passing over New York to move up the New England Coast and out into the Atlantic along the steamship lanes. Unless twisted by new cold air masses sweeping down from Greenland and Iceland, this weather pattern usually rolls on over the British Isles and the European continent.

This gives the United States and Britain a terrific, permanent geographic advantage in the weather war. It means that nine-tenths of the time we know pretty well what Germany's weather will be before Berlin does. From Alaska east to Nazi-chained Europe, the world's prize weather observation posts are firmly in our hands. Adolf Hitler's rains and snows are stirred up in our mixing bowl.

Sometimes, of course, that pattern fails. A storm may break down the Scandinavian peninsula. A storm may leave Britain and stall over the continent. That is what happened the night of the RAF tragedy.

You might suppose that Japan in the Pacific holds a weather advantage over us like that we hold over Germany in the Atlantic. But this is not true. The Pacific is so wide that our outposts in Alaska and Hawaii give us ample warning of what weather is brewing long before it reaches the

mainland. And Japan is so far away across the Pacific that her weather men can have no clear idea what happens to storms as they sweep across the thousands of miles of open water.

Both the United States and Britain have utilized their weather advantage to the utmost—banning all weather reports, except for skeleton information transmitted in code.

That left the German forecaster a vast jigsaw puzzle, with half the pieces missing. But he was not completely helpless. The Germans had seen this coming. Days or possibly weeks before the start of the war they sent out floating weather stations. Submarines and surface ships — some went far north and others slipped into the seas off Iceland and Greenland. A few meteorological parties actually landed at these points with wireless equipment, to set up permanent stations in distant fjords.

But the greatest advantage to the Nazi weather scientist—at least up until December 7, 1941, was the elaborate and accurate reports issued several times daily by the U.S. Weather Bureau. While U.S. forecasters struggled with great blanks on their weather maps—gaps for most of Europe—the Germans could sketch in the western hemisphere patterns on their maps by reference to U.S. charts.

Incredible as it now seems, a Nazi agent in New York, seeking information on Atlantic conditions for U-boat attacks, had only to lift his telephone receiver and call the great transatlantic flying base at LaGuardia Field. Representing himself as a friend of a



Clipper passenger, he could get—just for the asking—a detailed report on conditions at sea.

Fortunately, this situation ended dramatically about 3 p.m. on Sunday, December 7, when U.S. Navy censors prohibited further transmission abroad of this priceless information.

War did not catch the U. S. Weather Bureau off guard. Anticipating imposition of radio silence on U.S. ships, it had laid out detailed advance plans to obtain weather observations from U.S. aircraft over both the Pacific and Atlantic. Planes travel so fast that they can reach our bases and report by code before their data, observed en route, have grown too stale.

Public forecasts, of course, have been radically altered, though the initial ban was not quite as strict as that applied in Britain. It was equally effective, however, where Germans and Japanese are concerned. Forecasts of ocean weather conditions were suppressed. They are now supplied only to the Army and Navy as confidential military information. The

publication of detailed technical data on weather was ended. Only local forecasts continued to be published. Radio broadcasting of detailed weather information was limited severely.

Because millions of dollars of business and property and thousands of lives depend upon weather information — news of hurricanes, storms along the coasts, droughts, blizzards, cold waves, etc.—the weather bureau put into operation a complex system designed to get vital weather information into the hands of those who must have it without any leakage to the enemy.

Thus, the storm warning system was continued along the coasts, but the technical data—direction of the wind, movement of the storm, synoptic situation, etc.—the material which a Nazi meteorologist might find useful has been suppressed. The same thing goes for reports of freezing weather to Florida orange growers or of impending blizzards to wheat farmers in North Dakota. These regulations are experimental — war experience may already have changed them.

Abroad, military censors in London and Berlin have clamped as drastic a ban on weather data as upon troop movements. British parents talking to evacuated youngsters in the U.S. by radio may not say whether there has been snow back home. One correspondent who had written how "the sun is shining and the birds are chirping" found that the censor had chopped out the sun but left the chirping birds in his copy.

The winters of 1939-40 and 1940-41

were the severest modern Europe has shivered through. In England, for instance, train service to Scotland was blocked by drifts for the first time this century. Water mains froze all over the country. Many highways were impassable. Coal deliveries ran short. German observation planes could see that Britain was covered with snow, of course, but not till six weeks had passed did the censors allow correspondents to tell even part of the story. Had the Germans known how England was tied up they could have stepped up air attacks to mangle the transport system even worse.

THE WAR'S first weather station fight was the Nazi attack on Narvik. The Germans badly wanted the Narvik iron ore route but they wanted an observation station in far northern Norway, too. It was as necessary to the German forecasts of European weather as stations in Alaska to American weather men.

The British raid on Spitzbergen, the desolate Arctic coaling station, had much the same motive. The British did not wish the Germans to use Spitzbergen as a weather post to direct attacks on the northern supply route. And when the British occupied Iceland they choked off the Nazis' best source of North Atlantic weather data. This probably led the Germans to send meteorological expeditions to Greenland, a phase of their activity which caused President Roosevelt to put the island under U.S. protection.

However, so dependent are German submarine operations in the

N  
in  
al  
T  
tu  
w  
fit  
M  
Ca  
Da  
th  
let  
ah  
of  
the  
nev  
fall  
er  
wo  
too  
an  
can  
gist  
T  
cou  
the  
eve  
fore  
seen  
if  
fig  
Naz  
the  
vem  
The  
incr  
eigh  
like  
bitte  
Bo  
brok  
MAR

North Atlantic upon accurate weather information that the fight will probably go on until the end of the war. That Nazi-led Norwegian party captured by the U.S. Navy in Greenland waters last autumn was a weather outfit. And the submarines which Prime Minister William Mackenzie King of Canada revealed had been spotted in Davis Straits and Baffin Bay were on the same mission.

The German high command has let the meteorologists give the go-ahead to the panzers since the start of the war. It was no accident that the hopes of the Poles for rains were never fulfilled. Autumn rains often fall in Poland, but the German weather observers accurately calculated they would not come in time. Norwegians, too, hoped—for early April thaws as an ally against the invader. But they came too late—as Berlin meteorologists had predicted.

The only German campaign to encounter weather headaches has been the offensive into Russia. This, however, hardly was the fault of the Nazi forecasting system. A child could have seen that the Nazis would have trouble if winter found the Red Army still fighting. It is possible, however, the Nazi weather service broke down in the failure of the October and November offensives against Moscow. These attacks ran head on into the incredibly cruel Russian winter. After eight weeks of zero weather Hitler, like Napoleon before him, gave the bitter order: retreat from Moscow.

Both the Germans and the Russians broke silence on weather then. The

Germans moaned that the temperature had fallen to 25 and 35 below zero—that their men froze to the ground in the gun pits. The Russians chortled that the Germans hadn't seen *anything* yet—that temperatures would go down to 50 below before spring arrived.

THERE'S NOTHING new in the relation of weather to military operations. What is new is the ability of meteorologists to forecast weather accurately far in advance.

This achievement stems, partially, from new methods of observing conditions in the upper atmosphere by sending balloons equipped with automatic recording apparatus—which ascend 50,000, 60,000 and 70,000 feet, giving the weather experts a layer-cake picture of the atmosphere. And it stems in part from better understanding of the way interaction of cold air from the poles and hot air from the tropics creates the weather.

But probably the most important factor has been the building up of a network of trained observers—mostly part-time or even volunteer workers—who make daily reports on basic weather data from thousands upon thousands of points on the earth's surface. Some idea of the elaborate staff required to produce the raw data from which forecasts are built up is given by the U.S. Weather Bureau. It has 2,500 full time employees, 7,000 part time observers and 5,000 volunteer cooperators — 14,500 persons in all. It is a weather axiom that the more detailed the mosaic of re-

ports the more accurate the forecast.

Mapping the data of thousands of individual observers, a trained scientist can determine not only what the weather is at any given point but also what it will be tomorrow—within an accuracy range of close to 90 per cent. He can tell you almost as precisely what the weather will be for the forthcoming week. By careful computation of exceedingly elaborate mathematical formulae, he can predict the weather a month ahead in general terms, although, naturally, the margin of error rises progressively.

The U.S. Weather Bureau does not publicly forecast the weather farther ahead than five days. Specific forecasts are only made for a day or two ahead. But private meteorological firms, expanding U.S. Weather Bureau charts with their own data and calculations, now sell weather information several weeks in advance. The U.S. Weather Bureau is notably cautious. It

realizes that business ventures involving millions of dollars and that even the lives of thousands of persons may depend upon its forecasts. Only three years ago the Weather Bureau dropped that famous phraseology "probably fair," "probable showers," etc., to come out square and flatfooted for a forecast of "fair," "warmer," "rain," etc. Only last year it started public five-day forecasts.

But with the fate of American armed forces depending upon the U.S. Weather Man, he is prepared to enter the forecast arena with the best of the long distance prognosticators.

—Suggestions for further reading:

THE AIR AND ITS MYSTERIES

by C. M. Boiley \$3.00  
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

WEATHER

by Gayle Pickwell \$3.00  
Whittlesey House, New York

WEATHER: AND THE OCEAN OF AIR

by Major William H. Wenstrom \$3.50  
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston



### *The American's Creed*

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic, a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.—WILLIAM TYLER PAGE.

*The incomparable Barclay proves his mastery of the pen as well as the palette in telling of his realization of a lifelong ambition*



## ***I'm in the Navy Now!***

by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Realizing that even an innocent-seeming paragraph might aid or comfort the enemy, we showed this article to U. S. Navy authorities and received approval. Coronet will continue to use all precautions to avoid giving information to Axis forces.

MY FIRST day at sea on the *U.S.S. Arkansas* was one of those warm days when you'd like to put yourself under a cold shower and stay there. I was strolling on deck, cap in hand, enjoying the sun on my more or less bald pate, when a Lieutenant Commander joined me.

"Mr. Barclay, aren't you afraid you'll catch cold?" he asked casually. Somehow I could sense that there was more in that remark than the words implied. I sheepishly put my officer's cap back on my head.

Later, Commander Syd Bunting laughingly enlightened me: "You see, on board a battleship, the Navy con-

siders you just as naked with your cap off as you would be with your pants off."

That's just one of the little things I've learned about the Navy.

But I've learned a lot of big things, too. For instance, I've learned that there is no finer collection of men in the world than in Uncle Sam's Navy. Nor any finer collection of warships—anywhere. But more of that later.

Perhaps you are wondering what an artist is doing in the Navy, anyway? I believe I'm tagged as a man who paints magazine covers, with the emphasis on pretty girls. That is a far cry from dreadnaughts, torpedo planes, smoke screens, 16-inch guns, Pearl Harbor and diving suits. So let me start from the beginning.

I first saw the sea when I was six years old. My family used to take me from St. Louis to Block Island for my summer vacations. One of the things

I remember clearly is the way the tears would run down my cheeks each time I had to go back to St. Louis. I don't want the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce to misunderstand me; it was just because I loved the sea.

My earliest recollection of painting goes back to those childhood days, when I painted sailors and war vessels after the Spanish-American War. I guess the Navy bug got into my blood then and there. For a time I lived with an aunt and uncle in Washington who had fond aspirations of getting me into the Naval Academy. But by the time our plans were laid, I discovered that I would be over age before I could properly prepare for the exams. It was too late; I had missed the boat.

But I went to sea for Uncle Sam nonetheless. I became a collector of fish for the United States Bureau of Fisheries, working off Woods Hole. The job, while fun in itself, was hardly the life on the bounding main that I craved. It did allow me to keep on with my marine painting, though.

AND THEN I fell in love and wanted to get married. Suddenly I realized that people didn't want to buy marine paintings at all, and I decided to learn to paint beautiful women. That's what people wanted to buy.

I was in Chicago when the First World War started. Beautiful women or no beautiful women, this was my chance to catch the boat. Off I went to join Samuel Insull's Naval Training School. By some miracle I passed

*If she's long and graceful—drawn in fluid lines that seem to roll off the slick paper of the magazine—she was painted, no doubt, by McClelland Barclay. The famous illustrator drew his first picture at the age of nine. Yes, a lady was his subject—but an unwitting one, for the center of young Mac's interest was a cockleburr that was stuck in her throat. The boy's illustration of the delicate operation by which his father, Dr. Robert Barclay, removed the burr was reproduced in medical journals. In this war, as in the last one—when he won several first prizes for his recruiting posters—Barclay is putting his palette and brush to work for the United States Navy.*

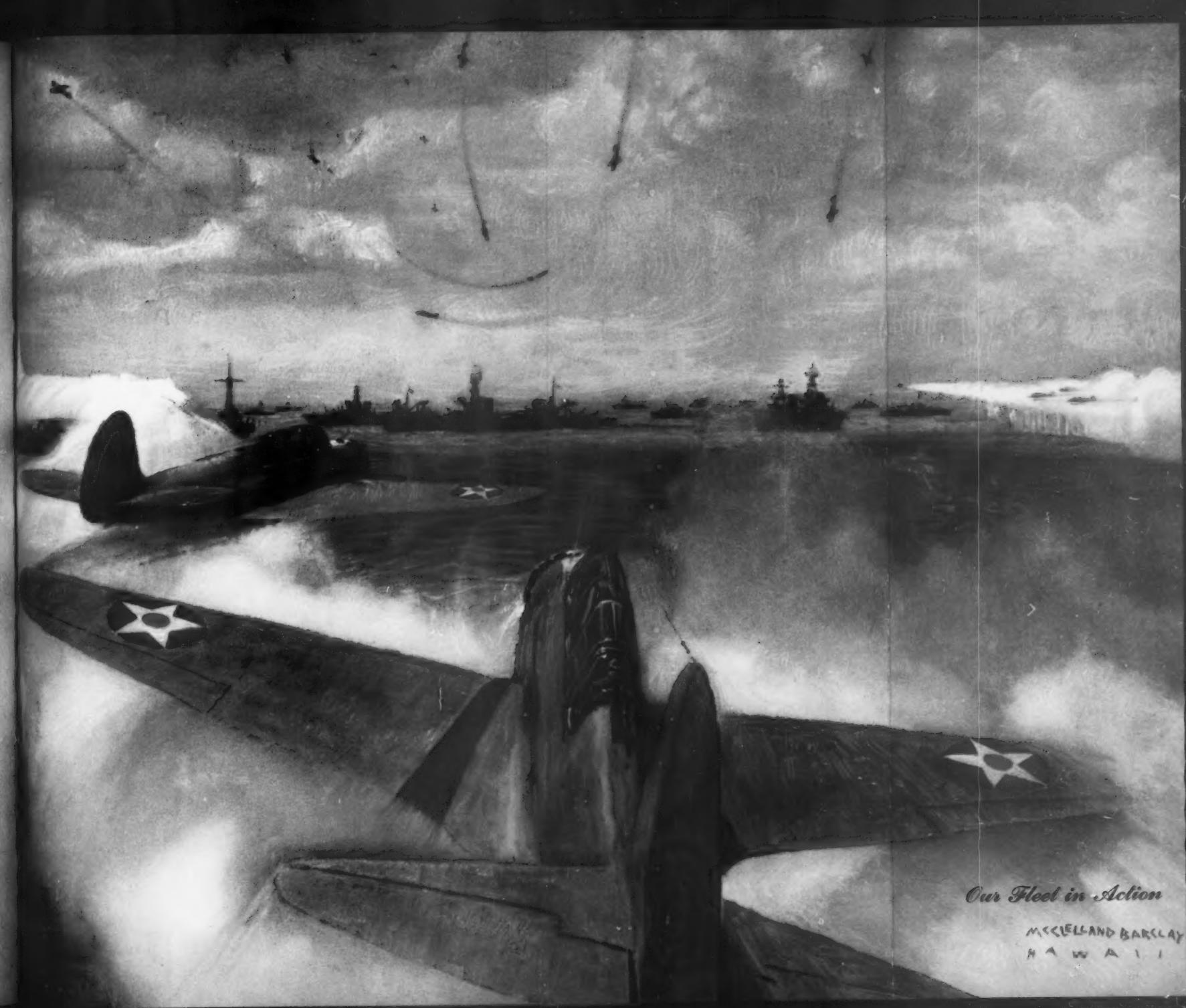
the high-powered courses in navigation, signalling and others.

One night the commanding officer said, "All married men, two paces forward." Nine of us out of four hundred stepped briskly forward, certain that we were being chosen for some special distinction. And so I was—the distinction of missing the boat again.

"You men will have to resign—only single men from now on," the officer stated.

When America entered the First World War, I had been dabbling with camouflage. The Navy at the time was puzzling over how to disguise the perpendicular lines formed by the funnels on ships, since these lines provided easy focal points for enemy range finders. I wrestled with the problem for a time, finally developing a kind of plane arrangement to twine around the funnels so that no matter where an enemy might be, he couldn't find a straight edge to help him find his range.

The device was passed by the Naval Advisory Board as the best of its kind,



*Our Fleet in Action*

McClelland Barclay  
Hawaii

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE NAVY

by

McClelland  
Gately USNR



**Gun Turret . . .** The interior of No. 2 turret, *USS West Virginia*, is a hive of hectic activity. Here, as the gun's breech is opened, the "tray" is lowered, forming a track. With arms raised to signal "ready" as well as to avoid the 2,200 pound shell as it is thrust into position—the crew has completed one phase of its operation.



**Catapult Shot . . .** The pilot extends his hand to indicate "ready." Then, suddenly, he swings it down—the signal to fire! There is a lightning jerk forward—a sharp report of the explosive charge. You feel the soft cushiony effect of the air—you are away! In a space of just 60 feet you pick up 60-miles-per-hour flying speed!

**Landing . . .** On the aircraft carrier, a most critical moment occurs when the signal officer must decide whether to order "cut" to the pilot. If he does, the plane will then glide into the landing gear on the spacious flight deck. If the plane is not in the exact position, however, the signal officer will give a "wave-off" — and the pilot will circle around to try again.

but unfortunately was never used. For in the moment of my glory, the Navy switched from low visibility camouflage to the dazzle type. To explain that in a few words: low visibility camouflage seeks to make a ship very difficult to see, while dazzle camouflage seeks to confuse the enemy as to a ship's course and speed. Low visibility, now in vogue again, calls for dull gray paint, while dazzle is the zig-zag coat-of-many-colors type that reminds you of a bad dream.

I wound up as a Naval Camoufleur, painting various types of dazzles on small models which were later copied in the ship yards where we applied these designs of war paint to the big ships themselves.

In the years following 1918, my only connection with American sea-power was a seat near the fifty-yard line when Navy's football team played Army or Notre Dame.

When I saw World War II gradually building up, I began developing a system for airplane camouflage. Several of my friends in the Army Air Corps took me up for plane rides so that I could make the necessary first-hand studies. But these flights weren't frequent enough, and always involved a certain amount of red tape.

One friend, Major "Pete" Quesada, had a brilliant idea. "Why don't you join the Naval Reserve? Then you can fly anywhere."

To these old ears, the Major's words sounded like sweet music. I jumped at the suggestion. Lowell Thomas, Col. Jimmy Doolittle and Henry Sutphen (who builds the submarines)

wrote letters recommending me. After twice missing the boat, I finally received an appointment as Lieutenant in the Naval Reserve.

However, World War II was now actually under way. The Navy was expanding like a mushroom patch. Recruits were needed, plenty of them—all volunteers. And so I offered to make posters for Navy recruiting. They replied, "Sorry, the Navy doesn't accept gifts. We can't take them. But if you'll volunteer for active duty, we can use the posters and will be very glad to have your services."

And so in September, 1940, Lieutenant McClelland Barclay, USNR, stepped actively into Uncle Sam's Navy. It had been a long, circuitous route since those days when leaving the ocean drew tears from my eyes, but I was at last—"in the Navy now!"

My FIRST assignment was a cruise on the *U.S.S. Arkansas*. I was flown down to Norfolk, Virginia, and was fascinated by the gigantic Naval Air Base. I was still in mufti. A soft-spoken officer said to me, "Barclay, I would suggest you get into uniform. This base is very carefully guarded and you'll be stopped at every turn to identify yourself otherwise."

For the first time, outside a tailor shop, I put on my Naval Lieutenant's uniform and went forth. As I was passing through the main gate of the Navy Yard, a marine guard came to attention and saluted as if his whole heart and soul were in it. I looked around to see whom he was saluting, but when I realized he meant me, it

was too late to return the salute. I'm sure I saw his lips framing the words, "Tough guy, eh?"

During the cruise on the *Arkansas*, the ship's doctor told me that the best physical specimen of manhood he had ever seen was on board. Since I needed a poster model, they sent for this student officer. He turned out to be a Michigan football star, All-American, six feet four, 210 pounds. He's now Ensign Don Siegel and is on the poster of the sailor removing the tampon from a twelve-inch gun.

At sea we did some shooting with live ammunition that made my maiden voyage unforgettable.

MY NEXT job was in Pensacola, doing posters for Naval Aviation Cadets. Perhaps you've seen some of them, particularly the one with the slogan, "Cadets for Naval Aviation take that something extra—have you got it?"

Then it was suggested that I go to the Pacific to get my sea-legs. Finally the official orders came, and last May I headed for the West Coast to join the Cruiser *St. Louis*. I reported aboard that vessel at Mare Island, but no sooner was I aboard than plans were changed, and the *St. Louis* merely steamed down to San Pedro, instead of joining the Pacific Fleet.

I was chased by the delay—I was eager to leave for Hawaii. I telephoned Captain Whiting and suggested with some timidity that the Consolidated Aircraft people were willing to fly me out to Hawaii in a PBY bound for Australia. The trip would give me a good chance to ob-

serve. Captain Whiting's orders came back—O. K. to get going.

I quickly learned, like all others in Hawaii, to refer to the United States as "the mainland." You get that view of things when you see how far-flung our country really is.

Aboard the Aircraft Carrier *Lexington*, I got the first thrill of dropping out of the sky upon the deck of a warship. I expected a terrific shock. Actually, we more or less "squashed in." There was a slight bounce as we hit the deck, and then the plane recoiled just a little as the Navy's secret deck-landing device recoiled. It reminded me of running through a gateway and having a large hand grab you by the coattails and stop you short. I guess I must remember that sensation from an apple-swiping expedition in my youth.

For adventure that makes you tingle from head to toe, nothing I experienced in the Pacific can out-class a torpedo-plane and dive-bomber attack in which I participated. You see the climax of it portrayed in the Coronet gatefold which accompanies this article.

"Today, Mac, we plan an attack on a heavy cruiser squadron which we believe to be 80 to 100 miles to the southeast," a superior officer told me. "Would you care to go?"

I was put in a torpedo plane. The dive bombers took off from the deck of the *Lexington* and we followed along at a distance, winging over the deep blue waters in search of the "enemy" squadron, which was, at that time, a flotilla of our own vessels.

We flew low, after a while sighting our objective on the horizon. The technique from here in was amazing. Our dive bombers attacked the mythical enemy. Airplanes suddenly laid smokescreens. We rushed in unseen behind them. We burst through. There we were in the clear, with our objective before us, most of the vessels with their broadsides exposed. Traveling over the water like streaks of lightning, we loosed our torpedoes, then strafed the decks of the ships with sham machine-gun fire as we zoomed over them, and sped away behind a smoke-screen laid for our escape.

It seemed like a miracle of timing to me. But a senior flight officer explained, "It's just like a football game. Every play is worked out to the second. Somebody's got to run interference so the man with the ball can get through."

I SPENT four months in the Pacific. During that time I went up so high in bombers that we started to take oxygen before we were halfway up; I also went under the sea in a diving suit where soft mud was over six feet deep. They let me, after medical examinations all hands must take, go through submarine escape tests with the Momsen Lung.

Uncle Sam has the latest inventions for life-saving and everything else, but here and now I do want to correct the impression of some of the American public. You can't buy a navy. The Navy is not a set of highly specialized expensive machinery that

works by pressing buttons. The Navy is a great body of men—officers and personnel. Ships are only as good as their crews. Better to have mediocre ships with great crews than good ships with poor crews.

My job in the Navy is to help to keep the fine young men coming in, and to paint whatever the Bureau of Navigation wants picturized — from action aboard the ships to portraits of prominent officers.

When I finally left Hawaii, my aloha to my captain was unforgettable. Just off Pearl Harbor, I sat in the cockpit of a plane aboard the Cruiser *Honolulu* and was shot off into the sky by catapult. We zoomed over her bow and signalled farewell to the white-clad figures of Admiral Leahy and Captain J. Cary Jones, silhouetted against the dark slate-gray of the flagship of the Cruiser Battle Force. I had just completed the four finest months of my life, and was heading home again to New York, 5,600 miles, as the plane flies, from Hawaii.

"Commander O'Brien, Naval Recruiting Bureau? Lieutenant Barclay reporting aboard, Sir?"

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

**FLYING FLEETS**

by *S. Paul Johnston, Lt. Commander, U.S.N.R.* \$3.00

*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York*

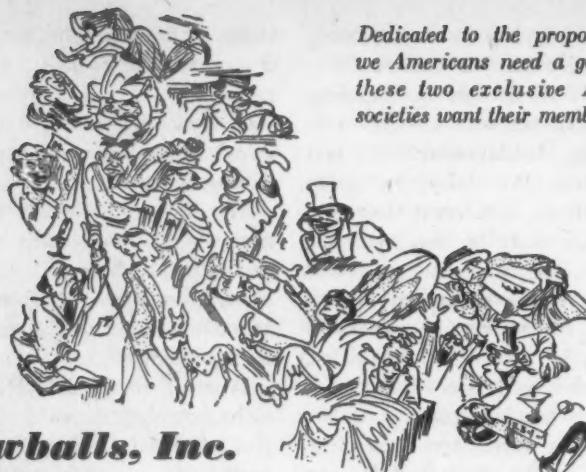
**HE'S IN THE NAVY NOW**

by *Lt. Commander John T. Tuthill, Jr., U.S.N.R.* \$2.50

*Robert M. McBride & Company, New York*

**UNCLE SAM'S NAVY**

by *Hawthorne Daniel* \$50  
*Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., New York*



## **Screwballs, Inc.**

by HOWARD WHITMAN

*NOTE: If you are contemplating burying a time capsule, say, in your backyard, in order that folks 1,000 years from now may know how American civilization was faring in 1942, Coronet offers you this document for inclusion. Surely posterity is entitled to at least a passing acquaintance with that species of Genus Americanus known as the screwball. Here, therefore, are the facts. They are presented in two parts—two being the known number of organizations to date whose memberships are made up exclusively (and they are exclusive) of genuine screwballs.*

### **Screwballs of America, Inc.**

**I**N ANGOLA, INDIANA, on a chill December morning in 1936, Kenneth Hubbard, a young lawyer, and Yost C. Johnson, who is now in the Army, sat sipping coffee in a local rendezvous known as Sadie's Cafe. They looked out upon Angola, bleak in its coat of wintry frost. Sad world, they thought morbidly.

Just then, in walked A. D. Schultz,

*Dedicated to the proposition that we Americans need a good laugh, these two exclusive American societies want their members wacky*

an Angola radio man, known for his knack of erupting wise cracks in a never-ending stream. He stayed for only one cup of coffee, but when he sauntered out, Hubbard and Johnson knew they had the world's troubles by the horns. What the world needed was a great big laugh. It wasn't December, the frost, Angola, or Sadie's coffee that had made them glum. It was simply a dearth of mirth, starvation for a laugh.

And that, according to its own recorded history, is how the Screwballs of America, Inc., was born. Today it boasts subsidiary councils in New Haven, Connecticut; Indianapolis and Lowell, Indiana, and Cleveland, Ohio. Angola remains the national headquarters. Charles W. Griffin, an Angola garage proprietor, is Chief Screw. Joseph D. Riede, Jr., a Fremont, Indiana, merchant, is Vice Screw. The Screwballs were duly incorporated

under the laws of Indiana as a non-profit corporation.

In its fun-loving spirit, the organization shoots out membership cards to anyone—anyone at all—who, for even the slightest ephemeral instant, rises above the drab confines of ordinary behavior into the balmy but beautiful upper stratum of screwballdom.

"Recording Screw" Hubbard explained that honorary memberships have been extended to General Ben Lear for his handling of the famous "Yoo hoo" situation, to Secretary Ickes for regaling America with what Hubbard called his "off again, on again" gasoline program, and to the entire Michigan Legislature for "calling a special session to pass one law entitling non-residents to fish for seven-inch blue gills through the ice."

A recent Associated Press dispatch from Angola reported that a membership card had been mailed to George Hopkins, the Texas parachutist, whose idea of a hilarious time was to chute down on a rock spire in Wyoming and spend six nights there before being rescued.

Similar tribute will probably be paid to another famed parachutist, Corporal Albert S. Moxley, of the 60th Pursuit Squadron, U. S. Army. Moxley was a passenger in a plane

---

*As a change from writing about the war, Howard Whitman rolls his typewriter over to the lighter side and gives us Screwballs, Inc. Mr. Whitman says that the thing he missed most, in his forages around the world for news, was America's talent for being nicely goofy when it wanted to be. Anyway, says Mr. Whitman, we're going to have the last laugh, so we might as well have a few chuckles now.*

4,500 feet over New York when he suddenly bailed out and floated into a second story window in Brooklyn. Why? His pilot, a superior officer, saw the lights of Brooklyn and yelled back, "Look," pointing down with his thumb at the same time. Moxley thought he said, "Jump."

One of the more bibulous members of the organization was admitted after a macabre adventure on New Year's Eve. He passed out, was given up for dead and conveyed to the morgue in a hearse—after which he got up and asked for a chaser.

A merchant who tired of a persistent salesman and wrote him a check in the amount of "eighty-nine doughnuts" also got a membership card. The reason being that the salesman cashed the check at a local bank for \$89. (The bank teller was also admitted.) Another member, a respected Angola townsman, was admitted in commemoration of his winter vacation in Florida, when he departed with a dozen pieces of luggage, but forgot to take any money and returned C. O. D. a few days later.

The Screwballs of America, Inc., holds three notable meetings a year: the Thanksgiving Day meeting, which is held on Columbus Day; the New Year's Day meeting, which is held on Inauguration Day; and the annual birthday party, on April Fool's Day.

#### *Society of Screwballs*

In New York City, a Broadway publicity man, Noel Meadow, founded a Society of Screwballs (abbreviation SOS) in 1938. It has no con-

nection with the Angola group, except perhaps rivalry to see who can enroll the screwiest screwballs first and fastest.

The Society of Screwballs held its first meeting in an unfinished excavation of New York's Sixth Avenue Subway, underneath Herald Square. Sam Rosoff, the millionaire subway builder, played host while Comedian Eddie Garr was billed as Chief Bats in the Belfry. Dozens of celebrities attended, among them Olsen and Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Hank Greenberg, Lupe Velez, Max Baer, Kay Kyser and Clem McCarthy.

"This," said Chick Johnson in his "keynun" speech, "is the first organization that started in a hole instead of ending up in one." Whereupon the assembled screwballs joined in a chorus of, "If we ain't crazy, who is?"

Meadow takes pride in the fact that after this meeting the word "screwball" appeared in the staid *New York*



*Times* for the first time. An NBC broadcast brought varied reactions. Several listeners, who tuned in late, phoned for latest bulletins on "the entombed men in the subway." Others, who heard the whole show, wrote plaintive letters asking if they, too, could belong to the Screwballs.

On and off, the SOS has taken in new members whenever anyone, in its estimation, has sufficiently tickled the funny bone of America.

There was, for example, the little gesture of Alvin (Shipwreck) Kelly, the famous flagpole sitter, on Friday, October 13, 1939. Kelly went to the top of the Chanin Building, 54 stories above New York's bustling 42nd Street, and stood on his head at the end of a plank in mid-air while he ate thirteen doughnuts in thirteen minutes. Crowds massed in the street below, and traffic was tied in knots, but Kelly didn't come down until he had finished the thirteenth sinker.

Britain's Lord Beaverbrook was in New York at the time. The hubbub interrupted his lunch, but in hopes of appeasing His Lordship, the Society of Screwballs offered him, as well as Kelly, a membership in the organization. It was recalled that Beaverbrook saw a certain Marlene Dietrich movie twenty-seven times—and that qualified him.

Faith Bacon, the fan dancer, was acclaimed by the SOS when she went out for a walk on Park Avenue with a fawn at the end of a leash. She was feeding the fawn an apple when police arrested her for tying up traffic.

An honorary membership recently

went to Broadway Rose, New York's most famous and most exclusive panhandler. For years she has prowled along the Great White Way, taking alms from celebrities only, and scornfully refusing anything less than folding money. SOS took her in when she refused a handout from a struggling song-writer, telling him, "You've got to be a success to give me dough. G'wan home and write some hits."

"Even a nobody can be a screwball —you don't have to be famous," Meadow explained with deference.

For example there was a British seaman who came ashore in New York last October. He went into a Brooklyn bar for a couple of drinks. Soon he noticed his hat was gone.

"Either I get that hat back or I blow up the place," he announced to the bartender. This brought a huge guffaw, and without further ado the sailor stomped out. He returned a few minutes later with hand grenades.

Somebody called the police, who arrived in time and were none too pleased with the seaman's explanation, to wit: "I can take a joke as well as the next guy, but when they steal a petty officer's cap, that ain't a joke."

The man in Glendale, Queens, who got in a bus and drove it away because he was in a hurry to get home

is another SOS candidate. A mild-mannered fellow, he explained in court that the bus driver went in for a cup of coffee: "So I figured, your honor, that I could save time by driving myself." The 35-passenger bus, with our hero still at the wheel, was finally recovered by the police.

Meadow likes to think of Richard A. Knight, a New York society lawyer, as the patron saint of the SOS. It was Knight who, in top hat and tails, stood on his head for sixty seconds outside the Metropolitan Opera House on opening night in 1939. Just prior to this feat, Knight did a standing somersault in the lobby of the Opera House and dared a passing debutante to do likewise.

Taking no credit for either accomplishment, Knight said the next day, "I often stand on my head, here, there, and everywhere. Been doing it for years. I'm surprised anyone would pay attention to such trivialities."

Of course no one did pay any attention to it, except that half of the dowagers of the diamond horseshoe nearly fainted, the newspapers made over their front pages, taxi drivers rubbed their eyes and reached for aspirin, and uniformed attendants of the Metropolitan were certain that the end of the world had come.

### *The Male Animal*

**H**OTEL MEN know that a male guest is likely to be more complaining of the service if he has his wife with him than if he is alone. He demands service and attention in the presence of his wife to show her that he is a manly fellow who stands up for his rights and must have the best of everything. —FRED C. KELLY

*Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain*



• • • A few weeks before the second World War broke out, Mrs. Axel Wenner-Gren, wife of the internationally known Swedish industrialist, chanced to precede her husband up the stairs of their home.

Suddenly she saw the figure of a water-drenched man at the head of the stairs. He held out the body of a child. Across the child's forehead was a great, bleeding gash. As Mrs. Wenner-Gren stared, the figure vanished.

Herr Wenner-Gren listened with obvious disbelief to his wife's story. He put the whole thing down to strained nerves, and suggested a cruise on their yacht, the *Southern Cross*.

When in answer to frantic distress signals, the *Southern Cross* reached the spot where the torpedoed *Athenia* had sunk, Mrs. Wenner-Gren aided in the rescue of survivors. The first person to reach the deck of the *Southern Cross* was the water-drenched man

who held out the body of a dying child across whose forehead was a great bleeding gash.

That is the story as Wenner-Gren related it in a press interview.



• • • It might be worth while to consider once again the little matter of the four famous astronomers—Leverrier, Lescarbault, Watson, and Swift—and their discovery of an unknown planet whose orbit was inside that of Mercury, same planet being prematurely christened Vulcan.

Leverrier, then Director of the Observatory of Paris, believed that the new planet explained the still unaccountable irregularities in the orbit of Mercury. Leverrier, by the way, was a co-discoverer of the planet Neptune. Lescarbault said that he had

seen Vulcan make a transit of the sun, and that it was obviously an unknown planet. His observation lasted for an hour and a half.

Immediately astronomer Watson, then at Rawlins, Wyoming, claimed to have discovered two new planets. Swift saw one at the same time as Watson. After 1878 no more intra-Mercurial planets were seen—and the ones already discovered vanished.

These developments pointed to a possibility that the object wasn't a planet at all, but some wandering dark body. It was even suggested that a super space ship was cruising through our solar system.

But the matter seemed a bit absurd and eventually was forgotten.

clamored for a ban on the experiments. Hearing of the proposed "human sacrifice," the district attorney out-clamored the S.P.C.A. Dr. Willard had to abandon his experiments.



• • • Borley Rectory, "most haunted house in England," is a charred ruin now. But in 1937 psychologist Harry Price subjected the Rectory to what is considered the classic investigation of a haunting.

For months a trained staff of 40 skeptical observers kept almost constant watch at the ghost-ridden building. Almost all reported phenomena.

Lights were seen at windows, raps and footsteps were heard, objects were thrown about and mysteriously moved. A special electrical contact installed by the investigators was pressed in a vacant and sealed room. Both dark and luminous figures were seen moving about. Messages were mysteriously written on the walls. (In one case the same area of the wall was photographed at one hour periods. During one interval, fresh marks, which showed clearly on the second plate, had been added. The room had been sealed during the time between the two photographs.)

• • • Frozen stiff for three days, Jekyll, a tubercular Rhesus monkey was slowly thawed out and revived on August 6, 1935, by Dr. Ralph Willard of Los Angeles. Dr. Willard explained that he had done the same with rabbits and guinea pigs, that he believed the freezing would destroy the tuberculosis bacilli.

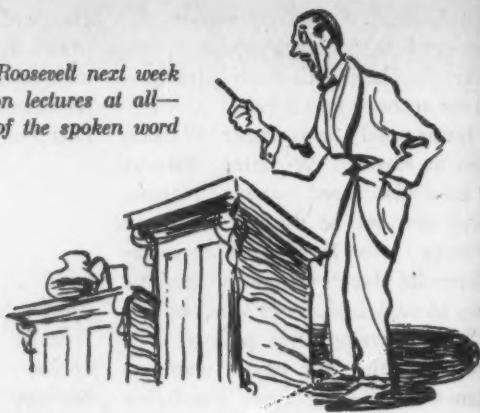
He stated that he had perfected a mysterious and revolutionary freezing technique which would permit indefinite suspended animation, that he only needed a human being for his final experiment. In ten days 180 people volunteered. The son of a Columbia professor was chosen.

The Rhesus monkey remained alive and apparently well, but the S.P.C.A.

World famous British philosopher, Dr. C. E. M. Joad, reviewed the case in a national magazine. He felt that it was necessary to postulate that some super-normal agency—or agencies—was active in the building.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

*Whether Oshkosh hears Mrs. Roosevelt next week—whether Johnson X. Johnson lectures at all—depends on these saleswomen of the spoken word*



## **Guinea Pigs of Gab**

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

THE GREAT war correspondent's trembling fingers thrust the lit end of a cigarette into his mouth, withdrew it, hurled it onto the expensive Persian rug in the expensively furnished office of a large New York lecture bureau.

Knees that had firmly supported a portable in a blitzed English city were trembling. The mouth and tongue which had behaved with commendable calm during interviews with Europe's thunderous dictators were now parched and seemingly lined with shredded wheat.

And why all this fear? Because in a few moments he would be delivering a sample lecture to a dozen well-bred ladies who, if they liked him, could sell the great war correspondent to the women's clubs, town halls, forums, Rotaries, colleges, convocations and lyceums of the country.

The decision of these ladies would

mean all the difference. If it was favorable, he would stand to clear at least \$25,000 from a carefully planned nation-wide tour of the lecture circuit—\$25,000 for shooting his head off for three months!

The next day the cloud had lifted; The critical ladies had found him okay for the circuit. Perhaps it had been those salacious stories of Mussolini's love life. Perhaps—but never mind. The important thing was that he was *persona grata* to these all-important celebrity peddlers—whose verdicts on new talent are accepted without question by their bureaus. After all, they have to sell the lecturers. And they can't put their hearts into selling so and so if they think so and so is n. g.

Later that day the correspondent signed a contract under which he was to get 50 per cent of the gross income of his tour. The bureau would make

the necessary arrangements, pay traveling expenses and handle publicity costs out of the other half.

There are some 30 such women peddlers of the spoken word today. They constitute one of our most exclusive professions. Theirs is a demanding business, requiring boundless tact, grade-A horsetrading sense, the patience of a tree and a sense of humor. Also good health and a restless spirit. Selling more than half of America's \$4,000,000 annual lecture bookings, these women each must travel around 35,000 miles a year, good weather or bad. Most of them use cars furnished and maintained by the boss.

Almost all are now employed by the one largest lecture bureau in America — W. Colston Leigh, Inc. Until recently, Leigh had 18 of them, while Columbia Lecture Bureau had six. At Leigh has now taken over Columbia and remains the lone large-scale employer of lecture saleswomen, since most lesser bureaus sell by mail.

Just now, word vendors are beginning to peddle their new 1942 line in earnest. It isn't too different from what it has been since the Second World War made its debut. It will be strong on foreign correspondents, news analysts and political prophets—with a sprinkling of debonair travelers returned from remote, romantic places with a few thousand feet of color film; drama critics from New York; monologists from vaudeville; sonorous Shakespearians from retirement; and mnemonists who can memorize this issue of Coronet in 27 minutes flat,

but who are all too likely to forget the address of the hall they are scheduled to speak in.

Quite a few changes have taken place in the business of merchandising the spoken word since Ralph Waldo Emerson was glad to speak for \$5 and oats for his horse.

IT ALL BEGAN in 1816 when Josiah Holbrook of Connecticut ran a quaint ad offering to "go before groups for disquisitions upon science, superstitions, politics or theology for what they shall deem worth to pay to my living." Since then the lecture business has emerged from the barter class and entered the ranks of Big Business.

Didn't Charles Dickens' noted American lecture tour clean up \$228,000—the world record? More recently H. G. Wells has been paid \$3,000 for a single lecture. Sinclair Lewis averaged \$1,000 a lecture for 21 talks. Dorothy Thompson has hit the \$2,500 mark upon occasion. Ernest Hemingway, G. B. Shaw and Madame Chiang Kai-shek can probably name their own price—and get it. But most lecturers heard by the seven million men and women who constitute America's "spiel circuit" average a mere \$100 to \$200 for their sixty minutes on the platform.

Today the free-lance lecturer is as rare as a new white-walled tire. Almost every lecturer is utterly dependent for bookings upon his bureau. And the lecture bureau, of course, would have a tougher time of it if its salesladies didn't know exactly

what lecture conscious clubs and organizations wanted—and what they could afford.

"Deception doesn't pay in this business," explains attractive Elizabeth McClave, in charge of the West Coast office of the Leigh Lecture Bureau. "If the club buys a speaker on my recommendation and he flops, I'm considered the responsible party. I know the sort of speakers different groups want—and the speakers they can afford. Primarily, our job is to effect a happy compromise between these two poles."

Seventy-five per cent of America's lecture goers are women; but more and more men are listening. The overwhelming majority of lecturers are men; but more and more women are accepted every year. The public address system is becoming the great equalizer for the weak-voiced speaker.

The bane of the lecture business is the terrific turnover in ladies' club officers—particularly in the vital post of program chairman. Madame Chairman is the all-important contact for our saleslady. The newly elected chairman must be dissuaded from taking the club's business to another lecture bureau—merely to show how thoroughly she disapproved of her predecessor's policies.

Not all business is welcome. Occasionally our saleslady is informed that the Middletown Literary Circle is prepared to pay a full \$75 to hear H. R. Knickerbocker and Margaret Bourke-White and Quentin Reynolds and Carl Sandburg. Under their contracts these lecturers couldn't even say "Hello" to a paying audience for

\$75. Our model saleslady suppresses a desire to tell the good women of the Circle what they can do with their \$75 and proceeds to sell them a second-rate poet (\$25) and a third-rate traveller (\$50). And we won't waste any words upon those self-anointed groups which feel that any prominent lecturer should feel honored to address them without charge.

OCCASIONALLY our salesladies encounter the skeptical program chairman who won't be satisfied with the proposed lecturer's ability until she has heard him with her own ears. Most club and organization leaders accept the recommendations of the salesladies—whom they have come to trust in these matters.

A few years ago there was just such a skeptic who insisted upon pre-viewing a certain European writer. It was arranged for the skeptic to be seated next to the writer at a dinner he was being tendered in a nearby city. A keen advocate of the good life, he was primarily interested in blondes and champagne. At the dinner table his champagne glass was always kept filled. At his side were emergency magnums. At his left was one of his other primary interests—very pretty, too. And at his unfortunate right was the elderly, unattractive clubwoman.

The writer, of course, had been informed of the situation. He promised to be on his best behaviour.

The clubwoman selected opening gambit 4117 from her large stock.

"What do you really think of the future of civilization?" she asked.

The celebrity took stock of the situation. This impossible tete-a-tete could go on all night. And meanwhile his darling on the left was languishing, bereft of his attention. . . .

He looked at her sternly: "Madame, I never indulge in small talk."

Madame left in a huff. The Bureau had a tough time with her after that. Later the writer returned to Europe and wrote a very gloomy book about us. Said we were frivolous.

Every saleslady has her favorite lecturers—fondly called "troupers."

In this category they place war correspondent H. R. Knickerbocker and Eleanor Roosevelt. Another favorite of the Leigh Bureau ladies is Gerald Wendt, a popular science speaker, who recently chartered a plane for \$200—at his own expense—so that he could arrive on time to fill an expected lecture date paying \$100.

Margaret Bourke-White, the photographer, is a great favorite of the Columbia Bureau's salesladies. One recent Sunday morning she arrived at LaGuardia airport by Clipper after she had been flown half-way around the world from Moscow. She was allowed 20 minutes in her New York apartment to pack some old clothes. That afternoon she boarded a plane for St. Louis. On Monday morning she delivered her first lecture there. During the month that followed the very photogenic photographer delivered some 40 lectures all over the country.

Don't let anyone tell you that addressing an audience for a solid hour and keeping them interested isn't hard

work. And the job isn't made any easier if the audience gets a startling new version of your name when you're introduced. Miss Bourke-White who is married to novelist Erskine Caldwell is frequently introduced as the wife of that great American writer, Erskine Hemingway.

That sort of thing is harmless. But the salesladies of the Leigh Bureau had a fantastic year recently when a certain English lady came over to lecture to her American cousins. They didn't audition her. When she opened her mouth on tour the most alarming syllables poured forth.

"I ran into an old friend of mine in the elevator of my hotel. We had intercourse while descending. It was such a delightful chat," she said to one prim New England audience. She wasn't invited back.

THE LECTURE business is not without its truly simple souls. There was the visiting French philosopher who was about to embark on his American lecture tour.

Obviously nervous and distraught by the enormity of what he had undertaken, he begged some of the salesladies for advice on American audiences. One of them helpfully summed it up this way:

"Remember, Doctor, American audiences want a message from their lecturers. They want to be left with something."

The philosopher took the advice to heart. Indeed he would leave them with something. When he finished his first lecture in Philadelphia he had

ushers hand out hundreds of his calling cards to a mystified audience. He had run up a sizable printing bill before the girls caught up with him at Kansas City.

"The more English people who travel in America, the better for international relations; the less who lecture, the better for everything," declared an influential British weekly a few years ago.

This certainly applied to a certain English novelist who came over to do the circuit. Lecture salesladies recall with pleasure the come-uppance he got from a Midwestern audience. After 15 minutes the novelist realized that he wasn't being listened to very attentively. He interrupted his dull talk and announced that he was going out for a 10-minute smoke.

"Please gather your wits while I'm out," he urged them in his best professorial manner.

When he returned he found a neatly penned note on the rostrum:

"We gathered our wits."

There wasn't a soul left in the house.

The 30 salesladies of talent range in age from 26 to 55. Most of them are unmarried, although attractive Madeleine Tuohy of the Leigh Bureau recently married the program chair-

man of an exclusive New York men's club. She met him on business. Those who remain single feel that it would be unfair to a husband for his wife to be on the road so much. Those who are married declare their husbands are very cooperative.

They think their jobs are the most interesting a woman could have. They still get a thrill out of their power over Eleanor Roosevelt, William L. Shirer, H. R. Knickerbocker and Company. They alone have the power to deliver the celebrities—body, soul and voice—to the Evanston, Illinois, Town Hall on the 18th or to the Modern Forum (Los Angeles) on the 25th or to the Master Minds and Artists Series of the University of Utah on the 30th.

None of these salesladies get rich in their work. Their annual incomes—most are on straight salaries—are somewhat higher than those of high-school teachers, but nothing to cause a gleam in the eye of an Internal Revenue man. While they're on the road all their expenses are paid.

Oh, yes. They prefer dealing with men. They find them more direct. And after all, the job of selling lecture talent requires much the same technique as selling coats or groceries.

### *Plotting His Course*

FATHER DECLARED he was going to buy a new plot in the cemetery, a plot all for himself. "And I'll buy one on a corner," he added triumphantly, "where I can get out!"

Mother looked at him admiringly, and whispered to me, "I almost believe he could do it."—CLARENCE DAY (*Life With Father*)

## Soldiers Below Zero



*Selections from the Arctic Manual, government handbook prepared under the direction of the Chief of the Air Corps, United States Army*

*Myth-dispelling facts — and stranger-than-fiction truths — make the Arctic Manual more than a book of practical advice. It becomes, as well, a fascinating story of the little-known regions at the top and bottom of the world. Here are some sidelights:*

• • • To those who think that mosquitoes hang out only in the tropics, news that the pesky little insects are found near the North Pole may come as a surprise. What's more, they are so thick in the Arctic in summer that you need clothes all over your body through which they cannot sting. This means reasonably heavy garments, no matter how hot it is, and accounts in part for the frequent statement of whites that they have suffered more from heat in the Arctic than anywhere else.

You wear leggings, gauntlet gloves and a sombrero hat. Mosquito netting, held by elastic to the crown of the hat, comes out over the brim and

is tucked inside your coat collar. Having it hanging down like a sort of cape is no good as the mosquitoes crawl up under it in great numbers.

Smokers have a problem, and so do those who chew and spit. Pipe smokers may be tempted to try a long-stem pipe, smoking it through a small hole in the net. But unless the hole is a tight fit, mosquitoes will crawl in along the stem.



• • • The frozen wastes do funny things to your eyes and ears.

On sea ice, or on land uniformly snow-covered, you are literally unable to see anything else that is white. Perhaps that may not seem unnatural, except that you don't have to have snow-whiteness, exactly matching the landscape. For instance, a polar bear,

in reality yellowish white, may be invisible as he approaches you; but you see his black nose and will, with that for a key, be able to notice his eyes and perhaps his claws or other dark spots, and even a faint outline of his body. Under the conditions where a bear is invisible a hundreds yards off, a blue fox might be seen at a distance of a mile or more.

On the other hand, the powers of hearing—or rather the facilities for it—are increased far more than are those of sight.

Under ideal circumstances, with a temperature of —60 to —80 degrees, you can overhear an ordinary conversation at distances from half a mile to a mile. You can hear a man stamping his feet on the ground at two miles, and at 10 to 12 miles, you can hear the sound of barking dogs or the chopping of wood with an ax.



• • • Life in the Arctic is simplified in at least one direction. Under permanent conditions of thaw, or conditions of intermittent thawing and freezing, you have to be very careful about how food is packed; under permanent frost, practically no care is required. Milk can be frozen into bricks and handled like bricks. Meat can be cut into separate steaks or roasts before freezing and then handled like chunks of wood. You can carry your meat in large pieces if you like, as an entire ham or even a carcass. Then, when meals are to be

cooked, you cut up the piece with saws or axes. Saws are generally better, for with intense cold an ax will splinter meat and some of the splinters may be lost. Sawing does, of course, waste a bit of the meat if you are not careful; but you can always gather the sawdust together and save it.



• • • Perhaps at some time in your life, when you were out in the open, your earlobes numb with cold and your fingers stiff and awkward, a kind friend, swearing it to be "a treatment that never fails," has advised you to rub snow on your frost-bitten face and hands. Belief in this "remedy," probably derived from ancient doctrines of sympathetic magic, has been long and widely held.

Such treatment of frostbite, however, is contrary to common sense. Consider the effect if snow at  $-50^{\circ}$  were applied to a frozen part of the human body. The flesh that had suffered the freezing would then be only a little below the freezing point, while the snow would be  $80^{\circ}$  colder than freezing. The result must necessarily be deeper and more solid freezing.

Never rub snow on a frostbite; always apply something warmer than the affected part.

Don't try to warm frostbite by friction. Heat is generated by friction but slowly, and in the rubbing you are likely to break the skin; for the part that is being rubbed has already become stiff.

*Fiction Feature:*



## **Public Servant**

by HUGH PENTECOST

Take an ambitious, cocksure, slightly crooked politician; pit him against an easy-going old inmate of the poor farm

—a gentle old man whose only love in life is fishing. Mix in a charming dietitian and an upright young editor for a touch of romance. The result is likely to be most anything—it turns out to be a story we know you'll like.



## **Public Servant** *by HUGH PENTECOST*

THE OLD MAN sat back against a pine tree, eyes closed, his wrinkled face placid. He seemed to be asleep, but now and then, as there was a faint movement at the end of his fish line, his eyes popped open, unblinking, pale, bright blue.

He didn't move or change his position as he heard footsteps approaching through the underbrush that bordered the brook. A man of about forty-five appeared. His red face was good humored, but it was a sort of professional good humor if you looked closely. He wore a serge suit without vest and a gray felt hat pushed back on his head. The pale blue eyes opened suddenly to look at him.

"You're a hard guy to find, Pop."

"Not hard enough," said the old man, and closed his eyes again.

"I wanted to have a little talk with you, Pop."

"Now look, John Larigan, I've

knowned you since you was wetting your diapers. There's no use handing out any of your mush to me."

"You're a great kidder, Pop. Why, my old man and you . . ."

"Your father," said Pop Thatcher, "was a crook, and you was created in his image."

"Mind if I sit down?" said John.

"The woods are free," said Pop Thatcher, "unless you and your pals has figured out a way to charge a toll on 'em."

Larigan spread a handkerchief on the mossy earth and sat down. "I thought you'd rather I talked to you here instead of in front of Miss Brace," Larigan said.

"That flibbertigibbet!"

"Now she's a nice girl, Pop, and a smart one. She studied up to Cornell. She knows all about diet and what's good for you."

"I'd have to blackjack her to get a

tablespoonful of whiskey," Pop said. "Which I need for purely medicinal purposes!"

"The town can't afford to pay for a daily snifter for you, Pop."

"I tell you it's medicine," Pop protested.

"Doc Evans don't see it that way."

"Doc Evans is a new fangled fool!"

Larigan's tone was soothing. "Now Pop, you'd ought to look at things the way they are. You're the only charge the town has got. Under the law we got to keep the poor farm open for you. We've got a fine, intelligent girl to take care of the place for you—to feed you—to see you're comfortable."

"You keep it open all right," Pop said. "Roof leaks in twenty places. Ain't a lock on a door so a man would be safe from crooks or racketeers."

Larigan chuckled. "Who ever heard of crooks or racketeers in Fairchild?"

"I'm looking at one, ain't I?"

Larigan's mouth tightened. "I don't like to be tough, Pop, but you might as well get it straight. You drove out that last woman we had running the place with your complaining and cantankerousness. Now Miss Brace says she's at her wit's end. She says nothing is ever right. That you holler from one end of the day to the other."

"She cooks codfish balls flat!" complained Pop Thatcher. "Any fool knows you make codfish balls round and cook 'em in deep fat."

Larigan stood up. "Well, Pop, I see you won't listen to reason. So I'm warning you. If we keep on hav-

ing trouble with you, the town board will have to do something about it."

"That's what I keep telling you," Pop said. "You got to do something!" The old man hauled in his line. "No use in fishin' after all this commotion." He removed the fly from the line and stuck it in his hatband. He wiped his hands on his blue overalls and got to his feet. "Used to be a little privacy in the woods."

They walked along a winding path till they came to a clearing. A farmhouse stood in the open, its shingled roof black with age, paint peeling from its once white walls. The barn in the background had sagged in the middle. A girl in a bright yellow smock came out of the kitchen and joined them.

"I see you found him, Mr. Larigan," she said.

"I found him all right, Miss Brace."

The old man gave Mabel Brace a baleful look. "Turned stool pigeon, huh," he said.

"Now, Mr. Thatcher!"

Mabel Brace had naturally curly bobbed hair. She looked business-like and efficient as well as pretty.

"Now Mr. Thatcher!" the old man mocked her. "Seems as if everybody acts like I was four instead of

---

*While Hugh Pentecost, who has been writing for 18 of his 38 years, was conducting a column in a small Vermont town paper, a story came to his ears about the neighboring town, where town fathers were dismayed because they had to keep the poor farm running for the sake of one solitary inmate. They solved the problem neatly: by electing the inmate to the state legislature and closing the farm. Pentecost was impressed by the story and promptly sat down to write Public Servant.*

seventy-four. A sound roof, decent food, a bed that ain't stuffed with corn cobs, and a touch of whiskey for medicinal purposes ain't much to ask for in a great democracy!"

Larigan looked thoughtfully around at the buildings and then at Pop Thatcher and Mabel Brace. "Maybe we can do something to ease the situation for everyone," he said.

He got into his car and drove off.

Not till he was out of sight did Pop and Mabel Brace look at each other. The old man's crotchety expression changed into a broad grin.

"Looks like we're getting under his skin, Mabel."

"Oh, I hope so, Mr. Thatcher." Mabel turned and called to someone in the house, "Tod! He's gone."

A tall, stoop-shouldered young man with a studious look came out of the kitchen. Tod Lewis was editor of the local paper.

"You certainly were dishing it out, Pop," he said.

Pop chuckled. "Make enough hurrah and holler and you get what you want in this world," he said. "And if you'd point out in that paper of yours how disgraceful things are out here . . ."

Tod shook his head. "Can't do it,

*"You keep it open all right," Pop said. "Roof leaks in twenty places."*

Pop. Everyone knows how things are with me and Mabel. They'd think I was plugging it to make sure she had a job. But if you keep on needling Larigan, he may fix things up just to keep you quiet."

UNDER NORMAL circumstances the Town Board of the town of Fairchild met on the first Tuesday of each month. They were, however, in special session on this particular Tuesday.

As required by laws of the State of New York, the board consists of a supervisor and four justices of the peace, with a Town Clerk to attend to records and accounts.

Supervisor Larigan called the meeting to order in the Town Clerk's shabby little office. Justices Taylor, tall, angular and toothless; Barnes, possessor of a magnificent set of white chin whiskers, and Goodwillie, who looked exactly like Donald Meek, the movie actor, were in attendance.

"Gentlemen," said Larigan, "we're holding this special meeting because of the untimely passing of Judge Eberhardt."

"God rest his soul," said Justice Barnes, piously.

"Under the law," Larigan com-



tinued, "it is our duty to appoint a justice of the peace to fill his place until the next elections. I suggest we dispense with formality, and each one of you speak up if you've got someone in mind."

"There's Elmer Harwood," said Justice Taylor.

"He's been a mite critical, from time to time," said Justice Barnes.

"Very critical indeed," said Justice Goodwillie.

"Maybe you're right," said Justice Taylor.

"There's Joe McDermott," said Justice Barnes.

"Dear me," said Justice Goodwillie. "He's got such a loud voice and always hollerin'."

"Always right, and everybody else is always wrong," said Justice Taylor.

"I guess he would be apt to make trouble," Justice Barnes conceded.

"There's Matt Evans," suggested Justice Goodwillie, timidly.

"No," said Justice Taylor.

"No," said Justice Barnes.

Justice Goodwillie's voice was a whisper. "Anything you think best, gentlemen."

"I've a suggestion, gentlemen," Larigan said, "which you may think is crazy."

Justice Goodwillie cleared his throat nervously. The other board members glared at him.

"At the present," Larigan continued, "we have only one town charge, old man Thatcher. The entire poor farm is being run for his benefit. And he's mean and complaining, and constantly dissatisfied. Now, gentle-

men if employment could be found for Pop, we could close the farm down and forget about it."

"Well, I'll be a so-and-so," said Justice Barnes.

"I see you get the point," said Larigan. "My suggestion is quite simple. I propose appointing Pop Thatcher to this board. We can always vote him down. And there'd be no harm in his trying a few speeding cases if they come up."

"John, you always was a smart feller," said Justice Taylor.

"Then shall we consider the matter settled?" Larigan said.

"Good morning, Judge."

**G**Pop Thatcher delivered himself of a grunt which merged into a strangled sound, induced by a high starched collar. The sleeves of his Montgomery Ward suit were too short, leaving in view a vast expanse of bony wrist and hand.

Tod Lewis, in his office at the Fairchild *Weekly Clarion*, pushed back his eyeshade and looked at the old man over the top of his desk.

"Mabel's sure got you slicked up," he said.

"These blasted shoes are killing me," Pop said.

Tod put down the pencil with which he had been correcting proof.

"Pop, looks like you and Mabel outsmarted yourselves. You got under Larigan's skin all right. Only he boomeranged you."

"Young pip-squeak."

"It's no use, Pop," Tod said. "Larigan's a smart apple. He's been

finding a way out of jams for years. That's why he's been re-elected supervisor four times. He's one of the reasons I can't run a decent paper. If I open my trap about anything, the advertisers begin disappearing. Larigan's got 'em all under his thumb."

"Seems as if. If I told him I wouldn't be a dad-blasted justice of the peace I'd have been turning down employment and they wouldn't have to take care of me no longer."

"You can't outsmart Larigan," Tod said.

"Worst of all, I went and talked Mabel right out of a job."

"It can't be helped, Pop. What's done is done."

"That's what *you* say."

"What can you do?"

"I don't know," Pop glowered. "But no Larigan ever run over no Thatcher before. Be ashamed to die with that on my conscience."

"**G**LAD to see you with us, Pop." Larigan's smile was genial.

Pop Thatcher glanced around the Town Clerk's office. It was thick with cigar smoke. The table in front

of Larigan was littered with papers. Justices Taylor, Barnes and Goodwillie mumbled greetings.

"I thought the meeting was called for seven-thirty," Pop said.

"It was, Pop," said Larigan, "but we all got here early, so we figured we might as well get started. We were beginning to talk about the bond issue for the new school."

Pop sat down. He saw that in addition to the board, the clerk and the road commissioner were present. "What's gone on before I got here?" Pop asked.

"We just attended to the matter of the new road machinery we had to buy," said Larigan. "Now as to these school bonds . . ."

"Did you arrange to buy road machinery?" Pop asked.

"Sure, Pop, sure," said Larigan. "Scraper, tractor and new steam shovel."

"How much?"

"Twenty-two thousand dollars,"

*"I gotta right to information, ain't I?"*



said Larigan, beginning to sound irritated.

"Who'd you buy it from?" Pop demanded.

"The Mansfield Company."

"Was that the lowest bid?"

"Have we got to go into this again?" Justice Taylor wanted to know.

"I got a right to the information, ain't I?" Pop demanded. "I'm a member of the board, ain't I?"

"Sure, you've got a right," Larigan said. "As a matter of fact, Mansfield is four hundred dollars above the low bid, but Commissioner Saunders here tells us their machinery is far superior."

"Besides," said Justice Goodwillie, "they—"

"They make the best product," said Larigan, sharply.

Justice Goodwillie looked confused but was silent.

Pop leaned back in his chair. "Well, I'm against it," he said. "I'm for accepting the lowest bid. And I'd like my vote on record."

"Okay, Pop. The clerk will register your negative vote. That makes three for and one against, so it doesn't alter the situation. Now about the school bonds. The voters have agreed to raise forty-five thousand, and all we got to do is ask for bids on the bonds."

Pop sat silent through the discussion of school financing. When the meeting was over he went out into the starlit night. Saunders, the road commissioner, joined him as they walked along the village street.

"How'd you like your first meeting, Pop?"

Pop looked at Saunders. The com-

missioner had one of those canary-swallowing smiles on his face. "Twa'nt bad," said Pop. "By the way, how much of a bonus is the Mansfield Company handing out?"

"Bonus?" Saunders was startled.

"Shucks," said Pop, "there ain't no other reason for accepting a high bid. I've always heard tell these machinery companies hand out a little gravy for getting an order."

Saunders shook his head. "Pop, you ain't so dumb as I thought you was. Matter of fact, they're payin' fifteen hundred bucks."

"Who gets the money?" Pop asked.

Saunders chuckled. "Oh, it's distributed. You may get to like your new job, Pop."

Pop looked down at his new store shoes and his face twitched. "Say maybe you're right, Saunders. Maybe you're right."

JOHN LARIGAN came into the office of the Fairchild *Weekly Clarion* two mornings later, a copy of that day's edition in his hand.

"What is all this?" he asked.

"All what?" Tod Lewis asked.

"This nonsense on the front page. This!" Larigan put the paper down on Tod's desk.

#### TAXPAYERS BENEFITED BY SHREWD DEAL

"At the last meeting of the town board, new road machinery in the sum of twenty-two thousand dollars was purchased from the Mansfield Company. This bid was four hundred dollars higher than the lowest bid but the town fathers, with only one negative vote from



*"What's all this nonsense on the front page?"*

the newly appointed Peace Justice Thatcher, accepted it because of the fact that the Mansfield Company offered a bonus of fifteen hundred dollars if they received the order. Thus the town actually makes a profit of eleven hundred dollars on the deal which will swell the town fund and lighten next year's burden on the taxpayers of Fairchild."

Tod Lewis' eyes were bland. "Why, it's true, isn't it, Larigan?"

Larigan's composure was getting a trifle thin.

"Where—who told—"

"Why, from Pop Thatcher. Ask him. Here he comes now."

Pop Thatcher, running his finger under the edge of the torturing stiff collar, ambled up the path to the *Clarion* office.

"Morning, Tod. Morning, John."

"Pop, did you give this story to Lewis?"

Pop looked at the paper. "Why, yes, I did."

"And how did you get the idea that

fifteen hundred went into the town fund?"

"Don't it?" Pop asked. "Seems as if it should."

"Holy mackerel!" Larigan said.

Pop's eyes widened. "Why, it never occurred to me it would be any other way, John," he said. "If Saunders or the rest of us was to cut that melon it wouldn't be honest. There's been a dozen people this morning told me what an old fool I was to vote against the idea. They're all saying how you always look out for the townsfolk, John."

Larigan looked as if high blood pressure were about to catch up with him at last. He glared at Pop, at Tod Lewis, and then turned and stalked away without another word. Pop watched him go.

"For a feller who's just done the town good, he don't act happy, Tod."

Tod Lewis was shaking with laughter. "He don't for a fact!"

"I GOT A RIGHT to look at the records," Pop said.

"Sure you have," said the clerk.

"Any private citizen has the right," Pop said, "and I'm more'n that. I'm a Justice of the Peace. A servant of the people."

"Sure," said the clerk. "Sure you are Pop. What do you want to see?"

"I'd kind of like to glance over the plans for the new school house."

Blueprints were produced from the safe and spread out on the table. Pop studied them. The clerk went on with his work at the books.

"Right nice," said Pop. "Big airy

rooms. Nice study hall and auditorium where the kids can put on shows and things. I suppose the rest of the money is goin' into a playground or an athletic field or somethin'."

The clerk looked up from his books. "The rest of what money?"

"Why, I see on the margin here, the contractor figures the buildin' at twenty-six thousand dollars. We're bonding the town for forty-five."

"Now, by my reckonin', that should leave nineteen thousand over for a sport field. I kind of wish they had a special cookin' school for the girls. Most of 'em don't know a thing about cookin' these days. Who's layin' out the field?"

"Well, there ain't exactly going to be a field, Pop," the clerk said.

"Well, about that nineteen thousand, then," Pop said.

"Oh, that!" said the clerk.

"Must go for something."

The clerk wriggled in his chair. "Well, there's the bus line, that's been transporting the kids to the rural school."

"You mean we're buying it?"

"Have to," said the clerk.

"Is that so!" Pop tugged at the end of his tobacco stained mustache. "Seems like I remember hearing that Peace Justice Barnes owns that bus line."

"Well, he does," said the clerk.

"What're we going to use this bus line fer after we get it?"

"It won't be used," said the clerk. "Won't be no call for it with all the kids going to one central school."

"Then we're payin' nineteen thou-

sand dollars for nothin'?" asked Pop. "Seems like a high price."

"You can't just put a man out of business, Pop," the clerk said. "We figured nineteen thousand was a fair price for it."

"That's mighty interestin'," smiled Pop. "Mighty interestin'. Be seein' you."

As Pop walked out of the office, the clerk made a dive for the telephone.

About a block from the office of the *Clarion*, Pop came face to face with John Larigan.

Larigan, as usual, was wearing that professional smile. "Where you headed, Pop?"

"To see Tod," Pop said. "Got an interesting story for him. How the town is buying a bus line that ain't a bus line."

"Let's sit down and talk it over, Pop. The clerk just phoned me you'd been in. I don't think I got the hang of this."

"As far as I know, it ain't a hangin' offense," Pop said, "but I don't think folks are going to like it. They voted to spend forty-five thousand on a school."

Larigan kept his voice under control. "All right, Pop. Maybe it isn't exactly fair to the voters. I could get the architect to draw new plans."

"With a gymnasium for the kids?" Pop said. "And maybe a domestic science room for the girls so they could learn to cook codfish balls the way they *ought* to be cooked?"

"All right—all *right!*!"

"Well," said Pop. "If the new plans are presented at a special meet-



ing, say Tuesday . . . there wouldn't be any story for Tod, would there?"

**T**HREE WAS an air of chill hostility in the Town Clerk's office. Only Pop Thatcher was cheerful. He looked over the new plans for the school with satisfaction.

"If there's no more business we can adjourn," said Larigan grimly.

"Well, there is a mite more business," said Pop. "It's about the poor farm. I know it's been a consarned nuisance to you for some time. I'm for closin' it up, permanent. I understand the State sends a man down to okay such proceedings, so I've wrote and asked him to come. I'm mailin' the letter on the way home. I see you've been appropriating six thousand a year for upkeep, and all you got to do is show the State man how you've spent the money and how it don't pay to keep it open for one old man."

There was a deep silence.

"Seems as if you ought to have an

itemized account," Pop said, "on account of when the State man looks at the place he may not see where the money has been put. Place looks kind of run down to the naked eye."

John Larigan took a handkerchief from his hip pocket and wiped his perspiring face. "Pop," he said, "you win."

**T**HE OLD MAN sat back against a pine tree, eyes closed, his wrinkled face placid. He seemed to be asleep, but now and then, as there was a faint movement at the end of his fish line, his eyes popped open.

He didn't move or change his expression as he heard footsteps approaching through the underbrush that bordered the brook.

It wasn't very long before a man in hip waders and a fancy light trout rod came into view.

"Pardon me," he said, "but they told me back at that farm you might be able to give me a tip on where the fish are biting."

Pop Thatcher squinted at him. "They ain't biting here," he said. "Maybe if you was to follow the stream about a mile you'd run onto something."

"Thanks," said the man. "Nice-looking place back there. Your farm?"

A reminiscent smile flickered on the old man's lips. "Why, no," he said. "That's the town poor farm."

"It certainly is well kept up," said the fisherman.

"Now it is, for a fact," said Pop. "Some folks figured it was a waste of

money. But the town board was determined our old folks should have a decent place to live."

"Pretty good bunch, your local politicians."

"Not bad," said Pop. "Not bad at all. Used to be in politics myself, but it was kind of strenuous. Had a hand in gettin' this place fixed up, and then retired to it." Pop chuckled. "Matter of fact, before I quit I performed a wedding ceremony. Married the girl

who runs this place to the local editor. Right smart boy. They say he may be the next Supervisor."

"Well, thanks for the information about the fish," the man said.

"That's all right," said Pop. He closed his eyes again. After a moment or two there was a sharp tug at his line. Pop grinned. "No use tellin' him the only trout for miles is right here," he muttered. "Get the place all cluttered up."



### **German Lesson at Valley Forge**

WHEN the Baron von Steuben arrived at Valley Forge to drill American troops he knew practically no English, and addressed soldiers in German. American officers soon found that he asked only three questions, and always in the same order. First, "How old are you?" second, "How long have you served in the army?" and third, "Who is the better soldier, you or I?" On the basis of this discovery they taught the soldiers three answers in German, in the order of the Baron's three questions: "*Funf-und-dreissig Jahre!*" (thirty-five years) to the first; "*Vier Jahre!*" (four years) to the second; and "*Alle beide*" (both of us) to the third.

Soon after this the Baron

stopped a grizzled veteran, and asked in German: "How long have you been in the army?"

"*Funf-und-dreissig Jahre!*" came the answer.

Steuben looked surprised, but continued in German: "Thirty-five years! How old are you, then?"

"*Vier Jahre!*" came the triumphant answer.

Steuben was now bewildered:

"Four years old!" he said, still in German, "and you have served in the army thirty-five years! Who is crazy here, you or I?"

The soldier, knowing that this was the last question, yelled out with relief: "*Alle beide, general!*" (Both of us!)

—L. C. THANY

*A man with a warm heart and a genius for picking good voices has brought the Met to Main Street and brightened the prospects for American singers*



## **Major Bowes of the Opera**

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

TEN MILLION pairs of ears will be glued to radio receiving sets throughout America on Sunday afternoon, March 22nd—as many as listen to a major prize fight or football game.

Crackling over the ether waves will come news they have waited months to hear: names of the winners in a contest to determine the best among 750 men and women vocalists from all sections of the continent. For to each winner goes a prize of \$1,000, plus—what is an even more coveted honor—a contract with the Metropolitan Opera.

The occasion will be a grand one, as famous opera stars gather to do honor to the winners of awards in the famous Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, now completing its seventh successful season. Hundreds of music fans will be present in the great NBC studio in Radio City as

Edward Johnson, general manager of the Metropolitan makes the awards, and as Maestro Wilfred Pelletier—"Pelly" to opera fans around the world, and coming fast to be known as "Major Bowes of the Opera"—conducts. Pelly and the Auditions are Siamese twins—one simply couldn't live without the other.

For twenty-five years Wilfred Pelletier has been with the Metropolitan, specializing as conductor of French and Italian operas. But it wasn't until the staid old Met decided to take down its hair and frolic with young singers that the democratic Pelly came into his own.

There's no gulf between Pelly, who has drilled Caruso, Farrar, Bori, Martinelli, Gigli, Melchior, Pons, Jeritza, Tibbett, Alda and Bampton—he married the latter—and the ambitious, but shy and nervous singers from the provinces. As he remembers his own

struggle upward, he finds much common ground with them.

He started his musical career at 9 in an obscure theater in Montreal, playing drums and traps for a Negro pianist. At 16 he won the Prix d'Europe of Quebec and went to Paris to study. Then he became accompanist of the Conservatoire Orchestra, just setting out on its first American tour.

Pelly came to New York in advance, and the day he arrived he got a cablegram saying the tour had been postponed. He was stranded in a strange land—it was his first visit to the United States—and he had no money, no friends, no job. By chance a private teacher heard him and took him on as an accompanist for Ganna Walska. Out of that job came an offer as assistant conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Association—and Pelly was only 21 years old.

Long before the radio auditions were started, Pelly had sat as a judge in the recesses of the empty Metropolitan Opera House, listening to vocalists struggle against the gloom and barrenness of the place. One day a "girl from vaudeville" came up for a hearing and made a profound impression with her first aria. Rosa Ponselle had been "discovered."

In another series of auditions, eleven years ago, as the committee was beginning to feel bored, a frail slip of a girl, with very big eyes and a winning smile, stepped out on the Met stage. Every note was a pearl. There was perfection in tone and phrase. The next morning she was handed a contract—it was Lily Pons.

Such experiences have trained Pelly to be the perfect listening post for operatic democracy. And when the assignment was given him to direct the activity destined to provide the greatest harvest of golden voices opera has had, he jumped at the chance.

**THE CALL WENT** out for singers that fall of 1934. They came by the scores. The stage entrance of the Met's old home swung wide open. To date, Pelly has already gladhanded more than 5,000 youthful aspirants to the Met's magic stage, 20 of whom have landed contracts. Each Sunday, from fall to spring, the two best of a week's crop of candidates go on the nationwide hookup; each March the awards are made.

They come at the rate of 700 or more a year, from cities and farms, from mines and school rooms, from church choirs and stock companies, from night clubs and choruses. They hitch-hike, fly, borrow railroad fare, even walk to New York to get a hearing. Among those who have appeared are former stage hands, bank clerks, engineers, evangelists, coal miners, a butcher boy, the daughter of a British dominion officer, and a fur trapper. One season's candidates represented 30 states, 13 countries.

Pelly can't meet them at the train, of course, but he does give them a reception that puts warmth into New York's reported coldness. A friendly note indicates the appointed hour of audition. The singer arrives in Radio City to meet 15 or 20 other seekers of Met roles. They soon break the ice,

and strangers become friends.

The maestro, who is little, dynamic, enthusiastic and friendly, sometimes breaks in on a group with "Make yourselves at home, folks," or "This is going to be a nice little party this afternoon." Then he steps into the control room of one of NBC's smaller, more intimate studios, and with another member of the judging committee present, starts the auditions. Each singer is asked to give an "encore." Often the second selection is better than the first. Occasionally an aspirant gets jitters that really crimp his style.

"Let's wait a little while and take another shot at it," Pelly will say. *Others come and go; the nervous one has relaxed.* Suddenly Pelly calls for the performer and, before he has time to get jittery, the number is on.

Two or three afternoons a week go to auditions. But Pelly never tires. His job is a game, a hunt, a romance—never a chore. I sat with him a couple of times in the control room.

For those who simply didn't have it, *Pelly had sympathy*—but he didn't express it. A real voice never escaped him. To one he said, "Go home and study another year, and then come back. I won't forget you."

"I can tell an operatic voice in the first five notes," he said to me. Four or five times he almost jumped from his chair, as an unusual voice registered. *A Jewish girl* from Brooklyn, only 19 years old, who has sung in the Central Music Hall, gave a beautiful rendition of an aria. A woman singer from Philadelphia, who had

made a name in light opera, a remarkable English tenor, a Texas cowboy vocalist, and a Hungarian-born-and-trained musician—all captured Pelly's attention.

It was an unusually good week, he said. Sometimes a day's auditions are barren. When names are taken, the fortunate candidates are notified the next day to call at Pelly's studio in the old Opera Building for private hearing and coaching.

It's a cheerful little place, full of charm and homeliness, which you might find in the First National Bank of any country town. Until last year, studio and office were in one room; piano, typewriter, telephone and operatic voice all chorused at once. Now Pelly has a cubbyhole studio in a partitioned-off corner.

I sat in Pelly's office one morning as these private lessons—free, of course—went on. I was both deafened and enchanted. A single phrasing might take a quarter of an hour. But the singer must have it down perfect. That's Pelly's invariable rule.

He may keep a brace of singers a month for training before he puts them on the auditions of the air. Some who come to New York on a shoestring confess they haven't finances to hold out that long. Somehow or other, an unsolicited concert or recital offer pops up, a chance to sing in a church, a theater or a night club—always with a little money attached. Of course, Pelly claims to know nothing about it.

Pelly likes to recall those who have

paraded their voices and personalities before him. Of the first year's crop of singers, nine reached the finals, and the two topnotchers won Met contracts—Arthur Carron, tenor, and Anna Kaskas, mezzo soprano. Carron's debut the next fall was a sensation. Today both are major performers, playing frequent roles with the Metropolitan. Five others of that first year's list were also engaged and still are on the Met's roster.

A former coal miner of Scranton, Pennsylvania, Thomas Thomas, crashed the 1936-37 series for the pennant, and the next fall when he made his debut as Silvio in *Pagliacci*, 1,500 of his fellow Scrantonians stormed the Metropolitan Opera House to help swell his ovation. Maxine Stellman, co-winner that year, has gone far in concert and radio as well as opera.

The next year, two New York lads captured the thousand-dollar checks and silver plaques, along with contracts—John Carter, tenor, and Leonard Warren, baritone. Carter sang in high schools, then studied civil engineering. In the privacy of his own room he would sing by the hour, imagining himself to be the successor of Caruso or Martinelli. But the call of music was too strong for him and he gave up his engineering course and set off for New York. The Met audition made him. Radio and motion picture roles followed. He drew 120,000 people to an open-air concert in Grant Park in Chicago one night.

A girl of the Middlewest who would never say quit was one of the two to triumph in 1939, Annamarie Dickey,

### How It Began

One night in 1934, George A. Martin, president of the Sherwin Williams Co., was taxiing down Broadway. At 33rd Street, his cab hit a jam. Great crowds gathered before the Met—a line of galleryites extended a block—electric lights blazed names of stars. "How did they make the grade?" Martin asked himself. He had heard of terrifying auditions in gloomy, empty auditoriums. An idea struck him: why not a little glamour in tryouts? why not put the best on the radio and give the public a treat? He took his idea to Edward Johnson of the Met. And thus was born the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air.

daughter of a dentist in Decatur, Illinois, had studied piano and violin. She really wanted to sing and made the grade with the St. Louis and Cincinnati opera companies. For four seasons she entered the Met auditions, reaching the finals three times and topping the list the fourth. Co-winner with Annamarie was Mack Harrell, a Texas banker's son.

In 1940 the two winners were a choir girl and a medical student. Twenty-three-year-old Eleanor Steber of Wheeling, West Virginia, was a church soloist at sixteen. She won a six-year scholarship at the New England conservatory, and made her way as church, radio and light opera singer.

Arthur Kent, 30, of Italian-English parentage, was a medical student at Cornell University when a professor chanced to hear him sing, urged him to join the glee club. Kent disliked the idea, but his fraternity pushed

him in. He gave up medicine, went to New York, sang for a while, decided music wasn't profitable, and started to study law. But his voice called him back. He already sings in five languages and has learned 15 operatic roles—a good introduction to a Met career. Two runners-up of that year were also given contracts by the Metropolitan.

As soon as the winners are announced, the Met takes them under its wing. Free lessons, concert engagements, coaching in acting as well as singing, working with established opera stars and with the Metropolitan orchestra, and a substantial stipend while in training—all this is added to the \$1,000 check at the end of the audition trail. Then comes the hour of climax—roles in opera in New York.

Pelly's "graduates" substantially help along the cause of making the Metropolitan more and more a company of American singers. Mr. Johnson reports that more than 66 percent of his artists are American, native or naturalized, and he anticipates an even greater preponderance. Pelly, who was born a French Canadian, took out his U.S. citizenship papers long ago.

The maestro feels like a proud papa when any one of his young singers lands a good job, either in or out of the opera. He plugs for them whenever he gets a chance. Often the audition itself leads to an opening.

Robert Topping, a Pittsburgh electrician, sang with his mother in a

church quartet until he won a place in the Met's semi-finals in 1940. That set him on his way professionally in music. The concert stage has claimed a lad from an Indiana farm family of eleven children, Philip Ducy, who reached the finals the same year. A Lone Star State soprano, Evelyn Case of San Antonio, was brought to New York by Roxy to sing in the Radio City Music Hall. She auditioned on the Met program and later, on Pelly's recommendation, won the place of leading lady in a prominent Broadway musical.

Pelly, who hammers away constantly for opera in English, says the level of American voices is constantly rising; there are more and better voices, and young artists are working harder to succeed. Faults that are tolerated on the European operatic stage—when there is one—are fatal here. He believes the finest voices in the world are developing among us. He is relentlessly opposed, however, to 16 or 17-year-old youngsters, even with phenomenal talent, being precipitated into opera. It's up like a rocket and down like a stick. A lasting career is impossible without years of training to obtain voice control and appreciation of operatic roles.

The maestro's particular pride is in the growing custom of American artists keeping their American names.

"Plain, simple, sturdy American names are good enough to live by and to sing by," says Pelly. "American singers and opera in the English language make a combination that is a world-beater."



*These names have acquired a fancy foreign accent  
but as soon as you restore them to plain English  
you'll discover that many of them are old friends*

## ***Names In Masquerade***

**T**HIS QUIZ consists of fifty names that have been deliberately tampered with. In each case, the name has been translated into a different language and you are asked to translate it back into its original form. Naturally, a linguist has a head start in this quiz; but even if you don't know any foreign languages you may be surprised at how many correct answers you can deduce.

The first thirty questions represent the names of well known Americans or Englishmen. These names have been translated into French, Spanish, German or Italian equivalents. *Example:* Wilhelm Schwartzstein. Wilhelm is German for William; schwartz means black and stein means stone. Therefore, the answer is William Blackstone.

In some instances, the individual may be better known to us by the familiar form of his first name—for example, Bob instead of Robert. But

in those cases, the formal name is nevertheless used for the foreign equivalent. Questions 31-40 and 41-50 vary from the preceding thirty, as explained in the text immediately preceding these questions.

Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 60; while 72 or more is good, and anything over 84 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 154.

1. Alessandro Papa
2. Oscar Sauvage
3. Nathan Heil
4. Tomás Lobo
5. Josephine Boulanger
6. Robert Schneider
7. Roberto Esperanza
8. Johannes Trinkwasser
9. Gualtiero Scotto
10. Charles Agneau
11. Lang Hans Silber
12. O. Enrique

13. J. McN. Pfeifer
14. Guillaume Plume
15. Guglielmo Rosa
16. Franz Schwarz
17. Arrico Pontes
18. Féderico Pierre
19. Guillaume A. Blanc
20. Thomás Hombre
21. Hauptmann Kind
22. Guillaume le Conquérant
23. "Jambon" Poisson
24. Juan Toro
25. Roberto Joven
26. Barbe-Bleue
27. Jonatàn Pronto
28. Jean Brun
29. Roberto Servizio
30. Gualterio H. Página

The following ten questions are English translations of famous foreign names; translate them back into their original form:

31. Cardinal Richplace

32. The Greek
33. Joseph Green
34. Emperor Charlesthegreat
35. Dolores of the River
36. Baron Redshield
37. General Calmmountain
38. John S. Brook
39. Joseph Steel
40. Professor Onestone

The following ten questions are the names of cities in North and South America, translated into English; give them in their correct form:

41. The Angels, California
42. The Pass, Texas
43. Bottom of the Lake, Wisconsin
44. Hot Water, Mexico
45. Red Stick, Louisiana
46. Good Airs, Argentina
47. Body of Christ, Texas
48. Aunt Jane, Mexico
49. Royal Mountain, Canada
50. Clear Water, Wisconsin

### John Whorf



Admittedly one of the hardest mediums to work with, as well as one of the most spontaneous, water color has grown increasingly popular since the late 19th century. John Whorf, in *Winter by the Sea*, shows one reason why. In the words of Harvard University, which conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, Whorf is "an expert employing a difficult and brilliant medium, who catches with his brush the ever changing light on land and water."

### Grant Wood

Beloved of art student and layman alike, Grant Wood returns to these pages with *In the Spring*. He was born in Iowa (Anamosa) in 1892, taught art in Cedar Rapids, won fame with his paintings of Iowa subjects. He belongs to that group which in recent years has made American art a popular movement, and has devoted much of his energy and time to encouraging production from younger artists.



AMERICAN ART, INC., NEW YORK CITY

BY JOHN W. SINGER

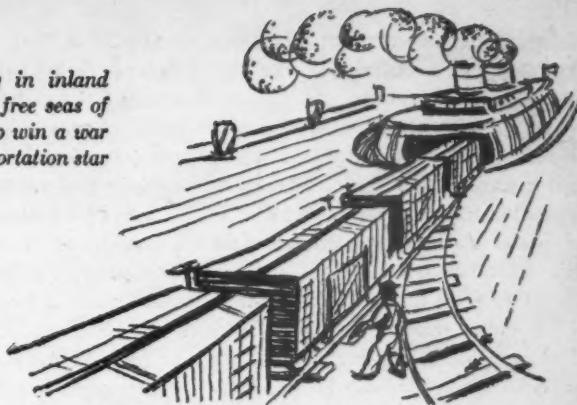
*Winter by the Sea*



*In the Spring*

BY GRANT

Car ferries operating in inland U. S., across the last free seas of the world, may help to win a war where time and transportation star



## ***Freight Trains Afloat***

by DOUGLAS J. INGELS

**C**OLD, SHARP and violent, a seventy-two-mile-an-hour gale lashed the blue-green waters of Lake Michigan into frothing turbulence. It was Armistice night, 1940.

The pulpwood freighter *Novadoc* out of Port Huron with 18 men aboard, pounded on the reefs just off Pentwater. Coast Guardsmen had tried again and again to reach her, only to be forced back each time. Finally, with more courage than saneness, two brothers, Clyde and Arthur Cross, ventured forth in their tiny boat which chug-chugged its way toward the floundering vessel. After two hours of hell and fury, they took off the crew—just as the freighter's hulk, split in half by a monstrous two-story wave, sank below the surface.

Fifty miles southward, Captain Harry C. Norton of the tanker *New Haven Socony* narrowly escaped death when a similar wave swept the ship's pilot

house right from around him. But Norton, in oilskins and boots—which iced up so much they had to be removed with a chisel—stood his post and guided his disabled ship safely to port, hours after she was given up as another tragedy. And the *Socony* had carried 600,000 gallons of gasoline which threatened to explode from friction each time a wave struck her!

Such episodes are typical of man's heroic battles against the elements on the Great Lakes each winter. Yet

---

*Assistant editor of Flying and Popular Aviation, Douglas J. Ingells in this article has deserted his special field because he feels the airplane, like the automobile, "is becoming too common to make good copy." He is young (born in Paris, Texas, in 1918)—earnest (began writing feature stories for a weekly newspaper when he was 13)—and bright (won second place in the TWA national aviation writers' contest two years in a row). In addition, he has owned and edited a paper in Muskegon, Michigan, and served for a time as aviation editor on the Dayton Daily News.*

fairly little is known about this fabulous shipping business—on the last free seas of the world.

Yes, shipping traffic on the lakes is heavier in volume than the U. S. foreign maritime commerce. There are approximately 560 commercial vessels under U. S. registry operating on these inland seas; they represent some 2,500,000 gross tons—about one-fifth of our entire merchant marine. And of this total, thirty-five vessels are powerful, stout, ruggedly-built car ferries which transport railroad cars across the lakes twelve months of the year despite high wind, high water or the hell that is caused by ice.

The most unusual and the least known about of all the lakes' shipping enterprises, the car ferries (93,998 tonnage) plough through the waters of three of the five Great Lakes, and across the Detroit River. But the greatest traffic is on Lake Michigan (51,171 tons) which is the largest (22,400 square miles) wholly U.S.-owned inland lake.

ACROSS THIS body of water where it is deepest, broadest and roughest, three railroads own and operate a small flotilla of ships that constitutes the most unique rail-water transportation system in the world—an extension of a railroad from Michigan to Wisconsin founded on the geometric principle that it is shorter to cross than to go around the lake.

Once an obscure Great Lakes shipping business, known only to a few shippers, the car ferry systems now are getting sidewise glances from OPM

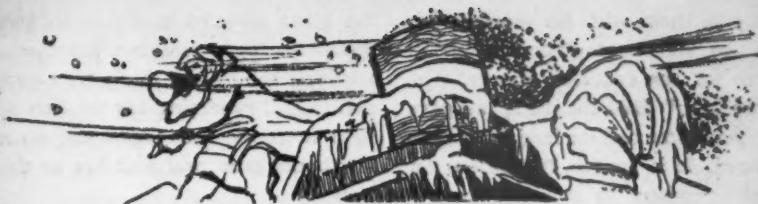
and ICC as likely outlets to speed up defense freight shipments. Already emergency freight—hundreds of thousands of tons of iron, steel, coal, copper, chemicals, and machinery—is moving thus via ferry.

The Pere Marquette Railway Company, Grand Trunk-Milwaukee Ferry Company (a subsidiary of the Canadian National Railways) and the Ann Arbor Railroad Company control all of Lake Michigan's ferry traffic. Pere Marquette is the largest, although the Ann Arbor road covers the greatest total lake miles (312).

The modern car ferry fleet is made up of ships that average 330 feet, bow to stern—about the size of the torpedoed U. S. Destroyer *Reuben James*. Built from heavy steel keels, the ferries are bulky, cumbersome, but powerful craft. Some, but not all, have passenger accommodations. Their broad squat hulls are painted dull black, broken by small red spots here and there where paint has been scraped. Cabin structures are painted white, but thick black coal smoke from the funnels turns them gray.

But there is one exception to all this dirt and dullness. The *City of Midland* (Pere Marquette) is as beautiful and luxurious as any ocean liner afloat. She is sleek, low and streamlined. Unlike the others, her cabin's exterior is spotless white, but then, she is not yet a year old. Inside are carpeted floors, 74 spacious state-rooms, bridal suite, soft leather lounging chairs, small bar and a large, well-furnished dining salon.

Last year she was the principal fac-



tor in increasing passenger figures 50 per cent over 1940's record. And at \$3.00 per head (clear profit, since the ferries pay their own way with freight revenues), the new ship is already helping to pay back her \$2,800,000 investment.

An average car ferry carries a crew of from 35 to 40 men. There are Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, and Mexicans, Poles and Negroes—but predominant are Swedes and Norwegians from "Minn-e-zota" and "Wizgonzin." Most of them have ancestors in Norway or Sweden who were seamen long ago, and they have stuck to the trade.

On the whole, the crew members are ordinary guys with jobs and sweethearts and families. Aboard ship they work, eat, sleep and play cards. The favorite game is pinochle. Ashore they generally go home, for the majority of the men are a settled lot, satisfied with their jobs which average from \$100 (cabin boy) to \$250 per month.

As Captain Martin of the *City of Milwaukee*, a Grand Trunk car ferry said: "Long ago we had wooden ships and iron men, but today we have iron ships and wooden men. Probably it's a matter of progress more than anything else. There are new navigation methods that require constant

study and there are new machines that have eliminated the muscle work—that take more brain than brawn to run them. Therefore, our men today must be keener and more eager to learn. They haven't time to raise hell and get toughened up like the oldsters did."

The captain of a car ferry gets about \$5,000 per year plus, of course, his meals. He and the mates are the only men aboard who wear uniforms. The rest you will find wearing anything from a suede jacket with khaki trousers, on down to the man in the engine room who wears long woolen underwear (to absorb the sweat) and a pair of ordinary overalls.

One thing the crew never complains about is food. Car ferries, even among the summer tourists, are famous for their cuisine. They get the choicest meats right from the packing houses in Chicago; the freshest fruits and vegetables from Michigan orchards and farms; the best Wisconsin butter, eggs, cheese and poultry. The cooks are the finest that can be hired. Ship owners really believe in the axiom that the best way to get the best work out of their men is to serve the best food.

Last fall, a cabin boy spotted a flock of ducks overhead and "banged"

away at them with his shotgun. He got two, and the ship's cook prepared them for the captain's dinner. The "Old Man" liked the duck, but gave the youngster hell for having the gun aboard. It is against regulations for crew members to carry firearms—and lakefront legend offers a dramatic reason:

The story goes that the gun play of a bootleggers' feud aboard the *City of Milwaukee* sent her and 52 men to a watery grave back in 1929.

It was at a time when the alcohol barons were at the peak of their régime. Big Joe Lonardo's gunmen were mopping up a fortune in Cleveland and Al Capone was boss of Chicago's bootleg ring. It was a profitable trade for both until Capone whiskey overflowed into Cleveland and started a bloody gang war. After weeks of killings and desperate search to find the "leak," the Cleveland gangsters learned the stuff was coming in by freight car from Michigan after being shipped across the lake by car ferry.

Five gunmen led by Larry Lupo, chief Lonardo trigger man, boarded the car ferry *City of Milwaukee* which reportedly had a cargo of Capone whiskey labeled "Green Peas" bound for Cleveland. Naturally, the ship's owners were in the dark as to the real nature of the shipment, assuming it was a legitimate shipment of canned goods. But when the steamer was half-way across, the gunmen smashed her radio, held up her officers and members of the crew, and began dumping the whiskey overboard.

To simplify things, they opened

the giant seagates in the stern and shoved the big boxcars overboard, unwisely smashing the ship's twin propellers and rendering her helpless to fight a terrific gale that came up a few hours later and sent her to the bottom.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, part of the car ferry's crew is always ashore and never goes aboard the ship for a trip across. For every ship there is a yard crew whose job it is to unload and switch the freight cars when the ship docks. Generally there are five in the crew, an engineer and fireman, who run an ordinary freight engine that pushes cars on and pulls them off; a yard foreman and two helpers. Actually, they are railroad men assigned to the crew of a boat.

Watching one of the big car ferries load and unload is a fascinating experience. When the car ferry prepares to dock, her big seagate which stretches across the entire stern of the ship opens, and she looks like a giant whale with its mouth open after gobbling up a string of freight cars. She backs into a small specially prepared slip that is only as wide as the breadth of the ship's stern. This is an intricate maneuver for such a big ship and is made possible only because of her twin-screws (propellers) which operate in opposite directions, thus helping to steer the boat. Her deck is level with the dock and the regulation size railroad tracks on ship interlock themselves with corresponding tracks on the dock, securing the ship.

The belly of the big car ferry, where

the trains are kept, resembles a round-house one finds in the average city. Actually it is a floating freightyard. The cars are close together and there is just enough room for a person to walk between them sideways. When the loading is in process there is noise and activity, but when the ship is out to sea it is dark and lonely here. A watchman who inspects the cars comes around every hour to see that they are properly fastened. During the summer, he often finds a tramp or stowaway inside one of the box cars.

Three years ago on a crossing, one of the cars got loose when the waves rolled the ship, and banged treacherously against the big seagate, threatening to sink her. The crew labored for hours piling part of a shipment of pig iron around the car's wheels until it couldn't move and then they secured it with jacks properly.

It is of constant wonder to those who know the Great Lakes that more cars don't get loose when the waters start kicking up. The lakes, fresh-water sailors claim, are more dangerous than oceans. They say that the waves on the Great Lakes are more choppy—that small waves tend to break at different parts of the ship all at once with a tendency to tear the ship to pieces.

Unlike the ocean liner that is met several miles outside the port and escorted through the shallow channels by a small pilot tug, lake ships have their own pilots aboard to guide them into port. Veteran seaman of three years experience before he can become helmsman, the Great Lakes pi-

lot steers his craft through fog, storm or darkness, and hits the 140-foot entrance between breakwaters of a harbor right on the nose.

All of the car ferries and many of the other Great Lakes ships are equipped with Sperry gyro-compasses to guide them on their courses since the large ore deposits in the bottom of the lakes disrupt the magnetic compass. Moreover, there are ship-to-shore radio-phone communications and many radio beacon stations.

DESPITE ALL OF this, though, it is sometimes difficult to get a big car ferry into port. Probably of all the ports, Milwaukee presents the most difficult problem. Here the ferries dock along the Milwaukee River.

The craft steam into the river bow-first from the big harbor through a turntable bridge with only inches to spare, past a large grain elevator to a spot along the river that is beyond the docking point. Here a cable is thrown ashore and the ship secured to a pier by it. Then a small winch motor aboard ship pulls the large craft backwards into its slip—making possible a turn on a dime in a small river that is no wider than the ship is long.

There is so much pressure on the large steel cable that once, when it snapped, it cut the arm off a luckless crew member as neatly as an expert surgeon might have amputated it.

Fresh-water sailors, it must be noted, as typified by the car ferry crews, get their share of hair-raising adventures, too.

For instance, there was the night in

October, 1919, when the *City of Muskegon*, almost in port, was swept by a giant wave against the breakwater. Many of her passengers never got on deck—for the *Muskegon*, last of the great sidewheelers, went down that night. And it was a woman, who grabbed two children from their father's arms and leaped 25 feet to the breakwater, saving all three, who was honored as the heroine of the disaster. Later she died from exposure.

Then there is the story of the steamer *John P. Gustman* which put out from Detroit in rough weather with 50 automobiles strapped to her decks—but when she returned there were only six left. Seas so rough they almost split the ship in two, seamen said.

These could go on and on forever with each true experience enough to make the most ardent fiction reader's blood curdle. But there is a more important story now and the car ferries are the most important part of it. They are the greatest freight ships in the world. And in the course of a year any one of them travels more miles than any ship that sails the seven seas.

In 1939, according to the latest records available, they carried enough flour across the lake from Milwaukee to Michigan to give every soldier in our armed forces a loaf of bread every Friday for a year; enough automobiles to give every family in the city of Grand Rapids a new car; enough coal to furnish heat for every family

in Flint, Michigan for a full winter.

But the chief asset of the ferries is not how much they can carry, but how much time they save by going directly across the lake instead of going all the way around and having to lose 12 hours switching in the busy Chicago freight yards.

Latest estimates say that a carload of flour can leave Minneapolis at seven in the evening and be in New York in the morning of the fourth day, if the routing is *via* ferry, whereas it would take the ordinary freight shipment until after midnight on the fourth day to make the trip. Back in 1917 they broke all then standing records for hauling freight between Minneapolis and New York, when special ferry boats and crews massed together at Milwaukee and hauled 200 carloads of flour for Britain across the lake making connections with trains east so that the shipment got in New York in full on the morning of the fifth day. At that time it was acclaimed as "the greatest freight haul on record."

It may be necessary to do this again in face of the present war. Only this time the shipments will be five times as large to help fight an enemy five times as strong. If and when they are called upon to do such a task the car ferries and the railroads who own them will do their part—extending steel rails across the water to form a gigantic bridge of trains.

14034

*Streamlined Novel:*



## *Mad Mission to BERLIN*

**by Oscar Schisgall**

### *The Story Thus Far:*

John Frazer, American-born member of the British Intelligence, R.A.F. Wing Commander Whitefell and Squadron Leader Dix pose as Nazi fliers, take off for Germany in a captured Heinkel bomber and make a "forced landing" on the estate of Dr. Reinhardt Geist, from whom they hope to seize evidence that Germany is planning to knife Italy in the back. In danger of being exposed by Fritz Kauber, member of the Geist household, John overpowers him and leaves him tied securely in the barn. Elsa Geist, lovely niece of the Nazi propagandist, meanwhile has refused to talk. As his colleagues start a hurried search of the house, John returns to the barn—to find that Kauber has been cut free! Running toward the house to warn the others, the British spy stops short as he sees a car coming.

### **PART III.**

WITH THE Luger in his hand, John Frazer ran on among the trees. His face was as gray as his uniform. He had a brief thought that the officers and Dr. Geist had arrived in answer to a call from Kauber. But he discarded the idea. If it were true, the military men would have entered the house with drawn weapons. They hadn't.

No. Kauber's threat was still to come. At any instant. From now on, John knew, he and Whitefell and Dix must place their faith in speed. And guns. They couldn't waste time hoping wit or artifice would produce the Goebbels notes. Unless they found them within a very short time—a mat-

ter of minutes—the entire mission would collapse.

John's nerves quivered as he ran. All life seemed telescoped into the next few minutes.

He was still a hundred feet from the house when a man—the chauffeur—slid out from behind the car's steering wheel. At the sight of him, John stopped, disconcerted. The fellow wore a military uniform, with a revolver holstered at his side. For a better view of the Heinkel, he started around the front of the car; but when he reached a point from which he could look into the open door of the house, he checked himself. He was in the full glare of the headlights, and John saw him recoil; heard his low gasp.

The chauffeur's hand snapped to his holster. In the yellow light of the



John fired—twice.

car his face was strained. He lifted the weapon, aimed at the door.

John Frazer cried out in a hoarse voice. He couldn't shoot because trees rose before him like the bars of a cage. His shout, however, forestalled the chauffeur's shot, and the man swung around in alarm. When he saw a figure rushing toward him under the trees, he didn't pause to question. He shifted his aim and fired.

John flung himself behind a tree. He could hear the click of a bullet on a nearby trunk. And the Nazi was poised for another shot, watching for a target.

This time John fired. Twice.

At the second crack the soldier staggered. He lifted both hands to his chest, the fingers distended, and began to cough. Terrible coughs. They gurgled in his throat. And while he coughed, he floundered sideways against the car's fender. There his knees began to buckle, and he slithered down, still coughing, to lie on his side.

When John Frazer stepped out from among the trees, he picked up the Nazi's gun and stared at the man. There was a dull, cold sensation in his stomach. For two years he had been in the war, and this was the first time he had shot anyone. The German looked very young—a thin boy with blood on his hands and blood dribbling from his mouth.

"Frazer!" Dix's tense voice roused him. The Squadron Leader stood in the door, his hands full of Luger—three of them taken from the officers'

holsters. "God," he whispered, "I thought maybe—you'd caught it!"

The chauffeur ceased coughing and lay quite still. John, backing away from him, felt a slight shudder. He turned quickly and followed Dix into the house.

In the drawing room Whitefell's gun menaced Dr. Geist and the three officers. All of them were pale, addled, as if they'd walked into a trap. The soldiers were men of high rank. One was saying in anger, "We are here for a conference. If you—"

John cut through his words. He spoke tersely, in English, telling Whitefell that Fritz Kauber had been cut free.

The big, yellow-haired man widened his eyes. Dix cried in hushed fury, "It's the old 'andy man must've cut 'im loose!" Under the stress of excitement he reverted to boyhood Cockney, "The blarsted old Jerry 'ad just got into the garage when we caught 'im!"

John said in a taut voice, "Kauber will have an army on our necks."

"I wish to 'ell you'd killed the man in the first place!"

Wing Commander Whitefell refused to let fear confuse him. He spoke chopily: "Dix, you keep these men covered. If they give any sign of trouble, shoot them. Frazer, search that study. I'm going to start the motors."

So Whitefell ran out, that the Heinkel might be ready for a swift take-off. Dix, now holding two Luger,

took up a position at an open window. From there he could watch and listen for signals of danger. And John hurried to forage again in the files. He snatched out a score of sheets at a time, riffling through them as through the pages of a book; seeking the word *Italian* or *Mussolini* as a clue.

In the drawing room he could hear Dix doing his utmost to drag information out of Dr. Reinhardt Geist. Clearly the doctor knew why these British fliers were in the house; Whitefell must have told him. He said with surprising calm:

"You have been misinformed. Such Goebbel's documents do not exist. It is the first I hear of them."

One of the officers added with contempt, "Hess is insane. A lunatic. The whole world knows that."

Dix ignored the man. He directed



his attention solely to Dr. Geist. "We can't waste time arguing, Herr Doktor. If you don't tell us where to find the notes, we'll—"

"The colonel is right," said Dr. Geist, imperturbable. "The notes exist only in the imagination of Rudolph Heas. You may shoot if you like. I cannot give you something I do not possess."

Outside, the Heinkel's motors roared into life. They sputtered, then settled down to a steady, powerful drone.

John Frazer went on with his frenzied search until Whitefell returned. He came into the study, breathless, his eyes glittering with the cold, hard light of diamonds.

"Anything?"

"No."

Whitefell flung out a choked, "Damn!" and went to put additional pressure on Dr. Geist.

It was hardly a minute later that John found the sheaf of letter-copies addressed to Dr. Joseph Goebbels. They covered a wide range of dates. But the second from the top, in which the mention of Italians had caught his eyes, was the one that astounded John. He took it into the drawing room, thrust it in front of Whitefell. They read the carbon copy together:

"Though I have finished five of the editorials you directed me to write, I cannot go on before again voicing my doubts. To assert Mussolini is planning to send a force through the Brenner Pass in order

to seize and occupy southwestern Austria is, I think, a serious mistake. First, it will imply that we ourselves are weak in that sector. Second, it will imply that Mussolini has a strong army which we have failed to call into play. If he has an army capable of pushing into Austria, without our consent, then why—people cannot fail to ask this—why was that army not used against our enemies on the British Front or the Russian? Why was it permitted to idle in Italy?"

There was more but, when he had read this much, Whitefell looked around the room with desperate eyes, as if to say, "The notes are here! But where? Where?"

And John Frazer shared his despair. If only they had more time, he thought. A few hours. A single hour. But outside the motors of the Heinkel were droning their warning that time was short. John mentally cursed Kauber—and cursed himself for having made it possible for Kauber to get away. His jaws were rocky lumps as he glared at the paper.

Whitefell rattled the letter under Dr. Geist's vandyke. "What about this?" he demanded.

Dr. Geist glanced at the paper. Then his eyes darted from one officer to another. When he looked back at Whitefell, his poise was unshaken.

"You can make what you like of it," he said. "I can tell you nothing."

"Where are the editorials?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Dr. Geist—" Whitefell seized the

doctor's jacket at the chest, twisted it in a powerful hand. "If you don't talk, by heaven, I swear I'll—"

"I have nothing to say."

John went to Whitefell with sudden determination. He said, "Let me have that letter. Have you the key to the wine cellar? I'm going to try the girl."

He left the drawing room without another glance at the officers or Dr. Geist. Stairs led down from a small pantry beyond the kitchen; a single bulb illuminated the cellar, diffusing a dim yellow light. As he descended, he kept thinking: *If only we had more time—just one hour . . .* and the hopelessness of the thought filled him with agony.

With the Luger in one hand, he unlocked the wine cellar's door. He looked into a chamber lined with bottles. Elsa Geist stood rigid, facing him. Behind her the servants and the

old handy man regarded him with terror, as if he'd aimed to shoot.

"Come out, fraulein. You alone."

John spoke sharply. The girl glanced at the Luger, then slowly obeyed. In the door she paused. Her face was only a few inches from his, and he looked straight down into her eyes. Gray eyes, clear and unafraid. Even defiant.

"You recognize this, fraulein?"

He thrust the letter into her hand. While she looked at it, John locked the door on the servants.

She kept her voice steady. "*Also*"

"Your uncle is home. In spite of this letter, he insists he wrote no editorials. We have very little time. My friends have warned him that if he doesn't give us the editorials and the Goebbel notes he'll be shot. He seems to prefer to be shot. As a last resort I've come to you. I think you will want to see him live. He *will* live



She might yet be induced to talk.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. FISCHETTI

—if you tell me where to find the notes!"

She did not at once answer. In the stillness the drone of the plane seemed louder than ever.

At last she said, "Let me see my uncle."

John's heart seemed to bound. This was not a refusal. She might yet be induced to talk, if she could be convinced Dr. Geist would die as a result of her silence.

"Come," John said.

He was behind her on the stairs. He remained behind her, holding the Luger, while they crossed the kitchen and went through a hall into the drawing room. When she saw the army officers, she faltered. This, it was clear, was something she hadn't anticipated. But aside from being star-

tled, she gave them no further attention. She looked straight at Dr. Reinhardt Geist.

And then she spoke—but what she said brought John Frazer a flood of dismay. It bewildered Dix and Whitefell, too. Even the officers. For Elsa Geist spoke in a language none of them could understand.

"Stop that!" John interrupted. "Speak German!"

She ignored him. It was as if he hadn't spoken at all. She went on in the strange tongue; and Dr. Geist's reply came in the same incomprehensible language.

Then the doctor, using German, turned to John. "Since you have found that letter," he said, "it is stupid for me to deny I have written the editorials. I did. But I no longer have them in the house. Nor the Goebbels memoranda. I have sent them all to Berlin."

John said harshly, "I don't believe it."

"My niece can prove it, if you insist. Upstairs, in my bedroom, there is a small wall safe. In it I have a letter from Goebbels, acknowledging the receipt of the editorials and the notes. If you care to go upstairs with my niece, she will open the safe. You may see the letter for yourself."

John looked at the girl. "All right," he snapped. "Let's go."

As he followed her out of the room, he had a torturing sense of disappointment. Was the doctor telling the truth now? Were the notes gone, out



*The big man stared up into the skies.*

of reach? Had the flight been made too late, then?

He was half way up the stairs when he heard sounds that halted him. They sapped the color from his face.

The steady roar of planes—many planes. The Heinkel's motors had overwhelmed the sounds until they were quite near. Now they seemed to be circling the house.

He saw Whitefell dash out of the door. The big man stood outside, staring into the skies. His lips parted as if he wanted to cry out in rage. As John watched him, Whitefell lowered his eyes to look narrowly toward the road. And then he gasped—a gasp audible in spite of the planes.

"Dix!" he shouted. "Frazer! Come on! Come on!"

John Frazer shot a wild glance at Elsa Geist. Then he leaped down the stairs. At the bottom he all but collided with Dix. They rushed out together. Whitefell was already racing toward the Heinkel. John glanced toward the road. The headlights of the car were like spotlights illuminating uniformed figures that rushed across the grounds. They were still some three hundred yards away, and dim; but there seemed to be more than fifty of them, and they carried rifles. They came without formation, like a mob. *This was the result of Kaufer's escape. . . .*

John and Squadron Leader Dix dashed toward the Heinkel. Behind them rifles began to crack. Ahead they could see Whitefell leap into



the plane. He would be ready to take off the instant they climbed into its door.

As he ran, with sweat breaking from his whole body, John Frazer had a demoralizing sense of defeat, of futility. Here was the end of their flight, and the end was disaster. Overhead Nazi planes circled like birds of prey, ready to send the Heinkel crashing if it tried to escape. And behind them the rifles cracked louder through the din of motors.

He and Dix were only twenty yards from the plane now. Whitefell, already in the cockpit, looked down at them. He began to race the motors. He was ready to go—

And then Squadron Leader Dix stumbled. He lifted his head, groaned. He reeled a few steps farther, and John seized his arm. But Dix went down with a bullet in his back.

John Frazer's face became gray and congested as he bent over the man. He got his arms under Dix. The

door of the plane was only five yards away. He began to pull.

"Go on," Dix gasped. "Go on!"

"I can get you in."

"No. I'm done for! Go on!"

John looked back in the darkness. The nearest of the troops was still a hundred and fifty yards away. He had a few seconds left—if he himself wasn't shot.

"Go on!" Dix pleaded.

With a tremendous heave, John picked him up, staggered with him toward the open door. He heard bullets clang on the fuselage. But he was too tense to be terrified. He reached the door and pushed Dix into the plane as he might have shoved in a heavy bag. The hurricane from the propellers tore at his clothes as he concentrated on getting Dix in.

Then, as he hoisted himself up, a shock went through him. It wasn't the sting of a bullet, yet—a hand was seizing his arm. . . .

He was too late. With a furious impulse to bash a fist into the face behind him, John whirled about.

He didn't use the fist. In a stupor he looked into the white features of Elsa Geist. Her hair streamed in the wind. She was breathing in gasps.

"Get in!" she cried. "Get in! I'm going with you!"

"What—"

"Pull me up! Quick!"

Her eyes held panic. She was trying desperately to clamber into the door. In the gale of the propellers, her skirt flapped; the wind threatened

to blow her away. She clung to John's arm as if she were drowning.

A bullet rang on the door. Inside the plane, Whitefell yelled, "For God's sake, get in! Get in there!"

John Frazer could have shoved the girl away and slammed the door shut. He didn't. He grasped her arms and pulled her up into the Heinkel. As he flung his weight against the door, he waved to Whitefell.

The plane started with a deafening roar of motors. It launched itself across the lawn, straight toward the onrushing troops. They scattered.

Breathless on the catwalk, John Frazer straddled the figure of Squadron Leader Dix and looked at Elsa Geist with stunned eyes. He didn't know whether it was the result of wind or emotion, but the girl's face was streaked by tears. When the Heinkel took off, skimming tree tops, he was scarcely aware of it. Intent on Elsa, he asked in a hoarse voice:

"Why did you come?"

She said, "We—we can't talk now! There are planes up there. Get to your guns!"

Guns. That was good. It was almost funny. He turned baffled eyes toward the bubble. In a moment the Germans would be raking the Heinkel with their bullets. And John Frazer had never in his life put a hand on a battery of aerial machine guns.

**NEXT MONTH:** *In the concluding installment, Elsa clears up the mystery of the Geist household, and John Frazer learns a thing or two about aerial warfare.*

## *Not of Our Species*

 *Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show*

• • • One morning F. Dunlop of Didsbury, Canada, found a flock of cliff swallows in a state of great excitement. Investigation revealed that a house sparrow had taken possession of a swallow's nest. For some time the rightful owners of the nest tried in vain to dislodge the intruder, then departed with the remainder of the flock of swallows who had been watching from some distance.

In a few minutes the swallows returned, and, one at a time, dived at the nest. As each passed the entrance, he deposited a pellet of clay carried in his bill. The clay was the same material of which the nest was made, and adhered firmly to the nest entrance.

With grim tenacity, the sparrow refused to leave; and with equally grim patience, the swallows slowly closed the door of his escape. The pair of swallows who had been de-

prived of their home began to build a new one, while the sparrow was left in a living tomb.

 • • • For twenty quiet years, Ethel, a Tibetan camel at the Colorado Springs zoo, listened to the pleasant clear tones of an ancient bell which hung around her neck. The bell had been cast in a Tibetan monastery.

In the fall of 1940, when the bell was accidentally broken, Ethel went on a hunger strike.

In desperation, zoo officials called an artisan who attempted to duplicate the sound of the broken bell. Twice he fashioned a model, and twice Ethel was displeased with it. At last, when zoo officials had given up hope, and Ethel seemed bent on suicide, a third bell met with her

approval. Moreover, tests showed it to have exactly the same tone as the broken one.



• • • Herbert G. Ponting once spotted a school of eight killer whales playing in a bit of open water between ice floes. Suddenly all eight dived. Ponting grabbed his camera and started across the floe, expecting to be at a point of vantage when the whales rose to the surface.

At a spot some distance from his ship, the ice suddenly was broken behind him, and he was left floating on an isolated block. The whales had maneuvered under the ice, had come to the surface in unison and caught Ponting in as neat a trap as ever was devised by human brains. Only a chance current saved him.



• • • Mrs. C. D. Fonda of Richmond, Virginia, claimed that her horse, a black and white filly named Lady, could be controlled by telepathy. In 1928, Dr. J. B. Rhine, conductor of the experiments in telepathy at Duke University, investigated the case.

Under the control of Dr. Rhine and Psychologist Dr. William McDougall, Lady followed directions given mentally by any member of the group. She picked out numbers and letters by pointing with her nose to child's

alphabetical blocks which were placed on a small table before her. The test conditions were steadily tightened until at last Lady's mistress was entirely absent from the room, and a screen was placed between the horse and the person seeking to give telepathic directions. Finally, Lady was blindfolded.

Still the horse's success in following mental orders was immeasurably above chance. Dr. Rhine could find no hole in the evidence.



• • • Chiquita, a female shepherd dog who lived in Los Angeles, for years had as her constant playmate another female named Wimpy. Eventually Wimpy had puppies and would no longer play with Chiquita.

After she had been repulsed several times, Chiquita left Wimpy and began collecting a strange assortment of objects. She carried to her kennel a stuffed toy dog, a little blue teddy bear, and a pair of rubber galoshes. This weird assortment she tenderly mothered.

Those objects were not puppies. They were not even identical. They were not alive. They were only symbols—and man alone is supposed to use symbols.

Photos in *I Cover the Newsfront*  
through courtesy of Three Lions

Picture Story:

## I Cover the Newsfront

by WEEGEE

CYNICS have it that Arthur "Weegee" Fellig looks like a 40-year-old dead-end kid—lives like a one-man third-of-a-nation, ill-housed, ill-fed and ill-treated. But not even cynics will deny his rainbow personality and his camera wizardry—as exemplified in the 16 pages of Weegee photos and comments which follow.

Weegee started in his profession some 20 years ago as a darkroom assistant. Today he still works mostly in the dark—setting out each midnight on an all night auto cruise in search of dramatic camera subjects.

Thanks to a police car radio (he's the only camera man in New York who has one) and a self-confessed "psychic sense," Weegee finds them often enough to earn about \$100 weekly (from 50 pictures). Often he's at the scene before the police—his secret ambition is to snap a holdup in progress. He probably will, too.

Oh yes—about Weegee's name. It was bestowed on him some time ago by kidding reporters who doubted his "psychic sense." It's taken from the then popular game of Ouija, of course.

But now let Weegee carry on . . .



*I guess you'd call this "Weegee's Crime Studio." Seventeen bucks a month and right in back of police headquarters. One of the radios is a police radio—it goes even when I sleep. I took this self-portrait by remote control. See the bulb in my hand?*



*Following a tip from my police radio, I ran onto this outside a delicatessen near Radio City. It was midnight, Saturday, and the cops had caught this fellow red-handed holding it up. There was a scuffle, a shot—and there's your holdup man, stone dead.*



*When I go to Coney Island, I never shoot the big crowds and fat ladies. Instead, I just wander around, looking. I caught this one of a girl who had ripped her pants. Her mother was sewing her up, and I thought it looked very natural. So I took it.*



*A call came through at midnight: "Fire girls have run away from a home in the West 20's." The cops finally found them—some in stocking feet. I felt sorry for them—they were so young. And yet they looked like they'd lived their whole lives.*



*At Met openings, caméramen usually snap social registerites getting out of limousines, but I wanted something different. I finally caught these four frantically signaling for their chauffeurs. I call it: The Four High-Hatted Hitch-hikers.*



I ran into this at Ninth and 27th. A young car thief, chased by the police, had crashed into a milk wagon. The milk driver was hurt bad, so the cops got a priest out of bed to give him last rites. He lived, though. The thief wasn't even scratched.



This was an East Side tenement fire. These kids had been put into the butcher store by their mothers for safekeeping. One mother kept apologizing for their dirty faces. No time to clean up, she kept saying — too much smoke in the house.



*We all like publicity. That's why police tip me off to raids like this—a swanky gambling joint with chips at \$500 and an elegant buffet supper table. I was too late for any turkey, but got this shot of "patrons" leaving after routine police questioning.*



*Eight a.m. Sunday was supposed to be starting time for a Harlem excursion, but too many fake tickets were sold. In the ensuing stampede at the pier, four women were trampled to death. This man left, mumbling dully: "I don't wanna go on no boatride!"*



*I guess everyone loves a murder. This one happened in "Little Italy." While I work, people ask: is anyone dead? They seem happy when I say yes, and want to get closer. This photo shows a few of them watching while police fingerprinted the corpse.*



*Another Sunday morning shot—in Central Park. It was just before winter—squirrels were gathering stuff for cold weather. This fellow slept right on while I snapped him. I was tired from riding all night and couldn't have minded joining him.*



*My camera is my pass to all the best places. This was the Cinderella Ball at the Waldorf. I wanted to see the Cinderellas. When I made this photo, they all screamed they'd been smoking. They were afraid their mothers would see it—so I made another.*



*In Columbus Circle, Bozo the Hobo was speaking to all who would listen: "All the crazy people are walking about free—while all the sane ones are locked up in asylums." The crowd was amused—except a cop who told Bozo to scram. Bozo scrammed.*



*This was five a. m., after an auto crashed into an "L" pillar. This girl is only 18—she was one of the kids in the car. Waiting for the ambulance, she cried wildly—but not from pain. She was scared of what her folks would say when they found out.*



*Crime takes a holiday Sunday mornings—so I take it easy, too. I snapped this early stroller as he stopped to admire a window display. He said he was from Poland—an unemployed dishrasher. You certainly meet a better class of unemployed on Park Ave.*

1  
pic  
op  
gle



Two blocks from Mayor LaGuardia's house on Fifth Avenue, I picked up this auto crash shot. Not until the film was developed did I notice the amazing reflection of the boy's face in the glass. It was a big crash, but he wasn't hurt much at all.



*New Year's Eve. I was driving around Times Square when, suddenly, I got the report of a three-alarm blaze at Coney Island. I found these icicle firemen trying to douse flames in a side-show building. They were much more interesting than the fire itself.*



*Once during a terrific snowstorm I went out in the car looking for snow pictures. At 125th my car stalled, blocking all traffic. While horns tooted, I got this shot of a girl losing her umbrella. Afterwards I called a tow truck and trudged home.*



*I call this the "Crying Landlord." It was a two-alarm fire on the East Side. A colored janitor was burned to death; a crippled man was rescued by firemen. The landlord, who also ran a cigar store in the building, was crying because of the tragedy.*

*brella. Afterwards I called a tow truck and subways home.*



*I went to Brooklyn for this baby contest mostly because I like babies. Besides, they make good pictures. As it turned out, the one on the left won first prize; the other, second prize. A moment after the picture the two started battling each other.*



*At an explosion in Greenwich Village, I made this shot of a boy carrying a girl out by the light of workmen's lanterns. Street lights had gone out. I thought it made a more human shot than steam escaping from broken water mains and that sort of thing.*



*Two-alarm tenement fire in Brooklyn. A mother and daughter couldn't find their family. Actually, even as I made the picture, the others were burning to death. I tried to cheer them up by saying the missing ones would soon show up. I didn't know.*



In summer I always keep an eye out for hot weather pictures. I got this one on the East Side looking down on the fire escape. There were more children, but I couldn't get them all in. I used to sleep like this summers myself when I was a kid.

There was mystery and intrigue behind each trip of the Atlantic clipper—even before war blacked out the last shred of information concerning her



## Last Clipper to Lisbon

by GRETTA PALMER

The Transatlantic Clipper will leave for Bermuda, the Azores and Lisbon at 8 A. M. tomorrow from the Pan-American Airways dock at LaGuardia Field. She will carry 3,800 pounds of mail in addition to 29 passengers for Bermuda and 23 for Lisbon.

THREE times weekly such an item has appeared as ship news in New York newspapers—that is, up until last Christmas. Now, of course, schedules are no longer announced. Black-out has descended over the Atlantic Clipper route. What's more, commercial cargoes are no longer carried and passengers are limited.

Mail is accepted for Lisbon, as usual, though. And the great Clipper continues to make its trips—as usual, too, except that a cloak of secrecy now shrouds her movements.

And what went on behind the brief ship news notices in the New

York papers all of last year—what still goes on, with certain important reservations now that we are at war—makes a fascinating story.

For here it is just fifteen years since Lindbergh set the world on fire by flying the Atlantic alone—yet several hundred men and women weekly have been walking up a gangplank, in Lisbon or New York, to cross the same treacherous ocean by plane!

These people are not heroes or flyers or adventurers—they are more apt to be fussy little men with briefcases, or actresses glorying in the flashlight departure. Sometimes, even, they are children, traveling alone—children whose English parents have missed them too much.

What is definitely known, however, is that whoever they are—these Clipper passengers—they all have an excellent reason for leaving America for the grim, blacked-out continent of

Europe. Their reasons have to seem good not only to them, but to the various branches of the U. S. Government in whose power it lies to decide who shall step on the Clipper and who shall not. And this, especially, is more true than ever today!

In the crowd that has gathered at the airport by 7 o'clock on the morning of any Clipper departure, this fact has been obvious. The majority of passengers for Bermuda have been Navy men, technicians—the sort of men who might be needed on an island where naval bases are built.

The Lisbon passengers make up a more varied bag—at least one diplomat, possibly a high official of one of the countries conquered by the Germans, possibly an American representative returning to his post. Also, usually, a foreign correspondent, off to gather eyewitness material for his public, and a few Canadian representatives on state business. Red Cross executives have frequently been passengers—and English actors who have been making American tours. A surprisingly high percentage of the passengers—about one-fifth—have been women.

But every Clipper crossing has also included a few men engaged in private business. A minor miracle of red tape is required to obtain their passage—U. S. passport, Portuguese visa, British visa. And acquiring these three things is no child's play.

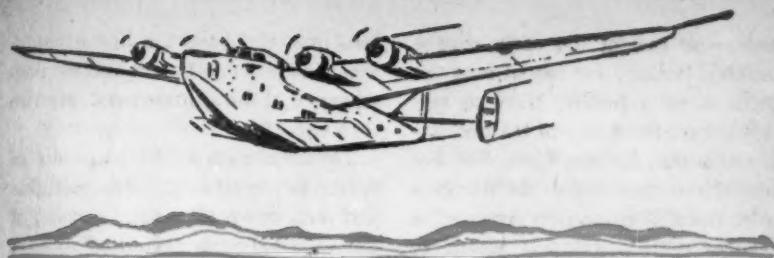
The U. S. State Department has been issuing passports only after the most elaborate inquiry into an American's motives for going to Europe.

And while the Portuguese visa has occasioned no vast trouble to the traveler who could prove his solvency and intention of getting out of an overcrowded country quickly, the British visa has been another matter:

For although the Clipper stop at Bermuda lasts little more than two hours, the British have required all Lisbon passengers to acquire a British visa. It is impossible to sidestep this provision by saying you don't wish to get out of the plane at Bermuda, thank you. The British treasure the right of veto; they have been able, by demanding a visa, to control the passenger lists of the Clippers. It is significant that on several occasions, Clipper passengers have been detained by Bermuda authorities and not permitted to continue their flight.

BEFORE EVEN boarding the Clipper, each passenger must step up to the counter where weights are checked on scales visible only to the clerk (to spare embarrassment for overweight ladies). Few passengers ever have baggage in excess of the 77-pound limit, but airline clerks still fondly remember Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, who took 34 pieces of baggage, paying excess charges of more than \$2,000—almost five times his fare.

Next, immigration authorities examine all passports and the baggage is wheeled off to a convenient corner, where the passenger may extract from it the article he needs for the night. Toothbrush, pajamas and so forth are all put into a waterproof zipper bag for the trip. Later some woman will



complain that she forgot her mascara and cannot land without it. She will land without it, though.

With bustling preparations almost complete, passengers are asked to go into a lounge for tea or coffee. This serves to round them up, and also to calm unsteady nerves. Here the passengers examine each other curiously —here they hear the two bells signal which means the crew is to go aboard.

The Clipper crew consists of 11 men—the captain and four other pilots, two freight engineers, who can repair any of the four engines en route if necessary, two radio officers and the stewards. The stewards must speak English, Portuguese and two other languages. Some speak eight or nine.

The Clipper take-off is like any other take-off in a seaplane, except that the ship is so much bigger. It is the largest aircraft, military or commercial, in the world; it weighs 42 tons, with a floor area equal to that of an eight-room house. The Clipper's 5,400-gallon load of gasoline alone weighs more than a regulation Douglas land transport, fully loaded. What is more, new, even bigger Clippers are being built, which can make the trip to Lisbon non-stop in 12

hours and will leave for Europe six days of each week. These new giants will be two to three times the size of the present Clippers.

The Clipper already has a history and a tradition; it has successfully flown the Atlantic nearly 500 times since the service began in May, 1939. Before it began its survey flight, 86 planes had tried to cross the Atlantic, of which only 10 arrived at their predetermined destination.

The Clipper has its veterans. One young courier in the diplomatic service has made 29 crossings: he leaves LaGuardia Field one day and is back in New York three days later; two days afterwards, he starts the trip again. He no longer carries a suitcase—just a toothbrush and a briefcase.

The Clipper has made history; practically every name in the headlines had been identified with her. She has carried royalty—Princess Juliana and Archduke Otto. Titles are nothing to her—Lord Halifax traveled on her, and Lord and Lady Mountbatten, and the nobleman who distinguished himself by exhausting all the Scotch whiskey on board and sitting on the floor for the whole trip.

She has had uncomfortable mo-

ments—on one of the early trips a harmless lunatic, for whom long air flights were a hobby, tried to pay \$1,800 cash for a cup of tea and announced that he was God. She has carried a strange cargo—the Baroness de Rothschild came into America, a refugee, with \$1,000,000 worth of jewels; Schiaparelli clippereed to Europe with a fortune in vitamin pills for starving French children.

Among her famous passengers have been Myron C. Taylor and Noel Coward, Ambassador Winant and Gracie Fields, Wendell Willkie and Jimmie Roosevelt, Kirsten Flagstad and Captain Molyneux, John Gunther and Ambassador Quo Tai-Chi and John Maynard Keynes and five isolationist Representatives, sent on a free junket to England by the newspaper *PM*. Bebe Daniels was a passenger, en route to a London theatrical engagement; she forgot her stage eyelashes and had them rushed over to her by the next Clipper. Count Galeazzi, envoy to the Vatican, returned to Europe with two prized cans of American coffee.

SOMETHING of the glamor of the Clipper gets through to the least imaginative of her passengers during the trip. Most yield to a frank curiosity and investigate the lounge, where one must go to smoke, and the large dressing rooms where they will change for the night. At eleven o'clock they are told that they are half-way to Bermuda and that a buffet lunch is ready in the lounge.

Those who wish may order cock-

tails first, although the line discourages this practice by reminding passengers that the altitude may decrease their capacity.

Three-quarters of an hour out of Bermuda the steward turns on lights and pulls down all shades: no one, of any nationality, is permitted to look down on the naval construction of Bermuda. The engine slows, and there is the slap of water on the ship.

After a five minute taxi the plane comes to a stop, the door opens and a Bermuda official, in white ducks, gets aboard. All passengers are given an envelope into which their papers, personal and business, must be sealed. Then they are allowed to walk ashore.

Half-way up the gangplank, they notice a soldier in kilts, standing at attention with a naked bayonet. He is a sobering sight, and is probably placed there for that purpose.

When passengers enter the airport, they are seated in stiff rows of chairs and are sent for, one by one, as their names are called out in English accent through the loud speaker. It is an exceedingly solemn ritual; although most of the passengers have nothing worse to fear than a baggage examination, strange things have happened here. And most of them know, by now, of the passengers who have left the clipper at Bermuda and were never heard from again.

When the examination is over, passengers are shown into a refreshment room where they may order lemon squash and tea. They are allowed to go out of doors and to make the discovery that this is not the part of

Bermuda they used to visit. If they are energetic enough, they may take a swim.

After about two hours the loud-speaker announces the departure of the plane. The passengers who troop back to the ship do so with the air of veterans—they are ready for the real adventure now.

Beyond Bermuda they begin to look for convoys—and always fail to find them. It is not long before they announce their suspicion that the Captain is deliberately cheating them of the pleasure of spotting such craft. In this, they are absolutely right. Moreover, all ships immediately change their course today when they spot the Clipper: they are suspicious of all airplanes and hope to keep their course and destination secret.

Passengers are usually surprised to learn that on the Clipper things are measured in knots and kilos instead of miles per hour and pounds, and that she flies without a beam, on a course worked out by navigation. They are also amazed to discover that she carries an average of 100,000 letters per trip and that all letters not addressed to the British Isles are taken off at Bermuda by the British censors and are replaced with the lot they have already read.

There are many good Clipper stories—true ones. For instance there was the man who wanted to charter

her, when war was declared, to bring back all the "great minds" of Europe, at his own expense; or the other wealthy man who asked if he could charter her to rescue all pedigreed dogs from the nations at war; or the group of Long Islanders who wished her to fly them down to South America to watch the Graf Spee battle from the air. (None of these requests were granted.)

The passengers are called to dinner at 6:30. Small tables have been set up in the Lounge and there is a Captain's table to which two or three celebrities are asked. But even at the Captain's table, no one dresses for dinner, and there is no flowered centerpiece. Shortly after

dinner, most of the passengers go to bed, for this is a very short night for them. Berths, in two tiers, are made up very much like those in a Pullman, with ladders for the upper berths.

At about 2 o'clock in the morning New York time, six o'clock Azores time, the passengers are awakened and given black coffee and a bun. Sleepy-eyed, they hand over their passports to the stewards and step into the large launch which takes them to the Azores mainland.

They are taken, in utterly disreputable taxicabs, to the Pan-American staff house at the top of the hill where they breakfast in an atmosphere of chrysanthemums and hy-

### ***In the April issue . . .***

You'll find a submarine, a blonde, and a radio set, all operating off the Java coast in *Coronet's* serial, *Cardinal Rock*. Start it in April!

drangeas, bright about the garden. They stretch their legs, play ping pong if they wish, stroll about the island and return by the same taxis.

A few hours later and they are flying up the Tagus River, past the Portuguese summer resorts and approaching the longest airline dock in the world. In the customs' shed the officials, war or no war, retain their passionate interest in the number of cigarettes each passenger has brought.

And from that point on the passengers go towards very different fates. Most of them will be driven out to the Palacio Hotel at Estorial, where jewelled refugees fill the gambling casinos and the beaches. Others try, at once, to get onto a plane for England or the Continental cities.

Lisbon is a charming capital, but nearly everyone has been trying to get out of it. There have been thousands of French, Dutch, Polish, Belgian and German refugees who have waited months for their entry permits to America or for their British visas for Bermuda—who are probably still waiting. And the Lisbon-to-London bottleneck is nearly as bad.

For the British have taken over a Dutch airline, which leaves from Lisbon's Cintra airport for "somewhere in England" and firm priorities have been established on its 20-odd seats. There are persons of prominence who have been waiting four months in Lisbon for seats on this plane to England. There was one Englishwoman, completely acceptable to the authorities of her country, who went from New York to Lisbon on the

Clipper, waited three months for a seat to London, and came back to America by Clipper in despair. Sometimes such London-bound passengers finally dare take a coast-wise ship to England, a very perilous voyage through mines and submarines.

Cintra Airport itself, its gate guarded by a Portuguese soldier who takes cameras away from those brash enough to carry them, is one of the most remarkable sights in the world—planes bound for the capitals of warring countries drawn up on the same field, while passengers fighting on opposite sides of the war, drink at adjoining tables in the small bar. The Cintra Airport will no doubt be prominently mentioned when we learn, some day, how the British and Axis emissaries met to decide on the exchange of prisoners.

But Portugal and the trip from Lisbon to the warring countries is another story. The Clipper itself is made ready for the return trip—her larder stocked, her mail loaded. Twenty persons or so, out of the teeming thousands stranded in Lisbon, can return on her to America.

That is what has been going on three times weekly aboard the Clipper—up until Christmas, that is. And three days after her departure, New York papers would carry another item: "The Transatlantic Clipper arrived this afternoon carrying 21 passengers from Lisbon and 27 from Bermuda, and 3,900 pounds of mail."

Today, of course, we can only guess how much of this drama is being repeated behind a veil of secrecy.

or a  
k to  
me-  
gers  
up to  
age

ard-  
akes  
ash  
the  
d—  
var-  
ame  
op-  
ad-  
The  
be  
we  
and  
the

from  
es is  
lf is  
—her  
ded.  
seem-  
can

g on  
Clip-  
And  
New  
other  
upper  
g-21  
from  
mail.”  
guess  
g re-

ONET

*The author of *Life Begins at Forty* offers this bore-proof formula, guaranteed to keep users loaded with vitamin F (for Fun)*



## **Enough Is Too Much**

by WALTER PITKIN

**H**OW TO GET a kick out of things? These secrets I am about to disclose are addressed to all readers between Da-da and Dodo; say between ten and eighty years. I am moved to disclose them because of the strange remarks people have been making to me lately.

Said one: "Here you are in your mid-sixties and laughing like sixty! I see nothing to laugh at."

Said a second: "I can't understand a man who gets so much fun out of life while the world is crumbling and millions of people are dying, starving, suffering."

Said a third: "You suffer from retarded development. Only a backward child could get such a kick out of trifles."

Said a fourth: "You're younger at sixty-three than you were at forty. Tell me, what's the secret?"

To get a kick out of things, you must have three assets: tough ancestors, a sound philosophy of life, ingenious techniques. Luck gave me the first. Years of pondering gave me the second. More years of persistent practice gave me the third. So there you are, and here I am, ready to pass on to you the findings of 40 years' experience in getting a kick out of things.

How oddly we twist our words in talking about this matter! We say, "I got a great kick out of that fishing trip." Language thus suggests that the trip kicked the fisherman. Maybe it did. But that isn't what makes the trip so much fun. The fun comes from the kick-back, from the bounce.

The mark of this bounce is, "Oh, Gosh!" or "Wow!" or "Let's do it again!" Whenever you hear somebody saying such things, you know he's getting a kick-back out of the

kick that something has given him.

Our language would be more precise, were we to say, "How hard I bounced when I caught that big black bass!" For bounce is the essence of keen living. To call it a kick is to misrepresent it.

Throw a new tennis ball against a wall. How it bounces! Throw an old ball. It hasn't nearly so much bounce. Throw a handful of putty. It flattens out against the wall and sticks there. Throw a bottle. It shatters into a thousand pieces. Well, the new ball is the man of zestful living. The old ball is the ordinary middle-aged fellow. The putty is the utterly devitalized person, no matter what his age. The bottle is the nervous wreck.

How can you remain a new tennis ball? Don't ask me for magic. I have none. Nothing stays wholly new with use. All tennis balls wear out. So do all people. But some of us bounce nearly as well after 40 years of banging against walls and sidewalks and courts. How do we manage it?

Well, if I had to answer with a single statement, I'd say that the most important principle is this: "ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH." You apply this principle best whenever you cheat your appetites a little; whenever you halt before you are quite satisfied; whenever you do anything somewhat less than your impulses urge you to do.

This is not the ancient rule of the Golden Mean. It is vastly subtler. That's why so few people have mastered it. It is a psychological formula carried out to the fifth decimal place, not a mere adage of worldly wisdom.

It doesn't fit the needs of the very young, the very old, and the sickly. It serves normal folks best. Don't forget this, please. I certainly wouldn't want to be misunderstood.

THE ZESTFUL life is one of continual shortages and dissatisfactions. It is the discontent that is divine. We get a kick out of things only insofar as we lack something. The lack must be most precise both in kind and in amount. Most lacks will not do.

When are our senses keenest? When they have been deprived of a certain amount and kind of stimulus. When does your eye see best? After sleep, or after an hour in a dark room. When do you enjoy food most? Why, after you've been without food for some time. And so it is with every other human activity involving stimuli and reactions.

It is bounce that keenens the eye. Energy stores up in the retina while all lights are withdrawn. At the first flash, these energies explode; the result is keen sensing. Now we begin to guess the secret of bounce; and we get a first insight into the mystery that "ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH."

The more we have of anything, the less we think about it; the less we feel about it, and the less we do about it. Ever observe how food ruins your appetite? Well, when the appetite goes, you think little of food. If you own a river, you may give away water by the barrel and never dream of fixing a cash price for it. If you are dying in the Sahara, you may gladly pay a thousand dollars for a dipper of that

same water. How well we know this truth! How feebly we apply it!

To bounce through life, **ALWAYS MAINTAIN A MARGIN OF DISCONTENT SUFFICIENT TO KEEP ALL CRAVINGS ALIVE.**

Always stop eating while a little hungry. What a miracle this simple rule has worked in my own life! A doctor once diagnosed my ailments wrongly and put me on a famine diet. I thank him for his blunder. He made me realize the blessings of hunger. I learned that I got the biggest kick out of two hearty meals a day. I eat as much in these two as I used to eat in three. I omit dinner. It took me months to learn to sleep peacefully up to breakfast. But the effort was worthwhile:

Now I rush at my breakfast with the roar of a famished lion. I tear through fruit, eggs, pancakes, fish, steak, or what have you? The joy is roughly worth a hundred dollars a day. It repeats at a very late lunch. Total, \$200 a day—\$1,022,000 in the last fourteen years. A handsome profit.

**SLEEP A FEW** minutes less than you want to. But fit the rule to yourself cautiously. Sleep is a tricky thing. After two years of testing myself, I found — among other things — that sleeping even one hour longer than necessary stupefied me all day long and sometimes also made me surly; whereas sleeping half an hour less than I wanted to, toned me up. I've always craved eight full hours of sleep. But I thrive on seven and a half hours; so I always stick to this amount:

Always give in to your emotions a little, but never all the way. That is, don't grow as angry over a bad mess as you'd like to. A small safety valve can relieve the pressure on a big boiler. One mad snort will frequently suffice.

This technique has two advantages. First, it saves much energy. Most of the horsepower men use up in rage serves no useful purpose. Keep it for some hard job. You'll need it. Secondly, an emotion is the first stage of a behavior pattern. Anger may move you toward hitting a fellow on the nose or calling the police. But if you check it early, this frustrated craving may start you thinking about better ways of handling the situation. Normally, the longer you delay action and ponder, the better your final plan is likely to be.

Nowhere has this been plainer than in the reactions of people in the con-

---

*Walter B. Pitkin—in case you don't already know—is the man who told the world that *Life Begins at Forty*. Incidentally, Pitkin is one of those rare beings—a man who lives by his own teachings and, moreover, is a walking advertisement for them. His career began at six, when he picked strawberries at a penny a box. Some years later he read through a complete set of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, wound up as its American editor, resigned when dullness threatened. He was a teacher of philosophy and journalism at Columbia University, and was careful never to stay with any one subject to the point of boredom. At 64 he is enjoying life more than ever, believes it is everyone's patriotic duty to get a kick out of things. Whether you are making pies or tanks, goes the Pitkin creed, you will, if you are mentally alert, keep thinking of ways to improve what you are doing.*



quered countries to the Nazis who conquered them. Foolish folks blow up, throw stones, hit officers. Result? Jail and fines. But shrewd citizens say nothing and go their way. In private, they blow off just enough steam to forestall apoplexy. Then they divert the immense energies of rage to their brains, and plan the defeat of the invaders. Out of such procedure has arisen the vast, dark underground world of men and women who wreck telephone lines, burn warehouses, push Nazis into dark canals, steal official documents and generally upset all enemy schemes.

**ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH.** Keep yourself in a state of permanent dissatisfaction over your emotional outbursts.

Always shorten your idle time to the point at which you crave a little more leisure. In the long run, enough loafing is much too much; it may even prove more dangerous than too much hard work—which seldom kills anybody. For the invisible machinery of habits cannot stand idle for long, without serious injury. Beware particularly of long vacations. The safe rule is to take many vacations, all short. This is the chief argument in favor of a five-day working week of six hours a day.

Always play somewhat less than you want to. Never start a second round of golf just because you won the first and still feel fresh. Stop! Take a shower, dress, then leave the clubhouse sighing for more golf.

Enough play is nearly always too much. Every child tends to play too

much. He wants to go on playing until wholly satiated with the game or sport. As a result, thousands of youngsters suffer horribly from mental, physical and emotional exhaustion caused by dancing, hiking, singing, swimming and reading.

There is a vicious circle of excitement in many young people's enjoyment of pleasures. Dancing half an hour fails to exhaust the vigorous youth; he feels the need for another hour or two of it, and so, after four hours, he suddenly collapses. Then he learns that what he *feels* to be enough is too much. After a score of collapses, he may learn to distrust his feelings altogether. Then he is on the way to wisdom.

Always stop pleasant conversations with friends while they and you are eager to go on talking. Cut the talk off at the point which cheats everybody and causes the discontent that is divine. People must want you to come again. You must want to talk to people again.

Always stop reading an entertaining book or magazine a little before you want to stop. You know, of course, that each issue of CORONET contains about one feature a day for those who wish to spread their reading enjoyment over the entire month. Well, this is the ideal way to read a magazine. Spread it thin, and it tastes best. I know, for I've tried all methods. Time was when I'd grab the current issue, sit down and read the whole thing through at a sitting. Of course, I became satiated somewhere in the middle; not because the features were

not good, but simply because I was a glutton and was paying the price of gluttony. In time I learned to read a little at a time. That improves each article wonderfully. Try it.

Now for a special application of the principle. As you stop doing something, turn to something else which you haven't done for quite some time. *Pick up your most neglected pleasure.* You will come to it in a well rested condition of mind and body; hence you will bounce hard when you hit it. Try to have many different pleasures to which you can turn as the spirit moves. Obviously, the more you have, the bigger the kick you'll get from each one.

If you swing the circle of activities as I have been recommending, you will be in a constant discontent. True—but it will always be a mild, stimulating discontent, not a crushing frustration.

Find your own point of satiation in each and every experience; then stop

just a little before it has been reached. Learn where to stop. Let it be at the moment when you are still eager to go on, eager to eat, drink, sleep, read or talk more.

Start trying the method now. You are excited over the title of the next article in this issue of *CORONET*. But you've already read two articles in the past hour. Very well, put the magazine down firmly. Watch your discontent well up. Watch it stir your mind strangely. Watch the thrill you get out of the next article after this long, painful delay.

It has worked consistently for me.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

**MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR PERSONALITY**  
by Winifred V. Richmond \$1.75

Farrar & Rinehart, New York

**HOW TO FEEL BETTER AND LOOK IT**

by Dr. Abbott W. Allen & Frank G. Kimball \$2.50

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York

**THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MAKING LIFE INTER-**

**ESTING**

by Wendell White \$2.50  
The Macmillan Company, New York

### **Pain In Vacuo**

A CARPING critic once remarked, in a review of a book by Dumas the Younger, on a phrase which he had written—"painful emptiness which brings about moments of weakness." The critic commented: "That is indeed strange. How can an empty thing pain?"

Some months later Dumas

met the critic and inquired if he had changed his mind. "No," said the critic. "I still don't see how an empty thing can cause pain."

"I compliment you then on your health, Monsieur," said Dumas. "You evidently have never had a headache."

—ERNEST WALLIS



*Running a zoo is like running a family, declares this world famous lady zoo-keeper—whose zoo was built not on a shoestring but on a string of snakes*

## **Lady of the Tiger**

by CLYDE VANDEBURG

**I**F EVER a Who's Who in Zoos is written, the name of Belle Benchley should head the list. Deep in the wooded canyons of San Diego's 1,400 acre Balboa Park, Belle Benchley presides over 200 acres of sub-tropical gardens populated by more than 3,000 rare and remarkable zoological specimens. Before the war it was rated as the third largest exhibit of its kind in the world and the second in variety of specimens. Today, it undoubtedly ranks as the foremost in the world.

Tucked into the southwesternmost corner of California and the United States, the city of San Diego boasts a modest population of approximately 250,000. In the year 1940, its zoo attracted almost three times its population—536,866 people.

Belle Benchley herself, Kansas-born but California-educated, got her start by taking a civil service examination. To her dismay, the first opening avail-

able after her examination was that of bookkeeper at the infant San Diego Zoo, presided over by its founder, Dr. Harry Wegeforth, known familiarly as "Doctor Harry." It wasn't quite the kind of job Belle Benchley had envisioned when she took her exam, but civil service rules required that she accept the offer.

She entered the Zoological Gardens in October of 1925, knowing a little more about bookkeeping and cost accounting than about the care and handling of wild animals. Of the latter, she knew nothing.

But she did a good job of bookkeeping—untangled the zoological accounts; kept costs more in proportion to what would seem to be needed for the care of 875 specimens. And she came to know and love the animals. In July of 1927, Belle Benchley was appointed to managership of the Zoo by a tired and grateful directorate.

As the world's first and only woman zoological manager, Belle quickly took inventory of her charges. The survey showed an alarming shortage of fur and feathers, and a fat surplus of fanged reptiles of the rattlesnake variety common to the region.

Promptly Belle Benchley decided to push to the limit the trade in local specimens which had begun when Doctor Harry startled the world with this message:

WHAT AM I OFFERED IN TRADE  
FOR RATTLESNAKES, SIDEWINDERS,  
GILA MONSTERS, SCORPIONS AND  
HORNED TOADS? WHAT WILL YOU  
SWAP FOR LIZARDS, TARANTULAS,  
CENTIPEDES AND CALIFORNIA QUAIL?  
BIRDS, REPTILES AND ANIMALS OF  
ALL KINDS ARE NEEDED FOR OUR  
ZOO. LET'S HEAR YOUR OFFERS. WE  
CAN SHIP ON 24 HOURS NOTICE.

In the renewed campaign, prizes were offered to those bringing in the greatest number of reptiles. The response was miraculous. Small boys, hunters, Mission Indians, cowpunchers, desert rats and prospectors—even county prison camps—responded to the broadcast plea for reptiles.

And so the snakes poured in—red rattlers from the Indian peaks of the Incopahs; bleached rattlers and sidewinders from the hot deserts near Imperial; Western King snakes with markings like flashy yellow ties; King snakes in convict stripes and sluggish Gila Monsters with mottled hides splashed up with orange-colored alphabets. Vinagrones and tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions, added to the harvest. Belle Benchley kept tabs on the lot. In the reptile house hung a large map of San Diego county

covered with colored pins denoting the localities of all snakes collected.

Express shipments out of San Diego soon became wiggly with snakes travelling to the East, the Midwest and to Europe. Rattlesnakes were par, and trading was good. Returning trains brought shipments of animals, birds and reptiles strange to the San Diegans.

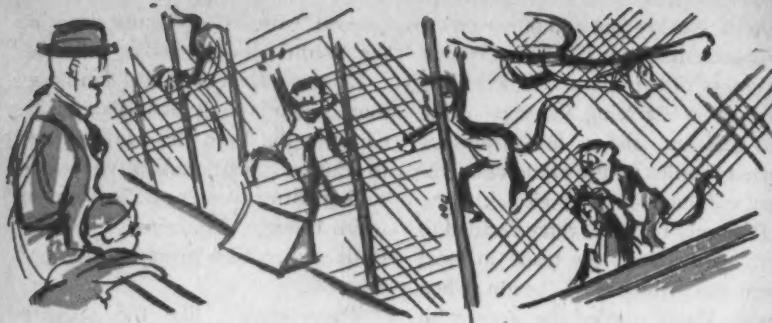
These snakes, like the proverbial shoe strings, became the trading stock upon which was developed one of the world's greatest zoological collections—an exhibit including dozens of rare varieties found at no other spot, and featuring the Martin Johnson Gorillas, first mountain gorillas to be raised in captivity.

Meanwhile, the reptile house in the San Diego zoo had become famous—especially for a huge 22-foot Indian python named Diablo, whose stellar qualities included refusal to take food. Consequently, a process known as force-feeding had to be used.

Such performances, duly announced in the daily press, brought hordes of visitors and rapidly wiped out the debt of several hundred dollars incurred in his purchase. In fact,

---

*Clyde M. Vandeburg is important enough to be included in several reference works on America's Young Men. At 24 he was director of public relations for the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and columnist for that city's Tribune. Subsequently he headed publicity for the famed Expositions in San Diego, Texas and San Francisco. Now, at 34, he is public relations director of the Packard Motor Car Company in Detroit. Vandeburg was born in Montrose, Colo., grew up on a cattle ranch, has been dynamite salesman, prizefighter and Fuller Brush fugitive.*



these bi-monthly attractions became part of the regular zoo routine.

Diablo was first fed by means of sheer man power and a long steel ramrod — a half-dozen sturdy men would catch the writhing length while others rammed home the unwelcome meal of ground meat. But after several attendants had been crushed against the walls by the monster's writhing tail, Doctor Harry came up with a new plan of attack on the hunger-striking python.

A big sausage grinder was erected in Diablo's cage, and a ten-foot section of fire hose attached to its nozzle. Again the feeding crew laid hold of the reptile to straighten out his kinks. Others inserted the feeding nozzle in his throat, while still another crew manned the sausage grinder. In this manner, twenty-five pounds of horse meat were shuttled down Diablo's throat and massaged along to his third stomach, where it was cinched in place with a strong strap.

For six years Diablo was kept alive, and Belle Benchley's zoo thereby passed the world's record for the longest survival of force-fed reptiles —

a record which had stood unsurpassed for years.

But the Zooess perceived that a well-balanced collection could not be founded upon snake trading; nor could public support be achieved through exhibitions of snake-feeding alone. True, the snake market is still a good one, but snakes for snakes is now the foundation for such trade.

The expanding San Diego zoo sought — and found — other markets. Local birds offered exchange possibilities that never had been pushed to full advantage. The exchange of seals for other specimens promised even greater returns. Then, suddenly, seals became protected on the beaches of California, and it became necessary to secure permits to capture them from Mexico.

And so Belle Benchley persuaded the Mexican government to issue the necessary papers for the capture of California sea lions on Los Coronados Islands. Elephant seals weighing more than a ton apiece, as well as sea lions for seal trainers of zoos and circus, were covered by these permits.

This seal trading, already started

by Doctor Harry, Belle Benchley expanded to its utmost, shipping California sea lions all over the world. A high point was reached when, in a single week, seals were shipped to Liverpool, Hamburg and Kobe.

OF ALL THE charges in her spreading menagerie, Belle is perhaps proudest of the pair of rare mountain gorillas captured by the explorers, Martin and Osa Johnson, in the Belgian Congo during 1930. These are the gorilla babies featured in the Johnson motion picture, "Congorilla."

It was the Johnson's greatest hope that Mbongo and Ngagi be the first of their kind ever raised in confinement—and despite offers of \$20,000.00 from one zoo and \$18,000.00 from another, the Johnsons finally gave them to Belle Benchley for a little more than \$10,000.00. Their faith in her has been more than justified.

When delivered to special quarters in the San Diego Zoo in 1931, Mbongo and Ngagi were approximately five years old, and weighed 125 and 147 pounds respectively. Today, after ten years in their San Diego home, the gorillas are approaching full maturity under the expert and personal care of Belle Benchley. Mbongo now towers over six feet and tops the scales at 618 pounds. Ngagi, leaner and more powerful of the two, is as tall, but weighs in at 587 pounds without an ounce of gorilla fat.

Just in case you've developed an interest in gorilla culture, here's a menu card for the great Ngagi and a tabulation of the food he consumes:

### GORILLA MENU

Monday, April 29, 1941

|                |   |   |   |                 |      |
|----------------|---|---|---|-----------------|------|
| Oranges        | - | - | - | 3               | lbs. |
| Grapefruit     | - | - | - | 2               | lbs. |
| Bananas        | - | - | - | 10              | lbs. |
| Carrots        | - | - | - | 6               | lbs. |
| Sweet Potatoes | - | - | - | 1               | lb.  |
| Apples         | - | - | - | 6               | lbs. |
| Pears          | - | - | - | 4               | lbs. |
| Tomatoes       | - | - | - | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | lbs. |
| Celery         | - | - | - | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ | lbs. |
| Lettuce        | - | - | - | 3               | lbs. |
| Bread          | - | - | - | $\frac{1}{2}$   | lb.  |

Total: Vegetable,  
Fruit - - - 39  $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.  
for day

Total: Vegetable,  
Fruit - - - 318 lbs.  
for week

TO HER OTHER vast responsibilities in the year of 1942, Belle Benchley now adds the dangerous problems arising out of war. For San Diego's teeming aircraft factories and military bases are prime Japanese bombing objectives.

Every possible arrangement has been made in preparation for the hazards of bombing and the release upon the populace of dangerous animals and poisonous reptiles. Animal shelters are of reinforced, quake-proof concrete — their steel-barred cages equipped with metal shutters for quick locking. Plate glass windows of the reptile house have wooden doors or steel shutters. In case of bombing, the Zoo personnel will place the more deadly reptiles in metal containers for storage in underground, bomb-proof shelters.

Animal men are instructed to proceed immediately to pre-arranged sta-

tions about the Zoo in case of raid or blackout, and to remain on duty until the "all clear" is sounded. The best shots among the animal men have been issued high-powered rifles and are instructed to "shoot to kill" when necessary.

In the extreme case of protracted bombings or threatened invasion, provisions have been made to destroy such dangerous animals as are readily replaceable and to remove the rarer ones to inland points of safety. First to be destroyed in case of trouble would be the colony of bears. They are most easily replaced. Cougars, lions and wolves would follow.

The gorillas, and other priceless exhibits, would be transferred inland and placed in the care of experts and private collectors. Overseas experience has already shown that zoos are as popular in war as in peacetime, and for the most part animals seem unaffected by the sound of bombing and are less subject to panic than are human beings.

In conclusion, Belle Benchley has

some pretty sound words of advice for those who would domesticate wild animals:

"When we talk of taming animals, it is well to remember that our skin-clad forefathers were not far wrong when they confined themselves to the domestication of such mild-mannered creatures as dogs, horses, cows and chickens. Animal life is unchangeable. The years make no difference in temperaments. In war or peace, the best pet is a dog—not a tiger cub.

"Take that spoiled Panamanian Porcupine as an example. He's lonesome and frightened, and wants a woman's attention. If a woman prefers to run a zoo instead of a family she will only find her problems multiplied. If the family does not like stew they will not eat it. Neither will an elephant eat onions if onions do not please him. Jimmie must be kept clean, whether he is Jimmie Jones or Jimmie Zebra. The reptiles must have their mice, blackout or not.

"What it really boils down to is running a family."



### *Outwitting the Editor*

**A** GOOD MANY young writers make the mistake of enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, big enough for the manuscript. This is too much of a temptation to the editor.

Personally, I have found it a good scheme to not even sign my name to the story, and when I have got it sealed up in its envelope and stamped and addressed, I take it to some town where I don't live and mail it from there. The editor has no idea who wrote the story, so how can he send it back? He is in a quandary.

—RING LARDNER (*How to Write Short Stories*)

## **The Nine Young Men**

THE GREAT war of the Supreme Court is over. The Nine Old Men have been succeeded by the Nine Young Men. The average age of the justices has fallen from a record-breaking 72 to a brisk 56. Not one of the great conservative phalanx remains.

Today the Nine Young Men are human beings. They fidget in their long black robes. They go to ball games. Most of them play a good hand of poker. They enjoy a good highball or a beer.

Most important, though, they are creating a new tradition—a tradition of the Nine Young Men. It differs from that of the Nine Old Men—but to Americans it is a tradition just as vital: the Supreme Court is still interpreter of the “supreme law of the land.”

You’ll meet each of its members in turn on the pages that follow—a program, so to speak, with “names and numbers of all players.”





### **Harlan Fiske Stone**

Nobody in Washington tells a better Calvin Coolidge story than Harlan Stone. He ought to. He went to school at Amherst with the laconic Vermonter—was brought to the Capital by Coolidge to be Attorney General after Harding and the gaudy day of the Teapot Dome.

But Stone didn't get the signals right. He started to prosecute right and left. So the energetic Attorney General was kicked upstairs to the Supreme Court, where, within a year, the famous dissenting team of Holmes and Brandeis won its first recruit. The phrase became "Holmes, Brandeis & Stone, dissenting."

By the time the New Deal was well under way Holmes had gone. Brandeis was ageing, thus Stone, the ex-Wall Street lawyer, became the leader of the Court's liberal bloc. Naturally, when Hughes stepped down, President Roosevelt picked the sympathetic Stone as his successor.

Stone is a big man. He likes the outdoors. He spends his vacations, the long summer sabbaticals of the court, in New England and Canada. He rows, fishes and tramps the mountains. At 69 he seems to be in rugged good health, although he is the court's oldest member. Five years ago he was next to the youngest.

"The law," he believes, "is a means to an end." He says privately that if the people of the United States want to go to hell in a hack it is not the duty of the Court to stop them.

## Felix Frankfurter

Felix Frankfurter is the wild card in the Supreme Court pack. Before he took his seat, he was probably the subject of more misinformation and semi-scandalous gossip than any other man in public life.

Most of this arose from Frankfurter's curious position as a Harvard law professor who held no official position and yet had a finger in every New Deal pie. Not only did he slip into the White House four or five times a month to give the President a little confidential advice — he put "Frankfurter boys" into every key department of the government.

That last activity was what got the critics hot under the collar. They called his proteges "hot dogs" or "red hots." This criticism, of course, was rubbish. Frankfurter is a bundle of energy. He gives off ideas as champagne does bubbles. He is an inveterate note-jotter-downer and telephoniac. If he gets an idea, he cannot resist calling up someone and telling him about it—preferably some one half way across the continent or on a ship at sea. Second best is to dash off a hasty scrawl. Most Frankfurter letters run less than 100 or 200 words.

And, what was generally overlooked, he is by no means a radical. President Roosevelt teased him by calling him "John W. Davis." On the bench he is apt to break out with pedagogical lectures on fine points of law. Behind the scenes, however, he is a skilful and effective conciliator.



## **Robert Houghwout Jackson**

Robert Jackson is the 24-carat New Dealer on the Supreme Court. Like Douglas and Murphy, he is also possible presidential timber. As early as 1938 FDR tried to get Bob elected Governor or Senator or something from New York State.

Jackson has not been on the Supreme Court bench long enough to make a public legal record but he supported the Roosevelt court plan. In a book published since mounting the bench he makes clear that he regards neither Court nor Constitution as sacrosanct. The cornerstone of his thinking is Charles Evans Hughes'

definition of the constitution as "what the judges say it is."

Jackson is probably the second most wealthy man on the court. He made plenty as a conservative corporation, utility and banking lawyer in western New York before coming to Washington in 1934. His remunerative practice was testimony to his ability, particularly as a lone Democrat in an upstate Republican wilderness.

No man has yet used the Supreme Court as a springboard to the White House. But Jackson is young, ambitious and precedent-breaking. You can't keep a man from dreaming.



## Frank Murphy

Frank Murphy is another man who sits restless on the high bench.

He is an austere and almost painfully soul-searching man. But during his regime as Attorney General he came to enjoy trips to New York night clubs as much as his rival G-Man, J. Edgar Hoover. The two bachelor crime-detectors seemed to vie for the favor of the national columnists.

Murphy has given up New York night life since going on the court except for an infrequent appearance at the Stork, El Morocco or 21. He is undoubtedly the first Supreme Court justice to be recognized on 52nd Street.

He is an indefatigable worker. The Supreme Court job is the easiest work he has had for 20 years. Like all busy men he seems to feel a certain lack of outlet for his energy.

Some of Murphy's friends opposed his acceptance of the Justiceship. They felt, despite the experience of Al Smith (Murphy is the lone Catholic on the high bench), that he had a good chance to get into the White House.

In any event, rumors circulate in Washington whenever an important government job is vacated that Murphy may step down and take the post. One of these days he probably will.



## William Orville Douglas

Bill Douglas is the kid of the court. Two will get you one in many Washington circles that he does not stay on the court bench for the duration. To understand this you have to know Douglas, who hails from Washington.

When Bill Douglas talks you know he used to work in the fruit orchards and sheep ranches of the West. He's the best cuss in the capital, and his black robes have not curbed his tongue. He smokes two or three packs of cigarettes a day. He's "people."

During the long dry sessions of the Supreme Court, Douglas twists and squirms in his chair like a school boy

at graduation exercises. By the time the court rises, Douglas' judicial robes are apt to be knotted around his waist.

His mind is as restless as his body. Lawyers think he is probably the most brilliant man turned up by the New Deal. Friends—and even enemies—think he is good presidential timber.

Douglas' feeling that he is rather "useless" and sidetracked on the bench has increased since the start of the war. He wants to get back into the thick of the fight. Few men resign from the Supreme Court except for age or disability. But Douglas never let a precedent stand in his way.



## James Francis Byrnes

Jimmy Byrnes was just about the smartest little politician the Senate has seen. Charlie McNary, who is probably the smartest big politician, used to chuckle when he saw Jimmy coming: "I put one hand on my wallet and the other on my watch."

Byrnes sits on the Supreme Court because, in the first place, he wanted to be a high court judge and because in the second place, the Senate conservatives let Mr. Roosevelt understand they would kick over the traces if he didn't get the job and because, in the third place, Mr. Roosevelt has known and liked Jimmy since 1914.

It is too early to judge Byrnes' position, but he undoubtedly goes over to the right, along with Roberts and Reed. Byrnes' first court decision was an opinion against California's "Okie" law—a statute designed to bar migrants from the state.

Byrnes is no New Dealer although he helped put many New Deal bills through Congress and acted as floor manager for Roosevelt at the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1940.

At 62, Byrnes looks ten years younger. He gets around so fast his Senate colleagues used to call him "a one man blitzkrieg."



### Owen J. Roberts

Owen J. Roberts was once the most important man on the Supreme Court. He was the "swing" man. The court was made up of four conservatives and four liberals. Roberts was the unhappy man on the fence.

A Pennsylvania corporation lawyer and the court's one indubitable millionaire, Roberts is a natural conservative. But at the moment of the court's greatest peril he was won over to the liberal side, it is generally supposed, by the arguments of Chief Justice Hughes. Robert's vote, with that of Hughes, started the New Deal's judicial landslide a month or so after

President Roosevelt popped his famous "court packing plan."

In the days of the Nine Old Men Roberts was the baby of the court, a mere youngster of 61. Today at 66 he is the second oldest and most conservative member, dissenting only occasionally and never bitterly from the verdict of his colleagues. A pleasant, sound and sober citizen, his counterpart is found in a hundred graying executives and lawyers who people the Main Line suburbs of Philadelphia and relax on long weekends on their well-kept farms out on the Pennsylvania countryside.



## **Stanley Forman Reed**

*When the Roosevelt Supreme Court splits into conservative and liberal factions, Stanley Reed, a tailor's dream of what a Supreme Court lawyer should look like, will take his seat at the far right end of the bench.*

*Reed went to the court after nearly four years as Solicitor General.*

Reed had argued the first big New Deal case to be lost—the Humphreys case in which the Justices cracked Mr. Roosevelt's knuckles for discharging a Republican Federal Trade Commissioner. He argued the Gold cases and won. He argued NRA, and lost. He argued TVA, and won. He argued

AAA, and lost. He argued Processing Taxes, and lost, too. He argued Railroad labor and won.

That is a pretty good score for an advocate to turn in for a client before an unfriendly court. Besides, not all of his cases stayed lost.

Reed never trained with the New Deal crowd. He came to Washington as a Hoover appointee and moved into the New Deal through the Federal Farm Board and the RFC. On the bench he steers a sound, middle-of-the-road course, but Supreme Court clockers rate him as the potential Justice Butler of the Nine Young Men.





## **Hugo Lafayette Black**

When Hugo Black was a young Alabama politician, fresh from the red clay hills, poor as a churchmouse and ambitious as scratch, he joined the Ku Klux Klan. He was young. He was ambitious. And he was in Alabama politics.

The Klan died out. The years rolled by and Hugo Black got into the United States Senate where, in the dismal days of depression and the exciting days of the New Deal, he proved the toughest, roughest and most effective inquisitor since the late great Tom Walsh. When Black started punching, his questions drew important blood.

Then came the Supreme Court fight. Justice Van Devanter had quit the bench at the height of the fight and Roosevelt picked Black for the vacancy. He knew the conservatives would howl to high heaven but that the Senate, ever a gentleman's club, would okay the choice. He was right. What he did not know was that a Pittsburgh reporter, Ray Sprigle, would dig up Black's KKK past.

That hurt. It hurt Roosevelt and it hurt Black. But it probably gave the Court the greatest defender of civil liberties who has ever sat on the high bench. Black went through polite hell in his first year as a justice. But he is proving himself the hard way. His opinions ring with an almost Biblical intolerance of injustice. The day may come when Americans who cherish the Bill of Rights will welcome the day Hugo Black joined the KKK.

 *The idea that we live two lives is as old as man. These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"*

• • • While composing himself for sleep, Mortimer Graves of New York City considered how he would spend his coming two weeks' vacation. Just as he dozed off, he decided to pay a visit to a race track. On awakening, he recalled a vivid dream in which he saw a horse named Sleiveconard win the first race. Glancing at a newspaper, he saw that a horse of that name was indeed running.

That day on the way to the track Graves was stopped for speeding. Frantically seeking an alibi, he recalled his dream.

"Sorry I was speeding, officer," he said, "but I dreamed last night that Sleiveconard won the first race. I was trying to reach the track in time to place a bet on him."

The policeman was skeptical, but said that he would tear up the ticket —providing Graves would place a five dollar bet for the officer on Sleive-

conard, and providing further that Sleiveconard won.

At the track, discovering that the odds on Sleiveconard were 12 to 1, Graves decided against betting himself, but placed the police officer's five dollars on the nose of the dream winner. *Sleiveconard won.* Graves kicked himself twice the length of the grandstand, and the officer—waiting outside—collected the money.



• • • Cromwell Varley, renowned British electrical researcher of the late nineteenth century, presented the story below in affidavit form to the London Dialectical Society.

Varley's sister had suffered a heart attack and was not expected to live more than a few days. During her illness, Varley slept in a room separated

from hers by a locked door. One night, awakening from a full fledged nightmare that had paralyzed him, Varley saw an apparition of his sister enter the room. As Varley tried in vain to break the torpor which gripped him, the ghostly form declared, "I will frighten you and so free you from this nightmare." After several unsuccessful efforts to terrify Varley, the apparition screamed, "Oh Cromwell, I am dying!"

This so frightened Varley that he aroused himself. He at once examined the door to his sister's room and found it still locked. Furthermore, he knew she could no longer leave her bed. After recounting the incident to his wife and warning her not to tell his sister, he went back to sleep.

As soon as Varley entered his sister's room next morning, she said: "Last night I dreamed I went to your room. I found you in the grip of a nightmare. Being afraid that you might die, I endeavored to frighten you. I finally told you that I was dying, and this awakened you."



• • • For many months Mrs. Dorothy McKinlay of Yonkers tried in vain to contact her aunt who had been stranded in Holland at the outbreak of the second World War. Then one night she dreamed that her aunt was walking uncertainly along a blacked-out street in London, carrying a brown brief case. Suddenly the street was illuminated by an eye-pierc-

ing flash; there was a roar, a screaming crowd, and momentary panic.

A month after the dream Mrs. McKinlay received word from the family solicitor that her aunt had escaped from Holland and managed months later to reach London—only to be killed on the night of her arrival by a bomb which burst while she was trying to reach a shelter.

The solicitor sent Mrs. McKinlay a brown brief case which her aunt had been carrying at the moment of her death.



• • • For years Mrs. H. A. Currin of Texas City, Texas, searched in vain for a diamond which had fallen out of her engagement ring. One night after she had long given up hope of finding the gem, she dreamed that she saw a certain Plymouth Rock chicken digging busily in the hen yard. Next she dreamed that she had killed the chicken for Sunday dinner and while cleaning it had found the diamond in its gizzard.

Upon awakening next morning, she immediately caught the hen she had seen in her dream and slit open its gizzard. There was the diamond. It has been replaced in the ring, and Mrs. Currin is still wearing it.

*Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.*

## *Gallery of Photographs*

### *Contributors to This Issue:*

CHARLES MARTZ  
SYDNEY S. SMITH  
FRITZ HENLE  
M. L. ZIMMERMAN  
TOM KELLEY  
INTERNATIONAL NEWS  
OLNEY R. PAYNE, JR.

ASSOCIATED PRESS  
JACK GARBER  
ROBERT S. JENNINGS  
E. MEERKÄMPFER  
HARVEY J. GROZE  
ANDRÉ DE DIENES  
PAUL FAIR

GOTTLOB A. HAMPFER  
CARL F. WIEGMAN  
DON WALLACE  
S. ALTON RALPH  
A. A. EICHNER  
HANS KADEN  
JACOB





*The New E-String*

CHARLES MARTZ, AURORA, COLORADO



, MISI ~~W~~ HEY S. SMITH, NEW YORK

*Sandtrack*



**Death Valley Quicksand**

FRITZ HENLE, FROM PUBlix



TOM KELLEY, HOLLYWOOD

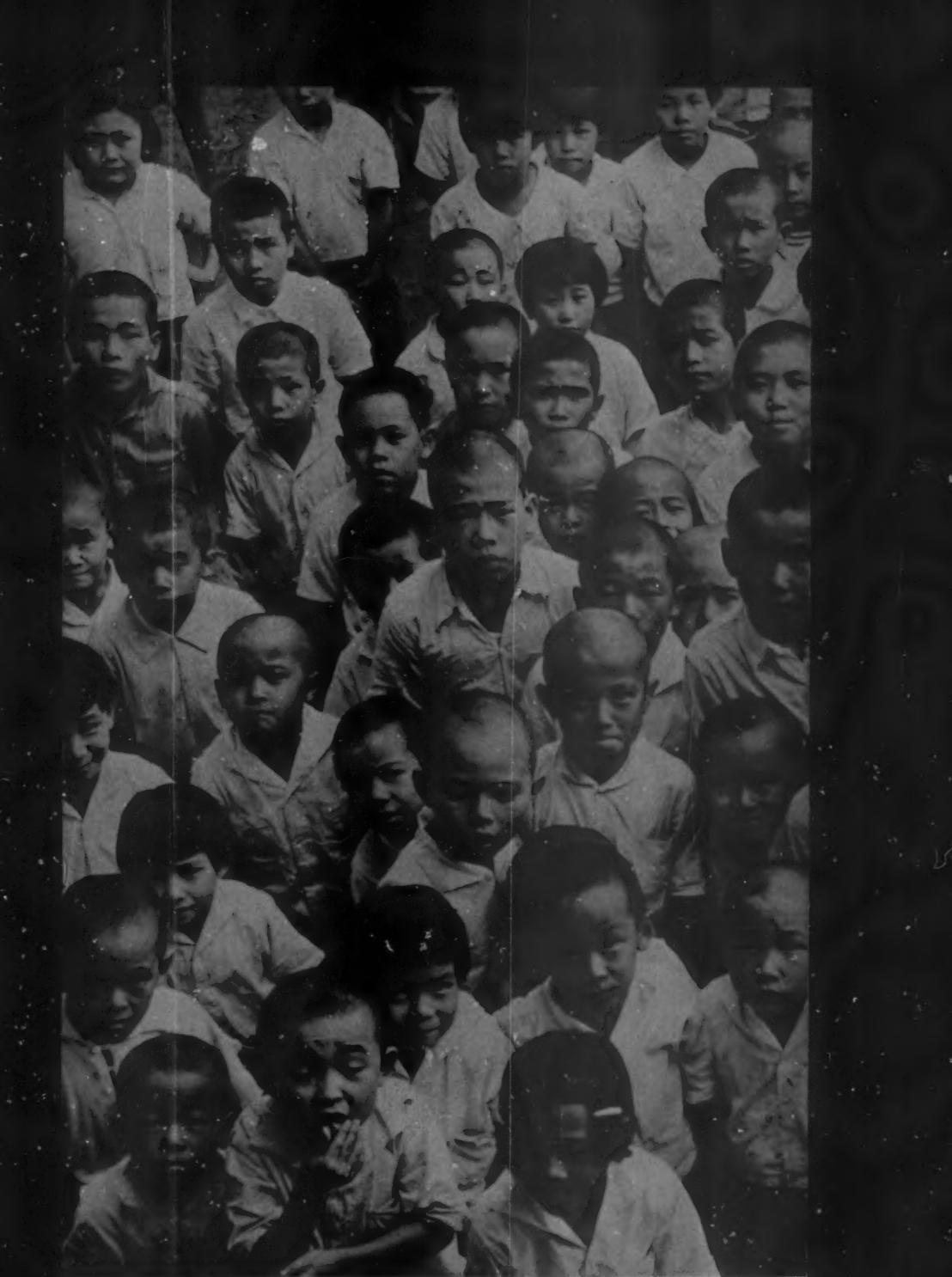
*Siesta*



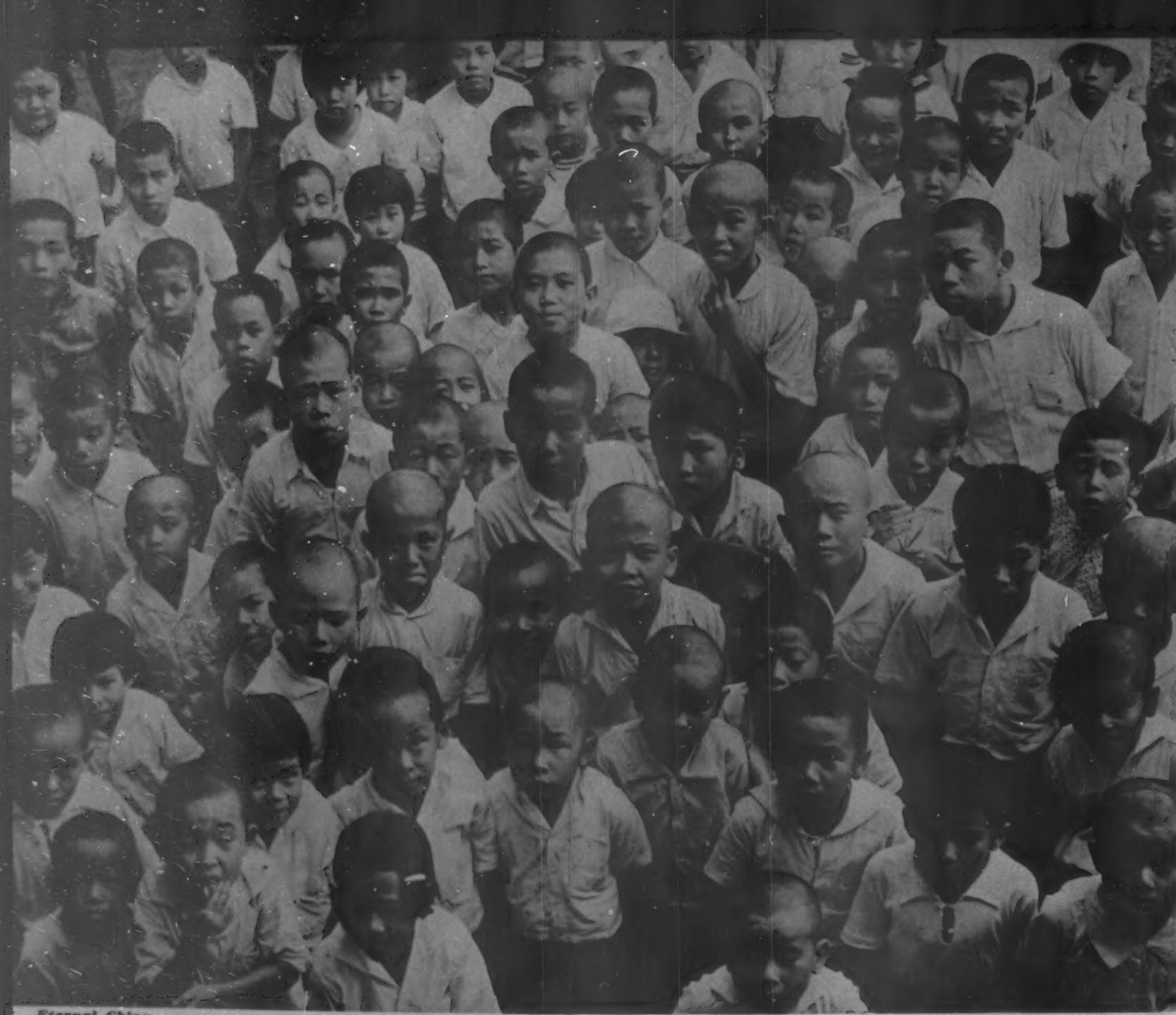
Siesta







*Eternal China*



Eternal China

JACOBS, FROM THREE LIONS



I. I. ZIMMERMAN, RELAY, MARYLAND

*Seagirt*



**"Tears of Joy"**

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOLNEY



PHOTO BY RAYNE R. PAYNE, JR., BALTIMORE.

***The Uphill Climb***



*Gellmog*

ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO JACK G.



OTO JACK GARBER, FREE LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD

*Sa*zy-Q



*Shore Leave*

ROBERT S. JENNINGS, MARION, OHIO. MEET



OHIO E. MEERKÄMPER, DAVOS, SWITZERLAND

*Climb's End*



*Marriett*

HARVEY J. CROZE, DETROIT ANDRE



ROIT  
ANDRÉ DE DIÈNES, NEW YORK

*Merchant Marine*



***The Long Shadows***

PAUL FAISS, DAVOS-PLATZ, SWITZERLAND

GOTT



LAND BOTTLED A. HAMPFER, KENNETT SQUARE, PA.

*Winter Spent*



**Handout**

CARL F. WIEGMAN, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA



ANA DON WALLACE, CHICAGO

*The Rat Patrol*



**Curvewalk**

**S. ALTON RALPH, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS**



ETTS

A. A. EISENBERG, NEW YORK

*Boardwalk*



6 A. M.

HANS KADEN, JENKINTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

*Are you an aspirin-eater—a chronic sufferer from pain that makes your temples throb? Here's some advice that may soothe your pulsing brow—*



## **Headaches Are a Luxury**

*by HELEN FURNAS*

**T**HE KIND of high-pressure big-shot who lives, breathes, eats, drinks, sleeps and dreams his unbridled ambitions has been called a lot of names, few of them complimentary. Now he has a brand new, strictly scientific label—he's a "migraine-type."

The same label may include some of his sisters, his cousins and his aunts, his chauffeur or his janitor, his old uncle back on the farm and his son's college professor. Migraine headache, which experts call "the commonest clinical ailment of civilized mankind," is no respecter of social or intellectual status, sex, race or creed.

Diagnosing the migraine type of personality and helping its possessor combat it is the daily job of one of the country's leading research neurologists, Dr. Harold G. Wolff of New York Hospital-Cornell University Medical College.

Although not in private practice—

all fees are turned back into a research fund—Dr. Wolff has observed hundreds of patients, from captains of industry to humble immigrants, and succeeded in isolating a kind of psychological quirk they have in common that predisposes them to dizzy, reeling periodical attacks of what is unpopularly known as "sick headache." No single trait, but a complex of attitudes, present in various people in various degrees, makes up the kind of personality that succumbs to attacks of migraine.

Until quite recently migraine, however definite in the patient's head, was anything but clear in his doctor's. It was roughly identified as the kind of headache that starts in one side of the head and sometimes spreads to torture the whole cranium. Nobody knew just what caused the blinding pain, nausea, chill, blurred vision or dancing lights before the eyes and

other such unpleasant symptoms that often attend it, although everybody had his own theory. A few years back it was discovered that somehow ergotamine tartrate, a powerful drug, would halt an attack in many cases, if administered in time. But, since the drug does not help everybody, is dangerous for pregnant women and people with certain maladies, unsafe to use over-often and never prevents the recurrence of the next attack, it was hardly a solution to the problem.

Then in 1930 Dr. Wolff turned his skeptical eyes on the matter. After years of experimentation, he and his associates had redefined migraine, explained what makes most headaches ache, charted the psychological factors associated with migraine and laid out a series of down-to-earth methods enabling doctors to help patients and patients to help themselves in getting at cause and cure.

It all began in Dr. Wolff's sunny laboratories with a flock of experiments performed on migraine sufferers during attacks which indicated the pain came from the distention of sensitive arteries round and about the skull. Ergotamine tartrate's magic lay in the fact that it rapidly reduced the pulsations. To drive home the point, an actual photograph was taken of a migraine headache, with the temporal artery in the patient's forehead standing out in bas relief. Twenty minutes after the injection of ergotamine tartrate another photograph was taken showing a smooth and painless brow.

Constructive curiosity next set these

researchers pondering how many headaches other than the migraine kind operated on the same principle. When they got through pondering, experimenting and measuring, Dr. Wolff was able to state tersely that most headaches, except those unmistakably traceable to eyes, sinuses or certain other remote sources, were caused by these same pulsations. If you have hitherto considered migraine as exclusively the kind of headache that kept your spinster aunt shut up in her room with the shades drawn, you may need to reshuffle your ideas.

A scientist, of course, is primarily interested in relieving the recurrent attacks of big-time migraine, but the same ammunition used on them is equally effective for smaller targets. Having exposed the machinations of the villain, Dr. Wolff, who asks himself as many questions as little Rollo used to ask the hired man, wanted to know why certain people are more susceptible than others. And exhaustive study finally gave him the clue he was after.

BROADLY SPEAKING, the migraine-type is a very useful citizen who needlessly pays for his usefulness in the painful coin of headaches. A restless inner drive, an insatiable nervous energy, rigid perfectionism and meticulousness in small detail—all socially valuable qualities—are all characteristic of the composite migraine-type.

As Dr. Wolff puts it, "these admirable persons have the defects of their qualities. They have stumbled over their assets and forgotten that excess-

sive virtue may become a fault." The successful migrainous business or professional man is like Jack in the nursery proverb, all work and no play—only, instead of becoming a dull boy, he becomes a headache one.

Clarence Day's famous and explosive "Father" was a perfect example, right through to his scorn for all illness including his own. Between sieges the migrainous often refuse to brook any mention of their torments. But, when actually riding the horny horse, they become just as articulate as was Father when, during his headaches, he used to pray noisily to an unheeding God: "Have mercy! I say have mercy, damn it!"

In their relentless quest for perfection, the migrainous exhaust themselves and everybody around them. Migrainous scientists arrange, classify, enumerate and submit detailed analyses until their harassed colleagues can scarcely see the scholarly forest for the scholarly trees. Migrainous business men write sheaves of inter-office memos about nothing in particular and have a whole page of typing rewritten because of a single mis-struck letter. Migrainous housewives dust, sweep and scrub with a fury that caused the husband of one of them to say, "You'd feel much better if you'd throw that mop away!"

Sometimes the passion for order

becomes downright ritualistic as in the case of a prominent lawyer who had to do everything in threes—comb his hair three times, tie his tie three times, turn a page three times. Others have a ceremonial procedure of draping their clothes over a certain chair each night and are violently upset if so much as a garter is disturbed. A prominent biologist exerted himself tirelessly in an effort to affix each postage stamp just so many millimeters from the edge of the envelope.

Lists, headings, titles, subtitles and card-indexes appeal strongly to the migrainous. One hardworking and headache college student not only spent six evenings a week typing out all his lecture notes for future binding, but spent further hours classifying and cross-classifying an elaborate stamp-collection:

Exactness in every act of daily life is a fetish with the migraine-type. Well-creased trou-

ers, highly polished shoes and a neatness bordering on austerity characterize his style of dressing.

Punctuality is another fetish—not only do they practice it themselves almost as a vice but demand it of others. And they must never, never, be teased.

Although most migraine-types deliberately cultivate graciousness and charm, their external poise generally

### **John Kieran...**

in the April issue of *Coronet*  
with selections from his  
*American Sporting Scene*  
—a colorful, authoritative,  
picture of American sport!

conceals a deep resentment of all criticism. Many a migrainous wife confesses to a headache after a husbandly slur on her cooking. A small boy's headaches were traced to sarcastic comments of a teacher about his school work. A well-known writer suffered an attack of migraine every time he read an unfavorable review.

Such attitudes naturally make emotional adjustment difficult for migraine-types. Frustration of their efforts to make wife, husband or child toe the line sets up constant strains in family life, a vicious circle provoking more headaches. Some are even temperamentally incapable of falling in love in the first place, bending their energies, instead, more and more intently—and dangerously—on work.

THE FIRST curative step involves the sufferer's own realization that his private slant on life is askew. Back of all the furious drive, sensitiveness and aloofness, is a deep-seated feeling of insecurity. "If I can only reach this goal," the migraine-type thinks subconsciously, "I'll show the world what a superior fellow I am." But, once any given goal is reached, up pops another!

Certain lucky people are cured just by digesting these facts about themselves. More often, however, it is a longer, more arduous road. For a patient dead-set on getting rid of headaches must go unreservedly to the mat with himself—a requirement which took Dr. Wolff into wide practice of personality-reconditioning.

First of all, some pretty frank book-

keeping on personal assets and deficits is in order. Many migrainous types, while hypersensitive to other people's shortcomings, refuse to admit to any of their own. A common migraine-type complaint is: "I can't find anybody who measures up to my standards." Others, contrariwise, are blind to their own assets, brooding exclusively on supposed defects and wearing themselves to the bone in an effort to compensate for these. A pathologist, for instance, was certain that the fat envelope he received in his morning's mail contained the rejected manuscript he had submitted to a scientific publication. He had a bad headache before summoning up sufficient courage to open the envelope and find proof of his article already in type with a letter of commendation from the editor.

Almost without exception, migraine-types need to take the gospel of relaxation to heart. In the early stages of a cure, mild sedatives, prolonged soaking in a tepid bath or the system of progressive relaxation worked out by Dr. Edmund Jacobson in his books are helpful aids to letting down. But nothing out of a bottle or any purely mechanical procedure can be really effective unless what Dr. Wolff calls the "destructive life-situation" is being altered to match.

Learning to budget the energies in accordance with the needs of the nervous system is the vital ingredient of any permanent cure. The business man who is pushing himself too hard must realize that cutting down to four-fifths of his present output may

benefit his work as well as his headaches. The executive who feels he must do everything himself must learn that wise delegation of authority is less deadly to efficiency in the long run than a migraine headache. Busy wives and mothers must learn to let up a little at the time of the month when their energies naturally flag and thus avoid the monthly headaches to which many women are subject.

Taking a long sea voyage or returning to the soil and the simple life are superficial methods of tackling the problem. Since the crux of the matter is a change of attitude, not a change of scene, the migraine-type is only too likely to take his over-intensity right along. Brief but frequent days-off full of well planned new and diverting activities are a much sounder scheme for getting the migraine-type's nose off the grindstone he is using for a torture-wheel.

An indefatigable worker himself, who usually goes home with a bundle of work under his arm, Dr. Wolff never fails to get in a daily game of

squash on the hospital court—a fine example for his patients. All regular forms of exercise, except grimly competitive sports, are good. So is the cultivation of some interest contrasting vividly with the nature of the daily grind—art, music or poetry for the tense business man or the woman with an ingrowing absorption in household affairs; games and detective-stories and as much fun and nonsense as possible to loosen up the taut creative worker.

All this, of course, is for people who really want to get rid of their headaches. According to Dr. Wolff, some don't. Once he had as a patient the head of a million-dollar corporation who habitually slept six hours, worked the rest and drove himself and his family crazy with periodical colossal headaches. As Dr. Wolff gravely outlined the total right-about-face this man would have to do to gain relief, the executive listened politely. Then he said, "Thanks very much, Doctor. I'd rather keep my headaches."

### **Objection Sustained**

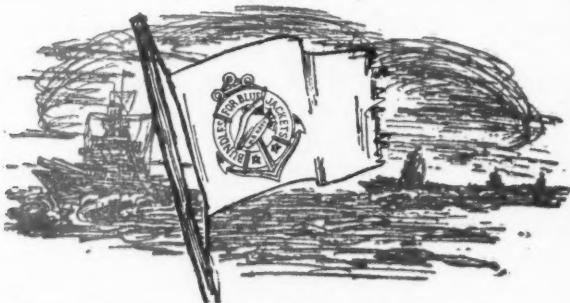
THAT A MAN cannot be forced to testify against himself is a recognized law of this country. Therefore, when a citizen complained to Municipal Judge Thomas V. Holland of Kansas City that police had forced him to breathe into their "drunkometer," a device which by breath analysis decides the quantity of spiritual intake by

the suspect, the judge immediately outlawed the test.

To be acceptable to the court as evidence, Judge Holland ruled, such tests must be taken voluntarily. It would be alienation of a man's rights as a citizen to compel him against his will to breathe one breath of evidence against himself.

—ARTHUR R. CHILDS

*With a poster and a hank of wool—plus space in an empty store window—this ingenious young woman started Americans doing their part even, before our country entered the war*



## **Now It's Bundles for Bluejackets**

by BARBARA HEGGIE

### **Flash:**

#### *Now It's Bundles for America*

No sooner was this article in type—late in January—than it was announced that Bundles for Bluejackets had become the naval division of a new organization: Bundles for America. Mrs. Latham heads the new group, and continues as honorary president of Bundles for Britain, though the two are independent.

Only by working through established organizations—such as Bundles for America, which cooperates directly with the Army and Navy—can volunteer knitters be sure that remaining stocks of wool yarn are put to the best possible use.

**I**FF PRETTY young Natalie Wales Latham had not dropped in at Macy's department store five summers ago to buy dress material for her little daughters, 75,000 American seamen would not be wearing snug navy-

blue sweaters on their Arctic patrols this winter.

The story linking these widely irrelevant events is the saga of the phenomenal growth of a poster and a hank of wool, set in an empty shop window, into the world's two largest private war charities — Bundles for Bluejackets and its sister corporation, Bundles for Britain.

When Mrs. Latham got home with her eight yard Macy remnant of brown linen, she decided, on the inspiration of the moment, to make triplicate playsuits for Natalie, Mimi, and herself. The next week, as they sported their new dresses on the sands of the Atlantic Beach Club, a roving photographer sighted them and stopped short. "Don't move! Hold it!" he shouted excitedly.

Three days later a national magazine called up to ask if Mrs. Latham

would pose with her daughters for a picture series of mother-daughter dresses. The rest is fashion history.

Mrs. Latham did nothing to identify herself further with the nationwide furor she had started for mother-daughter dresses. But she did decide that next time she had a brain wave she would back it to the hilt.

Later, when England declared war, this same Mrs. Latham dashed off a letter to Mrs. Winston Churchill, whom she had never met, volunteering help to Britain. Mrs. Churchill replied that there was great need for knitted articles for the men on trawlers and minesweepers in the North Sea. Mrs. Latham straightaway bought a batch of wholesale wool.

An empty store at 484 Park Avenue next caught her eye and, learning that its landlord was the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, she went downtown and bearded the president, Mr. Frederick Ecker, in his office. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Ecker had agreed to let her have it rent free.

On the 15th of January, 1940, Mrs. Latham and three friends opened their headquarters for business. By evening the shop was besieged by volunteer knitters; in three weeks their first shipment went to England—100 sweaters, 1,000 woolen blankets, 300 scarves, 500 socks and 900 thumbless mittens; in a year Mrs. Latham's organization included a million workers. She had set up 1,162 branch offices in forty-eight states. Units sprang up, as well, in Alaska, Hawaii, the Virgin Islands, and Liberia.

Although Bundles' roster of knitted

articles, ambulances, air raid shelter cots, soup kitchens, used clothing, surgical supplies, and cash donations is an impressive one, perhaps the greatest contribution it has made is the important part it has played in our scheme of national unity.

Sheepmen of Oregon are contributing wool for blankets. An Alaskan trapper has presented Bundles with raw furs. A watermelon eating contest for children in South Carolina netted the organization \$70. The Quinault Indian tribe at Tahola, Washington, are manufacturing patchwork woolen blankets. And cab drivers in New York are contributing a package of razor blades apiece to help fill in the wartime scarcity.

On a recent visit to Washington Mrs. Latham met Secretary of State Hull who took her aside and warmly congratulated her. "The biggest task you have accomplished," he said, "is in strengthening the United States by unifying American thought."

Increasingly since early last spring, Mrs. Latham had turned Bundles for Britain's nationwide facilities in a new direction. In May \$10,000 was cabled to Cairo to assist in evacuating American civilian refugees from Greece, the Balkans and the Near East—the first direct aid to come from the United States. Bundles joined wholeheartedly in the campaign of the U.S.O.

When American troops engaged in large scale war maneuvers recently near Little Rock, Arkansas, the local Bundles chapter, calling on all the state branches to come in and help,



organized a week of entertainments, with a gala ball to start things off.

By late November the new division had expanded so rapidly that Mrs. Latham decided to incorporate it under the State of New York. And then, thirteen days before the outbreak of hostilities, formal charter was granted to *Bundles for Bluejackets, Inc.*

When Mrs. Latham heard the report of the Japanese assault on Pearl Harbor, she was momentarily unable to account for her calm. "Later I realized," she admits, "that my first feeling was gratitude that I and the million other workers for *Bundles* knew how to help."

The following twenty-four hours doubled *Bundles, Inc.* membership. At once the central office, acting with the blessings of Admiral King, then Commander of the Atlantic Fleet, wired U.S. Navy specifications for regulation woolen garments to all branches.

Each unit was assigned some individual warship to outfit. Chicago

women undertook to prepare ten thousand complete kits for the graduating cadets of the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. In the West Coast harbors of Seattle, Portland, San Diego and San Francisco, warehouses were swept out overnight, their doors flung open, blazoned with McClelland Barclay's twin Bundles for Bluejackets and Britain emblems.

When the sad news of the sinking of the *U.S.S. Arizona* reached the ladies of Tucson, who had been knitting for the men aboard the ship named in honor of their state, the branch redoubled its efforts for men on other warships.

Since the Axis' declaration of total war, membership in *Bundles* has multiplied so rapidly that Mrs. Latham now looks forward confidently to monthly collections totaling a cool million dollars—up till now the yearly average. Every night Mrs. Latham still scuttles around to the National City Bank on 57th Street with her overflowing cash box, taking a different route each time. "I'm afraid there are crooks waiting for me on the corner and I want to fool them," she explains to her puzzled assistants.

PETITE, VIVACIOUS, with long brown hair and dark brown eyes, Natalie Wales Latham's authority does not spring from a commanding presence, but from a crackling vitality that would make a Fourth of July sparkler dim by comparison. Just over thirty, she was married when she was eighteen to Kenelm Winslow, an eligible young bachelor from Tuxedo Park.

Divorced from him in 1936, she soon afterwards became the wife of Edward Latham, a tall romantic Southerner who had recently been attached to the *American Consulate in Panama*. The Lathams parted company two years ago, but Mrs. Latham has been seen with her ex-husband here and there since his return in October from the *British Sudan*, where he spent a year with the American Field Service. Now their intimates seem to think re-marriage may be in the offing.

ALTHOUGH matrimony may have had its ups and downs for Mrs. Latham, motherhood is a steadygoing affair to her. She lives with her children in a modest apartment on East 89th Street, and gets up every morning at 7:30 to breakfast with them, afterwards walking them down to Miss Hewitt's school, a dozen blocks away. When she comes home in the evening, she usually goes straight to bed and has her supper on a tray, while Natalie and Mimi sit at her feet, discussing homework and knitting on their seamen's scarves, with a little assistance from mother on dropped stitches.

Mrs. Latham has never learned to dictate, so she writes her correspondence in long-hand, after her children are tucked away. Then she sews for another hour in an attempt to catch up with her wardrobe. Many of her creations have been admired at the various extremely successful benefits she has organized. The Navy Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria last November netted more than any previous charity ball held in Manhattan—\$30,000.

Even more profitable was a gift from J. P. Morgan, who presented Bundles with the proceeds from the sale of the furnishings of his yacht, *Corsair II*.

Bundles consignments from the East are checked through a central shipping office, a warehouse occupying all five floors of a long-disused telephone company building on West 89th Street. Here one day appeared a gentleman whose jubilant whiskers were unmistakably anarchistic. He presented himself to the chief filing clerk and pressed upon her a manila paper wrapped package the size and shape of an orange.

The clerk walked hurriedly to the water's edge and laid the parcel down, taking great care that it was not jarred. Then, with the enthusiastic aid of a squadron of Bundles' sons who had come to the wharf bringing their air rifles for a day's ratting, the contribution was prodded open. As the wrappings fell away, the mystified group beheld a jeweler's box of



fine grain russet calf. Within, resting on burgundy velvet, lay a silver medallion on which was imprinted the insignia of the New York State Bund, a swastika, and the legend, "For excellence in the study of German." A card attached read, "Please melt this into part of something hard to be dropped on Hitler." Mrs. Latham supervised personally the execution of this instruction.

These days Mrs. Latham is seen in nearly as many different places as the First Lady. When she isn't flying to Washington or taking off for points West, she is likely to bob up at the Bundles branch on Exchange Place where American and British seamen

are given a warm welcome, and crews of torpedoed ships have their wardrobes renewed.

Frequently sailors are served tea and treated to a movie, and Mrs. Latham was regrettably amused when one group was taken by accident to see *Long Voyage Home*, a film dealing with a British freighter en route through the war zone.

"The poor things were probably hoping for a strip-tease," she said.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

WOMEN FOR DEFENSE

by Margaret Calkin Banning \$2.50  
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

by Margaret Biddle \$1.75  
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston



### Answers to Questions on Pages 55-56

1. Alexander Pope
2. Oscar Wilde
3. Nathan Hale
4. Thomas Wolfe
5. Josephine Baker
6. Robert Taylor
7. Bob Hope
8. John Drinkwater
9. Walter Scott
10. Charles Lamb
11. Long John Silver
12. O. Henry
13. James McNeill Whistler
14. William Penn
15. Billy Rose
16. Frank Black
17. Harry Bridges
18. Fred Stone
19. William A. White
20. Thomas Mann
21. Captain Kidd
22. William the Conqueror
23. "Ham" Fish
24. John Bull
25. Robert Young
26. Bluebeard
27. Jonathan Swift
28. John Brown
29. Robert Service
30. Walter H. Page
31. Cardinal Richelieu
32. El Greco
33. Giuseppe Verdi
34. Emperor Charlemagne.
35. Dolores Del Rio
36. Baron Rothschild
37. General Montcalm
38. Johann S. Bach
39. Joseph Stalin
40. Professor Einstein
41. Los Angeles
42. El Paso
43. Fond du Lac
44. Agua Caliente
45. Baton Rouge
46. Buenos Aires
47. Corpus Christi
48. Tia Juana
49. Montreal
50. Eau Claire

## *The Best I Know*



Favorite anecdotes of celebrated personalities, as chosen from *The Best I Know*, a collection edited by Edna B. Smith, with caricatures by Xavier Cugat



A FEW YEARS ago, I went on a lecture tour. The whole thing was arranged by the Pacific Geographical Society, who made the lecture dates very close to each other. As a result, I was whisked through California so rapidly that I made a number of speeches without having any idea where I was, and in an all-around confused state:

One speech was delivered at a theater in which the orchestra pit had been covered with green baize. I walked toward the front of the stage. "Ladies and—" I said, and fell ten feet through the baize into the pit. Unable to climb up, I had to go out of the theater through the basement and buy an admission ticket before I could get back to the stage platform. I was only partly mollified

by the realization that the audience regarded my dive as a sort of graphic believe-it-or-not item.

So I probably not only made one of the shortest speeches in history, with one of the most unusual exits—but I had to buy a ticket in order to get in to my own lecture, *Believe It or Not!*

—ROBERT RIPLEY  
*Creator of Believe It or Not cartoons.*

ONE DAY Billy Rose was approached by a man who requested a job in his new show.

"What can you do?" asked Rose. "I can dive head first from a 500-foot ladder into a barrel of sawdust," said the man.

"I'd like to see you do that," announced the showman.

The stunt was performed by the man much to the amazement of Rose.

"You are hired," exclaimed Rose

excitedly. "I'll pay you \$250 a week!"

"Oh, no," said the man.

"Well, then, I'll pay you \$500 a week!"

"Oh, no," said the man.

"Then, I'll pay you \$1,000 a week—but that's my top figure!"

"Oh, no," said the man.

"Why not?" asked Rose.

"You see," replied the man, "that was the first time I ever did that trick—and I don't like it!"

—BILLY ROSE

*Super showman and director.*

A PROMINENT matron of Dalton, Georgia, 90 miles from Atlanta, was training a young colored girl, fresh from the cotton patch, in the hope that she would become a good house servant. One of her duties was to answer the telephone. She had been with the household only a day or two when the bell rang with that peculiar peal which announces *Long Distance*. The mistress heard Dulcey hurry to the phone and lift the receiver. After one brief remark into the mouthpiece Dulcey went back to her interrupted tasks elsewhere in the household. The mistress's curiosity got the better of her and she called Dulcey to her.

"Wasn't that the telephone? For whom was the message?"

Dulcey grinned broadly.

"Wasn't nothin'." she declared. "Lady done say to me, 'Long Distance from Atlanta.' I says, 'Yas'm, it sho is,' and dat were dat."

—MINNIE HITE MOODY  
*Author.*



PRESIDENT Franklin D. Roosevelt likes to start off a conference with a humorous story. An anecdote typical of his sense of humor is the following:

A couple of Negroes were walking along Pennsylvania Avenue when they were startled by the scream of police sirens and the roar of eight motorcycles preceding a long black car. In wonderment one of the Negroes, impressed with the number of police, asked his companion who it was. "Why, you ignoramus," said the second Negro, "dat's the President of the United States."

"Yeah?" said the first Negro. "What he done?"

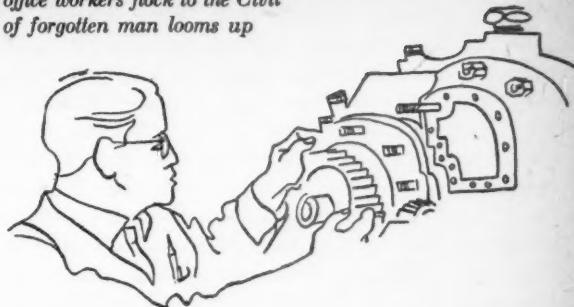
—DR. GEORGE G. TRATTNER  
*Of the staff of Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City.*

TWO SPARROWS met on a telephone wire in Central Park. The one, sleek and perfectly groomed, regarded the other—bloody, battered and disarranged—with horror, and asked: "In heaven's name, what happened to you?"

"Plenty," groaned the mutilated sparrow. "I got up this morning, feeling fit as a jaybird. I ate two delicious worms, then I thought I'd exercise a bit. So I did a couple of short flights, some loops, an Immelman and a barrel roll. I topped them off with a nice dive—and got mixed up in a badminton game!"

—JIMMIE FIDLER  
*Newspaper and radio columnist.*

*As war industries boom and factory hands smile—as clerks and office workers flock to the Civil Service, a new kind of forgotten man looms up*



## **Dirty Weather for White Collars**

by SHELBY CULLOM DAVIS

THE SALES MANAGER of a New York City stove company recently received a big government order for enough pot belly stoves to keep his factory busy for the next two years—and promptly fired his sales staff.

All over the country the mortality rate among salesmen is high.

You don't have to sell goods to defeat Hitler. Unfortunately for the salesman, the battle of production requires no selling. Washington will take all we can produce—no real selling is needed here.

If the Government isn't taking most of your factory's production and making extensive selling unnecessary, your factory probably has had to cut down production because of priorities. Automobile, refrigerator, washing machine, vacuum cleaner and radio salesmen have been hit almost to the point of throwing in the sponge. They just haven't the products to sell, so

they're looking around for other jobs while their incomes dwindle.

Nor is it just salesmen who are missing out on America's greatest production boom. Salaried people who are as well off as a year ago are lucky. Those who haven't lost their jobs have seen their commissions decline sharply. Few salaries have risen.

To make the outlook even darker, taxes on salaried workers have increased more than for any other group. In the past year, income taxes have tripled, even quadrupled, for medium salaries. Washington apparently has discovered that people

---

*Shelby Cullom Davis' article in our February issue—*Everyman vs. Inflation*—received such enthusiastic comments that a follow-up was obviously in order. A 32-year old Princeton graduate, Davis acted as economic adviser to Thomas E. Dewey in his campaign for the Republican presidential nomination. In his series of *Coronet* articles—two to date—he is acting as economic adviser to a lot of us.*

with salaries have been thrifty in the past and is endeavoring to tap—a gentle way of saying "take"—their savings. It isn't easy to reach down in your pocket and pull out \$140 more if your \$2,800 salary hasn't increased, and the cost of living has.

So far no one seems to be doing anything about this bad situation. In Washington, Floyd Odlum is looking after the cares of little business. Miss Harriet Elliott is looking after the consumer. The farmer and labor have their spokesmen — plenty of them. But nobody is looking out for the salaried persons.

WHAT ARE the salaried and professional persons to do in the difficult period ahead? Some are leaving their jobs to work in factories, believing the experience of factory work will be helpful to them later on, as well as to their pocketbooks now. Particularly is this true in the aircraft factories of southern California, the New York City area and Detroit.

In Paterson, N. J., I asked one of these workers, a former Wall Street clerk, how he liked his new job.

"It's more steady than waiting for the bulls and bears to 'mix it up' on the market place," he explained. "I was pretty tired at first. Running a machine is a lot different from pushing a pencil, figuring margins. But you get used to it, and I'm making more than I made in Wall Street."

You can usually tell the former salaried persons who have become factory workers, for, as a rule, they haven't yet acquired that "factory

look." Not that there is anything wrong with a "factory look." Workers just seem to wear it after they have worked in a factory for a while. Their faces became attuned to the machines they operate.

You wouldn't be a good walker if you strode steadily for a block, jogged for another block and performed various antics for the third. Similarly, a good machine operator must be steady, must make his movements as mechanical as possible. He can't lead the more exciting life of the salesman, whose vigorous personality is his greatest stock in trade.

I know of one former automobile salesman, now working in the great Chrysler tank arsenal in Detroit, who doesn't mind at all if he gets this "factory look." And the more often he sees and visits with his old cronies along automobile row and hears their hard luck stories, the happier he is to be working at a steady job—with no commissions to worry about.

Most of these former salaried persons, whom I met on a recent tour of the country's leading war industries, seem to regard their factory jobs somewhat the way a drowning sailor regards a life preserver—something to hang onto during the emergency, but not for permanent tenure.

On the other hand, I know of a few cases where men have permanently left the world of salaries for that of wages. From now on, in their judgment, those who produce are going to receive more and more of the nation's goods, while those who sell and administer will receive corre-

spondingly less. They have coldly appraised the strength of the unions and the farm bloc and simply say that they don't want to be caught in the middle.

The more farsighted of these intelligent but gloomy former salaried persons are seeking to enter industries that have a future, such as plastics, the chemical industry, certain metals such as aluminum and magnesium, and air transportation. They feel that, with their previous salaried training, learning these industries on the ground floor will enable them to go far. Admittedly, these industries have great futures. For the salaried man who can take the hard knocks that will come to him from entering these plants as a beginner, great opportunities lie ahead.

For most salaried persons, however, such plans aren't feasible. Where homes and families and children are concerned, it would be extremely difficult to change one's mode of life so completely.

A LESS radical change involves accepting a minor salaried position, at reduced pay, in one of these growing industries. Aluminum and magnesium production is skyrocketing. Additional office workers are required to administer production—if not to sell it. Without experience you cannot hope for one of the higher positions. But you can always learn and advance. Synthetic rubber production is now just in its infancy. Plastic automobiles are forecast for the future. We are just touching the potentialities of

chemistry and that mystic chemurgy, which adapts farm products to industry's uses.

By far the greatest number of displaced salaried persons I know, of course, are going into government work. The transition from a skyscraper in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles to one of the ever-increasing government buildings in bustling Washington is an easy and natural one. With the world ablaze, college students aren't as interested in philosophy any more. So a professor of philosophy obtained a job in the State Department as a translator and interpreter of foreign documents. A former executive secretary of a medical organization is doing publicity for OPM. A manager of recreational camps in New England has gone with the RFC.

Some of those entering government work are placing a long term bet on the increasing importance of government in our affairs. They reason that Big Government is here to stay—duration or no duration. They point out that the RFC has replaced Wall Street, that government-financed steel, aircraft, shipbuilding, aluminum and magnesium plants are rising all over the country. After the war they expect government's functions to be extended into all realms of production and sales. Maybe we will even buy our neckties from a government salesgirl!

It would be futile to deny the possibility that we may all be working for the Government some day. On the other hand, that view may be entirely too indigo-blue. Few Americans want

a Leviathan government. They accepted government's growth during the depression because of severe unemployment—Big Government seemed the lesser of two evils. We are accepting further government controls now during the emergency.

But what if economic conditions after the emergency are better than most current forecasts? Wars are usually followed by depressions, during which necessary readjustments take place. Yet we should also remember that such depressions are often short-lived, and may be followed by booms.

The reason? During wars people are not permitted to live their normal lives, to satisfy their normal wants in the way of food, clothing and shelter—to say nothing of autos, refrigerators and washing machines. Meanwhile houses and autos and other possessions are wearing out. Thus the rush to buy usually begins shortly after war.

After the last war we had a housing boom. Why shouldn't we have another one this time? The construction of houses is being severely curtailed during the emergency and, besides, we are learning how to build cheaper and better houses than ever before.

Wars usually quicken invention, too. Inventors now are working day and night for the military services and, since money is no object, they can experiment far more than in ordinary commercial life. After the emergency we shall undoubtedly find some of these inventions making goods available to people more cheaply.

Much re-equipping will have to be

done after the war. The big production push now under way is taking relentless toll of machines that will have to be replaced.

It will be in those days ahead that the salesman will once more supplant the lobbyist in importance. Once more the salesman will be able to write his own ticket. Once again forgotten men will be remembered.

Nor will it be the salesmen alone who will benefit in this post-war period. Many others now being squeezed will find their positions relatively improved. Salaries are slow to go up. But they are also slow to fall, while prices and wages usually decline after a long-drawn-out war.

With so many high school and college graduates now attracted by high factory wages, the number of salaried workers is not increasing. Competition will, therefore, be less keen after the emergency, and there will be greater chances for salaried persons to advance.

Even though the picture looks pretty dark for salaried workers today, it is more than probable that better days lie ahead.

You can't keep a good man down. And I say that those who have the mental agility and resourcefulness to work in offices or sell out of them—are good men!

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

BOOM OR BUST

by Blair Moody  
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York \$2.50

THE BALANCE SHEET OF THE FUTURE

by Ernest Bevin  
Robert M. McBride & Company, New York \$2.75





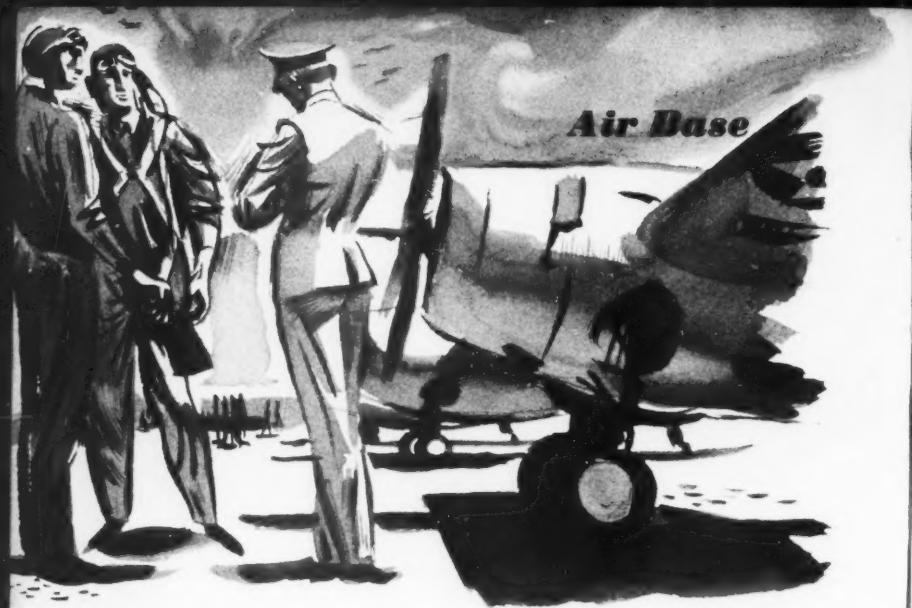
Bookette:

# AIR BASE

by Boone T. Guyton



**A**N ACTION-PACKED narrative of life at a naval air base, with all the hows and whys of dive bombers and aircraft carriers, *Air Base* is doubly significant now—as an introduction to aviation aspirants—and as a thrilling source of satisfaction to all American patriots who are worthy of the name.



#### THE AUTHOR ADDS A FOREWORD:

*Now that the war has come to the Western Hemisphere, the Navy is in the thick of battle, and already it has been proved that capital ships can and will be sunk by aircraft. Again, the bases from which the forces of both air arms operate have come to the fore and their importance is doubly stressed. Movements of fleet and army hinge on those outposts which carry both the provision for the attack, and yes, the brunt of the attack itself. For already these famous words are spoken as decks are cleared—"Remember Pearl Harbor!"*

—BOONE T. GUYTON

"M<sup>R.</sup> GUYTON, may I have your orders?" the yeoman in the squadron office asked me, as I stood gaping at the walls of the "High Hatters"—the "hot" bombing outfit of the fleet.

"McClure is my name. Glad to know you." We made the rounds.

"Kane, Williams, Nuessle, Stephens. This is Ensign Guyton, gentlemen, just reporting in from Pensacola." My uniform, with its new shiny brass and bright gold wings, stood out like a sore thumb among the salt-dulled braid of the older officers. McClure, the flight commander, finished the introductions and we went in to see the skipper.

"Glad to have you aboard, Guyton. Draw up a chair." I liked Commander Alexander from the start. He was a weather-beaten, rugged-looking gentleman, called "Alex" even by the junior officers. He was also one of the smoothest fliers in the squadron.

"Have you had your physical?" he said. I told him I hadn't. "Well, you had best go right up to sick bay now and get it squared away. We are up to fly record bombing next week, and the rule is that every member of the squadron will fly. That means you

## by Boone T. Guyton

won't have much time to practice, but we won't expect any miracles. Just do the best you can. You've been assigned Number Eighteen in the squadron—Nuessle leads that section. If there is anything you don't understand about what is going on here ask any of the officers and they will be glad to give you a hand."

He smiled, and I went out. There was a man I could really fly for. Uncle Sam was fortunate to have commanding officers like him.

That was my welcome to the squadron air base at North Island, San Diego.

The next afternoon I climbed into flight gear and joined the rest of the squadron for last minute instructions.

"We climb to 12,000 ahead and south of the horizontal bombers. Orders are to dive-bomb the radio-controlled *Utah*, an old battleship. Second division will close up on the first. I'd like to cut our attack time down, which means nose-to-cut tail diving.

"When you have finished your dive, Guyton, call on the radio and advise the squadron following us that we have completed our attack. All right, let's go. And remember, we want some hits, too."

Way back from the tail of the squadron, I could see the skipper's plane start an easy turn toward the island, and halfway across the solid blue stretch of sea, I picked up a wide spreading wake. The radio cracked. "Bombing Two, attack!"

In this bombing business, if you

look down at the target, far below, a sensation that says, "I won't get hit; nothing can touch me," takes charge of you. You get the itch to nose down, put power on and scream like a mammoth hawk at that seemingly defenseless little play boat bouncing along through the seas. It usually takes at least one proverbial "close shave" to make a pilot realize exactly what can happen and does happen.

I checked the instruments and ran over the diving checkoff list. All set. It was follow-the-leader now, and I was one of the "High Hats."

And then Number One peeled off and started down, followed in a pouring movement by Two, Three and Four. Through the telescope sight I watched the tail and stubby back of Number Seventeen as I hung on his slip stream. There he went, up and over, and I hauled back and rolled right behind him, my propeller as close to his tail as I dared put it. The nose dropped down, down, straight at the tiny white target.

Through the sight, I counted six planes diving straight at the water and, far below, three or four pulling out in a rounded arc. The air speed jumped to 200, 240, 300, and the altimeter started to unwind. Seven thousand, six, four. My hand slid up to the bomb release. The wind began that moaning shriek, and I crouched as low as possible into the cockpit. Three thousand—and time to get out.

Ship, water, plane and horizon merged into a gray almost black, and

## Air Base

I knew I had pulled out too fast. The weight I felt was not three trucks on top of me, but gravity getting in her lick. I swore in aggravation.

A few seconds later I reached for the microphone. "Bombing Two—attack completed." The squadron was circling lazily, waiting on little me as I tried to catch them, and it seemed that even the wings of my plane must be turning bright green.

Back at the squadron, we heard the captain's verdict, "Gentlemen, that was very good. We only got five hits, but our bomb pattern was good and results look promising. Your dive was good, but I'd like still to cut it shorter. That's all."

I wondered why he didn't warn me about the pull-out and mention the time I cost the squadron by joining up late. But that was the way with Alex. He knew that you learn this business and its tricks by a little experience. He probably figured, too, that I had learned a lesson. I had.



### **Crashes, Crack Ups and Discipline:**

In the four years we spent on North Island and in warring around the Pacific from the decks of carriers, our class lost only four men. We numbered nearly 40 on graduation and, when you consider the chances for accidents with each of these men doing hard, rugged flying and split-second timing—well, one in 10 is just about average.

Probably the primary cause of

crackups is carelessness, but a supplementary cause is the grasp for excellence—every man will do his damnedest to keep his squadron record high.

Smitty was one who was thus over-eager in his search for excellence; he was the "first" of our "four." It is always great fun to tease brother pilots, and Smitty teased easily.

"Smith, you don't expect to get any hits today on the *Utah*, do you?" Fred said. It seemed to be Smith's day to be in the "frying pan" so we all joined in. Smith just laughed, "O. K., gents, but I've got a feeling in my bones I'll bounce mine right down the stack."

That afternoon we had hardly gotten into the air for some formation practice when the radio cracked in my ears, "Crash, crash, crash." It was our distress call sounding a crack-up somewhere. Immediately the air was alive with calls:

"Squadron Leader, Bombing One to One Baker Seven—proceed to crash and give a report. All other planes Bombing One return to the base immediately."

"I believe it was Number Seventeen," another voice spoke up.

Alex led us in a wide, sweeping circle, gave us the signal to spread out until the crash was settled. I had a sad feeling in my middle: Number Seventeen was Smitty's plane. I kept hoping that just by chance Smith hadn't flown his own plane on this hop, and yet I knew that that couldn't

## by Boone T. Guyton

be. But here was a man we had lived with, flown with for more than a year, and only an hour ago teased about getting a hit today. . . .

Later, we landed and I walked over to Squadron One to get the story. The officers were all standing around, talking quietly, trying to figure out what had gone wrong.

Apparently Smitty had pushed over in his dive, going down steeper than usual, and hung onto the target just a little too long to get his sights steady. Then, when he went to pull out there wasn't enough room. That evening the bomb-scarred old battle wagon *Utah* pulled into the base to report that she had been unable to find any piece of the wreckage or either member of the crew.

And so the next afternoon we put on our dress uniforms and attended services in the little chapel. In the officer's lounge, afterward, we took up a collection for flowers to send to Mrs. Smith. Then life and flying went right on as usual. It has to be that way in our business.

THERE WAS one rule I soon learned about that is more a tax on your common sense than anything else: "Don't fly over a solid overcast." Uncle Sam would just as soon let the instrument flying, unless absolutely necessary, be done by the regular commercial airlines. He is not interested in pushing you out into the field in foul weather with a fast, valuable fighting plane in order to

put over a flight. I discovered this fact to my discomfort one day shortly after turning back over March Field to return to the base.

The stratus clouds, which had been evident when I took off an hour earlier, had now formed into a solid overcast; the fog went right down to the ground. Right then I should have remembered the base rule and landed at March Field, which was still in the clear. But I didn't. That false sense of security and over-confidence an aviator sometimes gets was rambling along in my gray matter. Why not try what one of the boys had figured out? If there is an overcast at the station, fly out for four or five miles until you are sure there are no mountains, let down slowly until you get contact with the water and then turn around and fly in to the coastline and so back to North Island. I knew there wasn't much gas left, but there should be enough.

After 15 minutes I checked the fuel supply at 20 gallons and began to think this wasn't so smart after all. I felt sure we were far enough out to let down, so down through it we went, searching slowly until at 600 feet the water was visible below, though still through something of a mist. The fuel was getting lower and I was feeling more and more uncomfortable, like the schoolboy waiting for the birch rod.

Then out of nowhere came what I thought was the coast line—and I knew something was wrong. We had flown

## Air Base

out to sea for 15 minutes and back for only five before we contacted land, and that couldn't be the mainland! Turning north, I flew parallel along the edge of this unannounced piece of land and noticed that the fog level was below the top of the hills. Almost immediately we ran out of land to the north and had to turn east to regain contact with shoreline.

My heart sank; I knew where I had ended up. This was San Clemente Island—60 miles from the California coast line. The gas gauge was bouncing against the 10-gallon danger mark and it was just a matter of minutes before we had to land.

May as well face it, I thought; here's your first crackup, your first boner, and you'd better hurry up. "Pull your belt up tight, Roberts," I said to the radio man, "and brace your hands on the gun rail. I have to land in the water."

Then I saw it—just a patch of open field running up the side of the mountain. If luck was with us, we could save the plane too and, after all, somebody must have landed on the side of a mountain before!

It worked. The plane didn't roll back down the slope because one blown tire was resting against the rock that had cut it. That was the only damage.

"Boy, that was swell," Roberts gave out as he slid down the side of the fuselage. Then he looked kinda funny, got white around the gills and slumped down to the ground in

as pretty a faint as a Victorian drawing room madonna.

That night I spent with the Marine contingent of San Clemente Island, having a drink on everyone, each determined to entertain a visitor from the base who "got away with murder." The next day we hooked up the plane and towed it back to North Island.

As I walked into the office Alex met me. "Well, glad to see you back safe. We got your message O.K. last night. How in the world did you happen to end up over there?"

I told him.

"Of course, you know," Alex said, "I'll have to put you under hatch (the customary first offender's discipline in the Navy) for about 10 days. I'm sorry, but the last orders from the commandant were to discipline everyone who broke a regulation."

I knew he was right. My mistake and stupidity hadn't cost a life, hadn't cost Uncle Sam anything, but look what could have happened!

I SUPPOSE a riot in the air is an unusual calamity, but we had the next thing to it in the sky around North Island one afternoon. The story, now a legend, is one of the best the air base has to offer.

Three Marine planes were making practice dives on a white target sleeve being towed by the fourth plane in the group. One of the planes misjudged and came too close to the white canvas sleeve and the next thing he knew there were about 20

## by Boone T. Guyton

feet of cable and canvas wrapped around his wing.

The pilot tried to shake the target sleeve free, but couldn't, and noticing that there were only about 5,000 feet between him and the ground, he yelled back to the mechanic to bail out. He continued to fight the plane along on a steady course. The mechanic climbed over the side and floated away from the plane. The pilot prepared to do the same, but just as he was about to jump, he felt the plane jerk, and he noticed that the target that had fouled his controls had torn loose and was floating away. So back he climbed into the cockpit, fastened his safety belt and headed for North Island.

To the section leader, several thousand feet above the falling plane, the freed target sleeve looked like a second 'chute. Several seconds later he radioed, "North Island from Marine Plane One—the second occupant has just bailed out and his 'chute opened O.K., too. The plane is now diving in the general direction of North Island. Will try to follow until it crashes."

Then he opened up on the radio again: "All planes from Marine One. A pilotless plane is in the air between Camp Kearney and North Island, headed in the direction of Silver Strand. All be on the lookout."

In the meantime, the pilot of the "abandoned" aircraft was on his merry way to North Island.

The radio was alive with frantic

calls. "Pilotless plane is coming down the groove below the hotel! Marine plane without pilot is almost to South Field! All planes beware!"

Planes, section formations, single planes, flying boats, seaplanes, all swung wide and scattered, as unmindful Marine Plane Three came around the breakwater and landed on the field at West Beach. The poor pilot, who had lost the ear cord from his radio when he stood up to bail out, was completely oblivious to all the commotion he was causing.

The only thing he couldn't figure out, he told us later, was why everyone dived out of his way and cleared the sky! Usually you had to worry your way through the traffic back to the field!

When the news got around the air base, we had a big time teasing the pilot who reported, "Both occupants have bailed out, and the plane is diving toward North Island!" We promptly nicknamed the big, blond marine who flew back the heralded ship, "Ghost!"



**Qualifying:** Flying aboard a carrier for the first time is designed to be one of the choice moments in your flying career. That first trip up the groove, that first "cut" signal behind the narrow pitching and rolling deck is still the ace of them all. Your wheels are over water, then over deck, and then you find yourself holding onto the throttle just

## Air Base

a bit breathless as you wait for the arresting gear to stop all forward motion suddenly.

The pilot generally forgets all the little reminders like, "Taxi fast as soon as you get free of the gear. Don't sit there after you land. Get going so the next plane can land aboard." He is usually too much pleased with his success at actually getting safely aboard and is a bit flustered at first.

The "groove" is the imaginary air space behind the stern of an aircraft carrier. When the pilot turns his plane in the groove he is prepared for landing, and from that point on, he watches and follows the signals from the officer standing on the stern of the carrier. Sperry Clark, who signals with those wands, has one of the toughest jobs in the whole air detachment—a job that turns a man prematurely gray.

Looking out across the white waves from the carrier some 40 or 50 feet below to the approaching plane as it turns in ahead of the plane-guard destroyers is an education in itself. Then to realize that the man with the two paddles behind you is signaling that plane across the chasm which separates its wheels from the churning ocean below makes you begin to wonder. But not for long. You find yourself in the plane in the next flight peering out of the cockpit at old Sperry and trying your damnedest to make a good approach for him. The signal officer is appointed, among other things, for his ability

to understand a man and to get that man to want to put out his best. On land the signal officer works for several days, if necessary, to make certain the pilot knows how to follow signals and what to do in case he gets in a jam coming up the groove. And it is mandatory that you place implicit trust in the signal officer. The inevitable happens when you don't.

One day, when Sperry came in and joined us in a coke around the squadron table, I asked, trying to appear not too much the novice, "How much of a jolt is it when you stop after hitting the deck aboard the carrier? I understand it isn't so bad, but suppose the deck is pitching?"

"Well, that depends," he said. "If you're fast when you get the cut, the chances are you'll pull up pretty short. It will just force you up against the belt and hold you there a couple of seconds—maybe massage your breadbasket a little. Of course, if the stern is coming up when the signal officer gives his cut, you want to be careful not to push the nose over too far. It'll slap you down pretty hard."

The next day at noon the five of us took off on orders to rendezvous with the carrier.

The radio cracked, "Two Baker Ten from Lexington, the ship is ready to land you aboard. Acknowledge!"

Lieutenant Stewart answered, "Aye, aye, from Two Baker Ten."

I could see the two plane-guard destroyers knifing along through the easy swells astern of the carrier on

## by Boone T. Guyton

either side of the wake. Their purpose is exactly what their name implies. If a pilot lands in the drink near the carrier, one of these fast "guards" spouts out to give aid.

The ship piped up, "Bombing Two planes from *Lexington*—land aboard!" I felt the tingle of something new and untried coming up.

"Land aboard!" I have heard those words often, and always with the same anticipation. It means put your wheels down—over the water, then over the deck, then on it. It also implies that you can land aboard with no more than that short order, and subconsciously you are proud that it is taken for granted.

I slowed the plane down, got into the groove, and leaned over on the left side of the cockpit to pick up Sperry. He was there all right, his coat flapping against him in the man-made breeze. I was too fast. Gosh, that deck looked narrow!

Sperry had the come-on signal showing, so I must have been doing O.K. My left hand gripped the throttle as though even the pulsations in my wrist might change the course of the ship. The throbbing yellow ramp looked suddenly very large and the signal officer was almost under the left wing. There was the cut! Sperry jerked the paddle across his throat, and I could just catch a quick smile on his lips and a nod as we flashed by. Pulling the throttle, I eased the nose forward, then up a little, and we were on the

deck: The arresting gear took hold immediately and we came to a sudden stop. I sank away from the belt and swallowed my heart.

We were aboard! I thought to myself, "You made it O.K., you old son of a gun. You're a full fledged carrier flier with one landing to your credit. Hurray!"

In the evening at the base we would get the news from other squadron groups. "Stinky Davis hit the ramp coming aboard. One-half the plane slid up the deck while the other half hung over the stern. Wasn't even scratched, the lucky rascal! Imagine!"

"Hear about Charlie? He ended up minus landing gear and propeller. He's O.K. except for a big shiner and four stitches in his chops where the instrument panel didn't give."

Though a general spirit of teamwork prevailed, honors for the best demonstration of loyalty probably would go to Ensign Gil Brown and a third-class mechanic. The two were ferrying a Grumman amphibian from Tucson, Arizona, to San Diego and were passing over the Mohawk mountain range near Yuma when the engine suddenly became very rough. Within a second or two the whole engine vibrated itself out of the plane and fell away.

Gil jammed the stick forward to keep the nose-light plane in normal flight, at the same time yelling to the mechanic to bail out. Gil pulled himself out of the cockpit and started over the side when he noticed the

## Air Base

mechanic still struggling to get free of the plane. He dropped back in the seat and grabbed the controls, feeling the ship pitch as the mechanic fell clear. Then Gil started out again.

But he had waited too long—the ground was only a few hundred feet below. He slid back into the seat, maneuvering the engineless ship as best he could until it crashed into the sandy desert to fold up like an accordion. That crash should have cost Gil his life—and it almost did. He went through the sub-instrument board, the half-intact part of the fire wall, and carried rudder bar and stick with him.

When the mechanic, who had landed a half-mile away, dragged himself to the plane over sand and cactus with a broken leg, he finally managed to get Gil out of the tangled wire and instruments, and to give him what first aid he could. On top of that, he dragged himself to the highway, another mile and a half north, stopped a car, and got some help. I talked to the mechanic in the hospital a few days later.

"That last quarter of a mile was sure long," he said. "I didn't think I could go another inch. I just kept thinkin' to myself about a title to a story I read somewhere—*The Long Haul*. Seemed like all I could think of was 'the long haul, the long haul.'"

Gil was all messed up. His right elbow is now such that he can bend his arm only enough to get the hand in his pants pocket. One ankle is

likewise stiff for keeps, and Gil has flown his last airplane for Uncle Sam. I believe the Navy sent him to a Reserve base for duty not involving flying, but I remember his words when he came over to the lounge for a drink with the boys after the hospital let him out for the first evening.

"Listen, you guys," he said, "I know what you're thinking, and don't give me any of that stuff. I don't need sympathy or pity—so stuff it, will you? Who wants to roll for a drink?"

We all knew he meant it, too.

A STORY with a happier ending concerns Mike Chambers, Second Lieutenant, United States Marine Corps Reserve—probably the luckiest man flying.

Dog-fighting one day with a scout bombing plane, and failing to get any pictures with his camera gun, Mike got a little overzealous.

"I swung around in a high turn to come back straight at him," Mike said. "Then I guess we both got the other in our sights at once, because the first thing I knew there he was, filling up the whole ring in my telescope. I squeezed out some pictures and then looked up fast, thinking maybe it was time for one of us to make a move, and—jumpin' fish—there he was!"

When they hit, the two planes were at 10,000 feet over Otay Mesa. Both pilot and mechanic in the scout ship bailed out O.K. But Mike had a different problem. The whole left wing

## by Boone T. Guyton

of his fighter folded back over the cockpit, pinning Mike in, and the plane went into a vicious spin. Mike heaved and strained against the wing, trying to force himself out of the cockpit.

At something like 4,000 feet he finally got his shoulders through and, hanging out over the side, watching the earth spin around like a top, tried to pull his feet through the twisted mass of control wires.

Then he kicked and jerked, pulling off the shoe that was fouled in the cables, and got everything out of the cockpit but his fanny, which was stuck where the parachute wouldn't quite come through the gap left between the wing and fuselage. The two occupants from the scout watched his plane as they floated down.

"I didn't think he had a prayer," Jackson, the pilot, said. "It looked like his plane was almost to the ground when I saw his chute open. I'll swear he didn't have 300 feet left."

Mike said he hit the nice soft dirt on the mesa, where some "wonderful farmer was plowing," and just lay on his back for a few minutes completely relaxed. Then he got the farmer to haul him back to North Island. He never could figure out how he got his parachute free, nor did he remember pulling the rip cord. We teased Mike a little about leaving his plane and bailing out on such a "slight provocation," but after a look at the charred mass of scrap that the survey gang had hauled into the back of the hangar,

we knew how lucky he had been. Out in the fleet, when a fellow comes that close, he is "living on borrowed time."



**War Games:** "Man all flight-quarter stations! Man all flight-deck fire stations! Man all torpedo stations!" The orders rang out.

It was our third morning out, and the war was on. On the second day the fleet had split up into two parts, the black and the white, and now we—the whites—were ready to give battle.

There was a tenseness in the thick air, as though this were actual warfare and not the beginning of the annual fleet maneuvers.

"Bombing Two, man your planes."

It seems that whenever you get in the air to go out and attack the enemy, you want to hurry the whole thing up a little, to get there and get at him, to send back that report, "Destroyed enemy force by dive-bombing attack and am returning to the ship."

It was a little over an hour when the crack of the radio in my ears made me jump with a start. Alex wiggled his wings, rolled over, and started down. A sudden flash of silver and yellow, and the next plane rolled. Then the next and the next. Down we went, stretching out in that long, steep line of diving planes, seemingly almost to the water just in front of the "enemy" cruisers.

I lined the third floating fortress in the sights, watching her superstructure

## Air Base

grow suddenly larger and larger. Then I tripped the landing light (the substitution for a bomb in mock warfare) and pulled out above the belching stacks to head back to the rendezvous point.

I wondered if Larue, the mechanic in my back cockpit, had blacked out on that one, and I turned around to see. He grinned back and made a circle with his thumb and index finger to mean, "Everything is O.K."

Back aboard the carrier, we found the whole of the Scouting Squadron Two awaiting our arrival in the lower ready room, and we sat around and discussed where the rest of the black fleet were, and when they would attack us.

We pounded the ocean, flying from the first crack of light until dark. The carrier skipped in and out of the main battle line to launch planes; scout, attack, bomb the black fleet—our big-cruise enemy. Off we would go into the gray of early morning, follow the scouts to a disposition of enemy forces, and try to sneak through their protective patrol in order to score on their main line of heavy cruisers and battleships. The black fleet was doing the same.

**THE BEST WAY** Uncle Sam can be ready for an attack in his waters is to send his fleet out there, divide it like a baseball team, and give each an objective to accomplish. If either is successful, where is the weakness? Find it, return to the base for sup-

plies, new equipment, and out to sea again to fight another "war."

One day an incident took place that gave us many a laugh when the whole story came out. Ensign Kelley, flying one of the big three-passenger torpedo planes, ran completely out of gas some 15 miles from the ship. He dropped away from the squadron and started down toward a tramp steamer he had spotted.

The tramp stopped her engines, put out a boat, and took the three aviators off their sinking plane. The flotation gear had functioned properly, and the bags had inflated, but before the plane-guard destroyer could salvage the plane, the choppy seas had carried it away.

The tramp steamer turned out to be French, out of San Francisco.

The captain took the boys to his cabin, where he proceeded to open up his choice wine stock. In order not to "embarrass" the captain, the boys drank some long and lusty toasts to everyone's health. Far be it from Kelley not to hold up his end of the Naval etiquette he had learned! When the destroyer finally arrived several hours later, all three of the boys were in fine spirits; as they boarded the quarter-deck of the carrier the melodious voices of Kelley's trio wafted up to the bridge. Kelley swears that if every forced landing turned out like that one, he would put in a bid for all of them! Whenever we gathered around to do some barbershop harmony after that, we called ourselves

## by Boone T. Guyton

"Kelley's trio," or, as Vensel put it, "sour notes from sour grapes!"

As the cruise goes along and a necessary silence prevails on all maneuvers and results, unanswerable questions pile up. You spend a lot of time at meals picking up the latest "guess" reports on how the "war" is progressing, asking timely questions, speculating as to the outcome.

WE WERE reminded over and over that the strictest radio silence be kept, but naturally, in any emergency, that silence has to be broken. One day, though, we had a long laugh when a pilot in one of the planes left his radio switch turned to "communications" instead of "inter-cockpit." He thought he was talking only to his mechanic in the back seat, but every plane in the sky heard him as he shot the breeze with his mech to break the monotony of a long patrol.

"How did you meet your wife in the first place?" said the first voice, breaking the day's silence.

"Oh, I knew her on the farm back in Missouri. She came out to Los Angeles to get a job about a year ago and we started going around again. Shucks, one day I found myself buying a ring—and there we were!"

"Gosh, that's great," the first voice answered.

"Yeah, she's going to meet me in San Francisco when we get back."

Fortunately for them, they didn't mention any names. Consequently no one ever discovered the culprits.

From dispatches sent around at long intervals we learned of the casualties that had occurred among our brother fliers on other ships. Jones, one of our class, a somewhat nervous, red-haired individual, had failed to notice that he was drifting into the plane-guard destroyer as he swung wide into the groove. The mast sheared the little Grumman's right wings, dropping both Jones and his plane straight down to Davy Jones's back yard. Only the two splintered wings were found, and services were held for a shipmate lost at sea.

The battle continued. On our carrier, mishaps frequently were hair-raising, but they had not been too harmful to personnel. A Douglas torpedo plane hooked a wing in the edge of the curved ramp while trying to gain altitude after a wave-off. The plane dropped straightway into the boiling wake of the carrier and disappeared. Less than a minute later, three heads popped up in the white froth, signaling that they weren't badly hurt. We all breathed a lot easier, the nearest "can" sped forward, dropped life preservers, and then lowered a boat to fetch aboard the three bruised aviators.

One morning before take-off we sat around the table in the wardroom after flight quarters had sounded, awaiting instructions. It was expected that the order to "cease all present activities" would be given at sundown, and we were in great spirits.

We pulled into Honolulu and got

## Air Base

a great reception. Signs of welcome were plastered on every store and in every window. "Welcome Navy," "Hello gobs—have fun." The one that got me was in a Chinese shop. It read, "Last time you wrecked store but allee samee—welcome back Uncle Samee." (That smart Chinese had probably graduated from Yale or Princeton. He got the business.)

Over at the sea plane and patrol base at Pearl Harbor we spent almost two days visiting with classmates, listening to their stories of the islands.

We heard the usual spiel about the Japanese fishing boats which were presumed to follow our fleets when the maneuvers were on and get valuable information on our tactics and disposition. In all the cruises I made in the Navy I have yet to see the sampans that caused all the talk, though there were many references during operations to small fishing boats being seen near the fleet.



### Home to North

**Island:** The day before we arrived outside the huge Golden Gate Bridge, our carrier had its last practice parade. All squadron pilots met in the wardroom as usual to get the dope, and were cautioned to use fuel from their belly tanks first: "Run them dry before switching to main, as this flight will necessarily be long and you will need the fuel in the main tank for landing aboard."

Whether I was thinking about the

Navy Ball at San Francisco the next night or just plain day-dreaming I don't know. But that last warning didn't stick with me as we joined other planes over the carrier.

"All ships in the air from Senior Group Commander. We will repeat that last parade formation."

For some time I had been jockeying the throttle, keeping in position; then I noticed that I had been flying with my fuel switched to main tank instead of auxiliary. I hastily checked the gauge and switched it over. There was still enough gas in the main tank for landing aboard, but I knew I didn't have any to waste.

This was my time to get into a predicament. When I set the landing-gear switch to the down position to extend the wheels, one wheel didn't come down! As was the general practice, I immediately pulled clear of the landing circle and tried the gear release again. Still no luck. I picked up the microphone, "Lexington from Two Baker Six—my right wheel is stuck and will not release. I have tried the emergency landing-gear release." The Lexington came back hurriedly. "Two Baker Six from Lexington, go ahead, but expedite releasing the wheel, as a fog is expected on the water shortly after sundown."

A fine thing. They should tell me to expedite getting that wheel to drop—as if I wasn't hurrying, I thought. Who do they think is sitting up here with a half uncocked landing gear trying to beat the sun down!

## by Boone T. Guyton

Then the main tank ran dry. One cough and a dying sputter and the engine quit. My heart almost quit with it! I shifted to belly tank and grabbed the wobble pump. It caught again and ran smoothly, but I knew now that from here on it was no fun. There was no way of telling how much fuel was left in that auxiliary tank! Suddenly I thought of the last resort, the last chance to free that wheel.

"Lexington, I am going to cut the line to the switch and attempt to release the hydraulic pressure."

The ship answered in short, terse sentences. "O.K. Guyton. Watch your gas. If the gear doesn't release, drop your belly tank and come aboard. We are going to give you all the wind we can over the deck."

I slid my hand along the side of the fuselage, unsheathed the small saw that was part of the emergency equipment in all planes, and began sawing the line. I began to think about the Lexington's order to drop the belly tank. I couldn't do that, or we wouldn't have any gas at all! I told the ship about it, but they didn't answer, and I could imagine the captain pacing the bridge muttering, "Young fool—damned young fool!"

Landing with the belly tank on was a real fire hazard, and I knew it. But the mistake caused by my earlier carelessness couldn't be corrected now. The line was almost in two. There! Seven hundred pounds of pressure sent a small geyser of hydraulic fluid all over the cockpit. The half castor

oil and half wood alcohol hit me in the face and covered the windshield. Half choking for breath, I tore the slimy helmet and goggles away and leaned out into the slip stream for a breath of something besides those sickening fumes. Behind me Larue was doing the same.

I swung around the stern low, offered a silent prayer that the gas wouldn't give out, and crossed into the groove ahead of the first rolling destroyer. With one eye out in the slip stream, I hung on the wands, riding in on Sperry's signals. It happened fast. The stern flashed by, the lighted wand waved, made the "cut." I jerked back on the throttle, threw the switch off, and ducked.

There was a scraping crunch and a hard jolt that rocked my nose against the gun sight. The plane slithered around to the right, bounced up on its nose, and tilted on the propeller hub. Then the daze cleared away, and the crash detail, the asbestos man, and a doctor rushed up.

"A broken nose and one split lip, young fellow," the doc said, walking me over beneath the gun turret, away from the crowd. "We'll have you fixed up in no time."

Larue wasn't hurt at all. He had taken the gas cap off and was tapping the tank with a stick. Then he caught up with us. "About two gallons left, sir," he said with a grin.

I couldn't go ashore for the big blowout at San Francisco, but I didn't miss the President's inspection

## Air Base

the next morning. Nearly every ship of the Pacific Fleet lay at anchor in San Francisco Bay, all in full dress, scrubbed spotless, with brasswork shining and sparkling in the sun.

Our crew of nearly 2,000 officers and men, dressed in white uniforms, lined the full length of the flight deck in four even lines. Off in the lower part of the bay you could hear the 21-gun salute fired by one of the battleships, and from another part, shortly after, the national anthem floated softly across the water. The President and his party passed close by the starboard side, and our own band struck up.

As I stared out across the water at the *Pennsylvania*, one of the first "big five" of our entire fleet, I felt not storybook pride but a feeling of satisfaction. I thought about what a Navy officer had once told me.

"There is something about the

Navy that is unexplainable and you who weren't raised on its traditions will probably think it a bit on the dramatic side," he said. "But as you go along day to day, doing your job to the best of your ability, trying not to let someone else carry the load for you, that *something* grows. Maybe it is serving your country that gives you the pride you feel. I'm not sure. All I can tell you is that no matter how hard or naïve the sailor or officer appears in the naval service, if he is doing his job well, he feels it inside—and he's proud."

Now after two years, standing here on the deck of a ship I had served with, alongside the 2,000 other shipmates, I felt something. You may think it's funny—or that it smacks of Hollywood. I don't. And I started from scratch, a farm boy from Missouri, who had never seen a battleship or heard the phrase "carry on!"



## So Would We

WHEN A YOUNG woman offered the clerk in the post office a money order, the latter, after a brief scrutiny, told her she must first endorse it.

A few minutes later the clerk was astonished to find that his customer had written on the face of the order, these words: "I heartily endorse this."

—ZETA ROTHSCHILD

Features You Won't Want to Miss in  
the April Coronet — out March 25th

## Looking Forward to April

### ADVICE TO PREGNANT HUSBANDS by Eileen Wilson

There's a lot more to becoming a father than merely buying a box of ten-cent cigars and taking bows. That's only the climax to nine long months of—well, read the article and see! Fathers-about-to-be—heed these handy rules. Mothers-about-to-be—move over and share the spotlight!

### I LIVE ON THE ATLANTIC *Anonymous*

Could you live from day to day, never knowing when you may be blown to bits? Here's the story of one of the men who face death 24 hours daily, with a shrug of their shoulders and this motto: "It's our job!"

### New Streamlined Novel: CARDINAL ROCK by Richard Sale



A radio warning, a gun shot clear and sharp—and the first in this four-part streamlined story of adventure along the Java coast is off to an exciting start. Be sure to be in on the beginning of the thrill-packed serial that moves at sixty per.

In addition: John Kieran spins a yarn or two, colored by an accompanying sports gatefold; Alice Bodwell Burke tells why *The Army Goes to Church*, and W. F. McDermott says, believe it or not, it's *Fun in a Dentist's Chair*.

### New Picture Story:

12 MILLION BLACK VOICES by *Richard Wright*—America's greatest Negro writer, author of *Native Son*, tells the moving story of his people—a racial island cut off from American opportunity by a sea of prejudice. As a dramatic backdrop, you'll see some of the most strikingly candid shots ever made of Negroes.

### New Fiction Feature:

PUTT AND TAKE by *Eustace Cockrell*—When an irate putter wants to handicap his daughter's romance, she knows it's a case of golf heebie-jeebies—for which the cure is more golf! Here's a cure for what ails you.

### New Game Book Section:

In spring mood, Coronet presents 16 pages of question-and-answer fun. One quiz is designed to test your knowledge of the Army and Navy.

**Watch for the big April Coronet—on sale March 25th**

## **Magazines in Uniform**

Up until now we had never heard of the pen being mightier than anything but the sword. Yet if we believe all we read in the recent rush of magazines to the colors, it would seem the magazine has now been developed into some new special secret weapon. Death to all so rash as to tangle with our extra special features for this month—etc.

Actually, of course, the magazine is about as deadly as an echelon of katydids, so far as wreaking havoc on an enemy is concerned. What it *can* do, and do effectively, is to reflect the times accurately and to disseminate information in keeping with the principles for which a lot of young men are fighting and dying.

Take Coronet, whose aim has long

been to mirror the American scene: When you get right down to it, Coronet's job in wartime hasn't changed a bit. Though neither is it "business as usual."

For while our job remains the same—to reflect the American scene—that scene *has* changed. And it is the reflection of that change which you may notice in Coronet—which, if you examine our record, has been gradually apparent for a long time.

So until we hear of a way to smuggle TNT-packed copies into Tokyo, we'll continue to devote our entire effort toward that part in a war for which a magazine was cut out—to support our delegated leaders and to bring diversified reading (within the limits of discretion) to all Americans.

More than that no magazine can do.

## ***The Coronet Dividend Coupon***

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



### **READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 14**

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,  
919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I may receive the gatefold, *Our Fleet in Action*, as my free March reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

- Our Fleet in Action: Painting by McClelland Barclay (no charge)
- Winter by the Sea: Painting by John Whorf (enclose 10c)
- Siesta: Color Photograph by Tom Kelley (enclose 10c)

Name.....

(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)

Address.....

City..... State.....

**Note:** Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid to March 25, 1942

7.  
h  
y  
of

..  
2



## ***The Coronet Workshop***

### ***RESULTS OF BALLOTING ON PROJECT #16***

Here is the way you answered the questions Coronet asked last November regarding illustrations:

- a.** Those approving the new policy of added illustrative material—92%
- b.** Those preferring that Coronet use minimum illustration—8%

Many of you said that the drawings led you to read pieces you might otherwise pass over. Others commented that sketches used in the body of the article made for easier reading and kept interest at a high pitch.

Well, those are good reasons. In fact, they're the very ones the editors followed when they decided to use

more color in Coronet. And if there's anything else we can do to make your reading easier and brighter—just let us know!

There is cheering news even for the minority, however—those who voted against additional illustrative material because they feared it would cut down the amount of reading matter. Through the addition of 16 pages to the magazine, and certain mechanical adjustments, Coronet — even though more highly illustrated—is able to present a greater amount of reading matter than before—by almost 20%!

### ***WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #16***

For the best letters on Project No. 16, first prize has been awarded to Ernest Robson, Lafayette, Illinois; second prize to Frank G. Davis, Springfield, Ohio, and third prize to Miss Mabel Alexander, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

## ***Project #20***

### ***ILLUSTRATED BACK COVER***

A year ago, Coronet's front cover was redesigned, and most of you have expressed your approval. Then, beginning with the January, 1942, issue, a new type of back cover took a bow. By now, you've seen three different examples, and we'd like to know whether—

- a.** The new illustrated type of back cover should be continued.
- b.** The new illustrated type of back cover should be discontinued.
- c.** Space on the back cover should be put to some other use.

Make your choice and give us the reasons. First prize of \$25, second prize of \$15 and third prize of \$5 will be awarded to those writing best letters. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 25th, and addressed to the Coronet Workshop, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



**Boone T. Guyton** (p. 161)



**Walter B. Pitkin** (p. 99)



**Hugh Pentecost** (p. 39)



**McClelland Barclay** (p. 17)

## *Between These Covers*

• • • Boone T. Guyton spent the first six months of the present war testing French dive bombers. Now he's a Naval Air Corps officer . . . When Walter B. Pitkin decided his ideas were becoming old-fashioned, he burned all his notes and auto-toured America to learn what people were thinking . . . Hugh Pentecost once helped his friend, Rube Goldberg, "invent" a device which points a gun at a writer's temple, forcing him to stick to his typewriter . . . McClelland Barclay's first published sketch (for a medical journal) illustrated one of his father's operations. He was nine at the time.



*Beg  
CA*

# CORONET®

APRIL

25c



*Beginning with this issue*

**CARDINAL ROCK** by Richard Sale

A New Streamlined Novel of Treachery in the Pacific

DEFENSE  
BUY  
UNITED STATES WARFARE  
COMMITTEE



*Publisher:* DAVID A. SMART  
*Editors:* OSCAR DYSTEL  
 BERNARD GEIS  
*Associate Editors:* HARRIS SHEVELSON  
 BARBARA BRANDT  
*Managing Editor:* ARNOLD GINGRICH

### Articles

|  |                           |     |
|--|---------------------------|-----|
| The Army Goes to Church . . . . .      | ALICE BODWELL BURKE       | 3   |
| Brawn, Sweat and Glory . . . . .       | JOHN KIERAN               | 18  |
| Advice to Pregnant Husbands . . . . .  | EILEEN WILSON             | 26  |
| Crimebusters, Inc. . . . .             | KENT SAGENDORPH           | 33  |
| Fun in a Dentist's Chair . . . . .     | W. F. MC DERMOTT          | 52  |
| Aptitude Test for Travelers . . . . .  | KATHERINE A. TAYLOR       | 61  |
| They Get Your Measure . . . . .        | VICTOR H. BOESEN          | 65  |
| Death in a Drinking Fountain . . . . . | MICHAEL EVANS             | 93  |
| I Live on the Atlantic . . . . .       | ANONYMOUS                 | 98  |
| The Last Time I Saw Goebbels           | CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. | 104 |
| The Jenkintown Appreciator . . . . .   | ROBERT M. YODER           | 145 |
| Melodies on Tap . . . . .              | MARION SIMMS              | 151 |
| Esperanto's New Challenger . . . . .   | MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM        | 156 |

### Streamlined Novels

|   |                 |    |
|---|-----------------|----|
| Cardinal Rock: <i>First of four parts</i> . . . . . | RICHARD SALE    | 10 |
| Mad Mission to Berlin: <i>Concluded</i> . . . . .   | OSCAR SCHISGALL | 69 |

### Fiction Feature

|                         |                  |    |
|-------------------------|------------------|----|
| Putt and Take . . . . . | EUSTACE COCKRELL | 39 |
|-------------------------|------------------|----|

### Features

|   |                |    |
|---|----------------|----|
| Winning Tack: <i>Painting by Montague Dawson</i> . . . . .    | 57             |    |
| 12 Million Black Voices: <i>Picture Story</i> . . . . .       | RICHARD WRIGHT | 77 |
| Screen Creditors: <i>Portfolio of Personalities</i> . . . . . | 109            |    |
| The Gallery of Photographs . . . . .                          | 121            |    |
| The Coronet Game Book Section . . . . .                       | 161            |    |

### Miscellany

|                               |                  |    |
|-------------------------------|------------------|----|
| The Best I Know . . . . .     | 8                |    |
| Forgotten Mysteries . . . . . | R. DEWITT MILLER | 31 |
| Not of Our Species . . . . .  | 50               |    |
| Your Other Life . . . . .     | 119              |    |

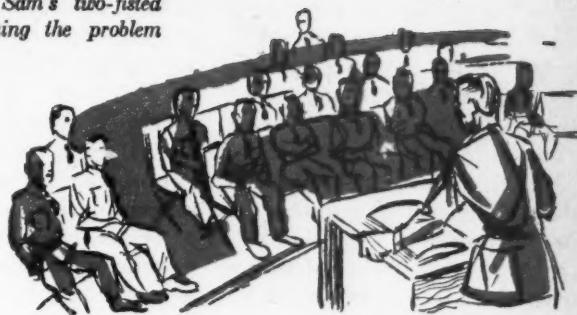
### Cover Girl

Irma Wilson, one of the girls featured in *The Great Ziegfeld*, was a charter member of a club formed by players who vowed to remain single, and to place career before matrimony. A vacation trip to Havana, however, and an introduction to the head of one of the prominent airline companies changed all that for her. She gave up her promising movie career and now is living happily in Miami, Florida, as Mrs. G. T. Baker. Incidentally, she has learned to fly. Joe Setton of San Francisco has caught her fresh loveliness in a special pose for Coronet's cover.



3  
18  
26  
33  
52  
61  
65  
93  
98  
104  
145  
151  
156  
10  
69  
39  
57  
77  
109  
121  
161  
8  
31  
50  
119  
ieg-  
ers  
ore  
nd  
uir-  
up  
ily  
she  
ght  
er.  
66  
nc.  
os  
da.  
ter-  
by  
rial  
est

*Religious services must compete with movies and crap games for a soldier's time—but Uncle Sam's two-fisted chaplains are licking the problem*



## ***The Army Goes to Church***

*by ALICE BODWELL BURKE*

**P**RIVATE Jimmy O'Keefe had pulled many a fast one. But even Chaplain John O. Lindquist, director of chaplains for the Second Corps Area, was surprised to receive an application from O'Keefe for three days' leave to observe the Jewish holidays. Chaplain Lindquist gave the application his official O. K. but he was prepared for a phone call from the counter-signing commanding officer.

"Certainly, O'Keefe's a Catholic," Lindquist agreed. "But I'd appreciate it if you'd let him go. I've a plan for dealing with him when he comes back."

Soldier O'Keefe was summoned as soon as he returned to camp. His eyes dropped as the chaplain's stare gradually took on the fierceness of a wounded lion's.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Lindquist roared. "Lying about your religion to get a vacation? What will

Chaplain O'Brien think of you?"

O'Keefe's face was as red as his hair.

"I—I didn't think of it that way, sir. I—are you going to tell Chaplain O'Brien?"

"You're going to tell him yourself when you go to confession this afternoon—and I want you to go to Mass tomorrow morning. Report back before noon tomorrow and tell me that you've gone."

Late the next afternoon Chaplain

---

*Alice Bodwell Burke, daughter of newspaper writers, "grew up" in Boston city rooms, with side trips to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts where she studied painting; to the stage, when she played in *Strike*. She was on the staff of two newspapers before she was 21, studied at Radcliffe (Class of '39), and, while an undergraduate, spent a year as assistant to the editor of the Committee on Youth Problems, U. S. Office of Education. She has been a manufacturer of pictorial maps of her own design, and a free lance writer for Eastern papers.*

Lindquist telephoned the boy's commanding officer.

"I just want to tell you that Private Jimmy O'Keefe went to church this morning for the first time in three years. Chaplain O'Brien and I have been worried about the boy. Thanks for cooperating."

If Jimmy O'Keefe had chosen to resist the disciplinary measures inspired by his deceit, Chaplain Lindquist could not have had them enforced. There is no coercion and no penalty for the religious backslider in the United States Army. But this instance is typical of the military clergy's man-to-man knowledge of the individual, which has brought many thousands of soldiers—Catholic, Jewish and Protestant — back to their churches during the past year.

A recent report of the General Commission of Army and Navy Chaplains finds the Army the most religious segment of our national population. At Fort Dix, New Jersey, which is typical of garrisons in the northeast, 45% of the men attend church regularly.

The story behind the Army's regeneration of faith is essentially the story of its spiritual leaders. It is highlighted all the way through by a notable religious liberalism. The Army insists that its chaplains be good soldiers first, then ministers to all men, regardless of denomination.

A church cannot be represented in the Army by its ordained ministers until it can claim 1% of the personnel on its rolls. For example, the peacetime Army had not enough Jews to claim a Jewish chaplain; the present

corps of chaplains includes 28 rabbis; the quota to be filled in the future calls for 40. The 1,500 members of the Chaplains' Corps represent 27 of the 261 sects in the United States.

BEING GOOD soldiers, in the case of the chaplains, means functioning as jacks-of-all-trades in the human services not otherwise provided by the Army for its men. The chaplains have the strongest personal influence of any men in the United States Army, yet they have no right to shoulder the most obsolete of rifles; no authority to issue the simplest military order. Their influence lies in their ability and readiness to shoulder personal problems as bankers, teachers, lawyers; in their understanding direction as friends to the sick or troubled, to men suddenly uprooted from jobs and homes.

James H. O'Neil, director of chaplains for the First Corps Area, relates a typical anecdote. He was accidentally accosted by a rookie-draftee, who asked where a check might be cashed.

"I've got my last three weeks' pay from my civilian job," the rookie boasted, "and my buddy and I are going to blow it in town. I won't be this flush again while I'm in the Army and after I get out I'll have to watch my pennies, for I'm getting married then."

"The Red Cross has a cashier and banking service," the chaplain said. "I'm going that way and will introduce you."

"I don't want any banking service."

"Well, they'll cash your check for



you. But a bank account is something to have, especially to a fellow who's getting married."

At the Red Cross building, the rookie had to await his turn. The chaplain showed him the reading room, casually picked up a household furnishings catalogue from a magazine table.

"I suppose this is left here for you bridegrooms-to-be," he bantered.

By the time the soldier's turn came at the cashier's window, he had decided to bank the greater portion of his check.

"Maybe you'll find some entertainment at your church here in camp to make up for doing the town," the chaplain suggested.

The soldier said he wasn't a churchgoer; hadn't been in ten years. Besides, he was a Methodist. Chaplain O'Neil gave him a schedule of Methodist services and social events. The soldier dropped in to the service the very next Sunday, explaining that his first bank book made him feel like a stable citizen. He became one of the most active Methodists at the camp.

Military ministers serve generally as ministers of personal finance. The outcome of these chores of good fellow-

ship brings men to the church so spontaneously as to highlight one of the slogans of the United States Mint: "In God We Trust." A spectacular instance occurred recently at a camp in Texas, where an Indian draftee from Oklahoma approached a young regimental cleric and handed him a check for \$25,000.

"We're goin' on maneuvers this afternoon an' I wish you'd keep this dividend from my oil well 'til I can get to the bank in Houston," he said.

The chaplain kept the check on his person until the Indian returned from the field. Thereafter, he was made custodian of all the new friend's valuables. One Sunday a few weeks ago the draftee called on the chaplain with a beautiful, black-eyed girl.

"Me and my Cherokee princess want you to marry us," he announced. "We got the license. But we want to join your church first. You're the most honest guy I know, so what you preach must be true, too."

MANY A SOLDIER sees religion, for the first time, as a personal revelation of the sustaining force of masculine strength and courage of heart. Such a dramatic insight came into the life of

a boy in a Maryland camp, who planned to take examinations for West Point and approached a Catholic chaplain for tutoring in algebra. Chaplains are required to serve as lay teachers in all academic high school subjects, from geometry to Greek.

Now it happened that the padre never had acquired any more algebra than the amount which had flunked him in high school, but the job was his and he took it. By cramming one lesson ahead of his student he managed to discharge his tutorship. The soldier passed the West Point mathematics exam with flying colors. After it was all over the priest confessed that he hadn't known  $x$  from  $y$  when they started. The draftee was dumbfounded.

"Why, how could you teach it so well? You were so clear and sure, you made it that way to me."

"Just a matter of faith in an emergency, I guess," the chaplain answered. "I believed that I couldn't cause you to fail."

"Well, I'm no Catholic," the soldier announced, "but if faith can give a man that kind of confidence, I'm going to my own church."

He went, and kept on going.

Another Army regulation demands that devotional services be available for the personnel of the entire command. By custom, each of the United States Army's "ministers to all men" holds two services each Sunday or Sabbath: one of his own denomination and a second service of general inspirational appeal. The chaplains arrange transportation for men who

wish to attend the nearest service of their own sect—and even import a minister when it is feasible.

THE EASY informality between chaplain and soldier that inspires men to go to church must be carried into chapel to induce them to come back. Warmth, color, drama and an essential masculinity are the qualities to which soldiers are most responsive.

"We're competing with the movies and the crap games," says Chaplain Lindquist. "Our cue is to battle them with their own weapons. We try to make the men's own struggles seem as colorful and important as the canned drama of the movies."

Chaplain Lindquist has an anecdote out of his own experience at the Zoo that he repeats frequently in sermons to illustrate how innocent-seeming pleasures can develop into violent vices:

It seems that Lt. Col. Lindquist called one day on a friend, the keeper of the tigers, who offered the minister a new-born tiger kitten as a present for his children. The chaplain was delighted with the soft, appealing, funny little thing. He thought it would be a lovely and unusual pet for his youngsters. But suddenly a horrible screeching and snarling stopped him in his tracks. In the caged-in runway along his path, two grown tigers were tearing at each other in the most furious fight Chaplain Lindquist ever had witnessed. He went along home without the soft little kitten, which one day would be a full-grown tiger.

Helping to keep men out of trouble

is the great aim of all ministry. Occasionally, the chaplain is called upon to get men out of serious trouble as a lay defender for military prisoners.

Chaplain Lindquist recalls how an interest in religion took a sharp rise after he had been able to procure a suspended sentence for a soldier who was AWOL for six months. The soldier, harassed by pleading letters from his needy family, had walked out of an Ohio camp and obtained a boomer's job on the railroad. The fact that he had been a temporary deserter was unarguable. But when Chaplain Lindquist exhibited money order stubs as evidence of the man's motive, the court martial suspended sentence.

Sick soldiers get the visiting chaplain to write their letters home, including love letters. Most chaplains have acquired, from long practice, a facility at writing the tender missive that is at a premium, and occasionally an inarticulate rookie will fake illness to procure the parson's secretaryship.

THE FIRST American ministers called to the colors by George Washington during the Revolution were contracted for, as were surgeons. They were rankless. Present day chaplains begin Army service with the rank of first lieutenant. After being appointed through their denominational boards, they are examined and chosen by an anonymous staff under Chief of Chaplains (at present Brig.-Gen. William Richard "Father Will" Arnold). Chaplains are automatically promoted, according to length of service, and the highest rank as colonels.

Whether he wears one silver bar, the oak leaf or the silver eagle, the Army clergyman is never addressed by his rank. He is always called "Chaplain." Unlike other officers, he does not insist upon the salute from his men, though he usually gets it. The enormous scope of their duties makes chaplains the only ranking officers in the Army who are not experts in some branch of military science. Nevertheless they are required to have an exact and comprehensive knowledge of the latest military tactics.

If a truck overturns on a march, the chaplain must know at once its position in the file, its traveling speed, the distance and time to be consumed up or down the line to reach it. He must know code and should be able to operate a radio and other signal apparatus. In order to remain close to his men under battle conditions, he must be able to read field maps.

In the science of human understanding, no other army in the world has a better hand-picked group of experts than the liberal officers of the church who comprise the Chaplains' Corps of the United States Army. On their shoulders (which, according to Army physical requirements, have to be broad and strong) rests most of the responsibility for maintaining the morale of our fighting men.

"There's nothing strange about the men in the Army turning so strongly to religion," Chaplain Lindquist said. "Who, more than good soldiers, recognize and turn to a higher authority for everything in their daily lives?"

## *The Best I Know*

*Favorite anecdotes of celebrated personalities, as chosen from *The Best I Know*, a collection edited by Edna B. Smith, with caricatures by Xavier Cugat*



**T**HREE IS HARDLY a traveler who at some time or other hasn't realized that language plays havoc with even the most seasoned linguist. English is still English, whether spoken by an American or a native of the British Isles. But is it? The following incident is well in point.

Two American tourists traveling in England were standing in a tram for the simple reason that all the seats were filled. Finally an elderly English lady and her daughter began gathering together their belongings, preparing to get off at the next street.

Suddenly the English lady nudged her daughter and whispered in evident trepidation:

"Mary, mind what I tell you. When we get off, do just as I do, and back

down out of the car. I can't tell you why now."

Dutifully the daughter obeyed, and they both backed their way out of the car down to the street. Safely arrived on the pavement, the daughter naturally asked the reason for her mother's strange request and action.

"Mary," said the mother. "You saw those two Americans? Well, when we started to get out I overheard one of them say to the other: 'When those two dames get off we'll pinch their seats!'"

—LOUIS SOBOL  
*Manhattan columnist and playwright.*

**M**R. GOLDBERG, returning from Europe, was assigned by the head steward to a table for two. Here he was presently joined by a polite Frenchman who, before sitting down, bowed, smiled, and said, "Bon appetit." Not to be outdone, Mr. Gold-

berg rose, bowed, and said, "Goldberg."

This little ceremony was repeated at each meal. On the fourth day, Mr. Goldberg confided his complexity to a man in the smoking lounge:

"It was like this, you see. The Frenchman tells me his name—Bon Appetit—and I tell him my name—Goldberg. So we are introduced. That is good. But why keep it up day after day?"

"Oh—but you don't understand, Mr. Goldberg," replied the other. "Bon appetit isn't his name. It means 'I hope you have a pleasant meal.' "

"Thanks," said Goldberg.

That night Mr. Goldberg arrived late for dinner. Before sitting down he bowed formally, and said, "Bon appetit."

And the Frenchman rose, smiled, and murmured, "Goldberg."

—LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

*Clergyman and author of Magnificent Obsession.*

A DEAF old farmer attended a political meeting. He was a little late and the candidate's address was well under way when he arrived. He had to sit in the rear of the hall, where he couldn't hear a thing. After a half hour of, to him, inaudible oratory the farmer turned to a neighboring auditor.

"Zeke," he asked, "what's he talkin' 'bout?" and Zeke shook his head and replied sadly:

"He don't say."

—FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER  
*Author of We're Still in the Country, Fathers Are Funny, etc.*



THE HARASSED attaché of the American Consul at Lisbon swears this happened: A small, shy little man leaned confidentially across his desk and said, "Please, Mister, could you tell me if there is any possibility that I could get entrance to your wonderful country?"

The attaché, pressed by thousands of such requests and haggard with sleepless nights, roughly replied, "Impossible now. Come back in another ten years!"

The little refugee moved toward the door, stopped, turned and asked, with a wan smile, "Morning or afternoon?"

—WALTER WINCHELL

NOT LONG AGO, Mr. Pollock came out of a theater and encountered his old friend James T. Powers. "Jimmy" used to be a very popular comedian, but Pollock hadn't seen him in nearly twenty years. Powers said: "Have you five minutes? I'd like you to meet my wife. No one else in the world admires you as my wife does. She says you're the greatest author in America; she reads every line that you write. And she thinks you're the most exciting lecturer anywhere; she traveled 100 miles once just to hear you speak."

Then "Jimmy" took Mr. Pollock over to his wife and said, "Darling, I want you to meet Heywood Broun."

—CHANNING POLLOCK  
*Dramatist and author of The Adventures of A Happy Man.*



## ***Cardinal Rock***

*A radio warning, a gun shot clear and sharp—and the first in this four-part streamlined story of adventure along the Java coast is off to an exciting start.*

### **Part I**

THE ISLAND of Java had loomed low over the horizon and the buildings of Chilatjap began to take on bulk, and still Dr. Steven Mason had not received any wireless message from his friend Brooke.

He stood on the deck and watched Java grow up out of the sea, a green and fecund island of ridges and probing dark shadows, of thatched huts and scarlet brightness of hibiscus.

Steve was worried. He had had no word from Brooke in answer to the wireless he had sent. He went to the ship's radio shack, knocked on the door and went in. The radio officer was a young Australian. Steve asked,

"I wondered if you had an answer for me from Chilatjap as yet?"

"Not a word, doctor," said the radio officer.

"Are you sure?"

"Fair dinkum," smiled the officer. "I copy what comes in, sir, and no one has called me. Sorry."

Steve nodded and returned to the deck. He paced it all the way into Chilatjap's harbor where, by noon, the anchor was on its way down, trilling noisily until it splashed.

From where he stood, Steve could see two boats coming out. One was obviously the craft of the pratique doctor of the port. The other looked to be Brooke's boat. It *had* to be. Only Brooke would have owned a boat as fine as that.

He hadn't seen Latham Brooke in four years, since his last field trip in the Dutch East Indies. It was going

to be good to see Brooke again. He walked down the deck to where the Jacob's ladder was being dropped over the side. He fancied Brooke in a multi-colored sarong, existing on breadfruit and bananas, and gone thoroughly native. He recalled a letter Brooke had sent once, after being stationed in Chilatjap for public health control.

"... Out here, good clean lust is socially fit. The girls are roguish and charming. Their feet are too big and their teeth too infrequent, but withal they have splendid bodies and a passionate fondness for children. Indeed, where I came to fight hookworm, I have ended as an obstetrician, and I have done my best to boom business myself. Of course, since Lindsey, my sister, joined me out here, a restraining influence has been exerted upon my affairs. She insists upon a parcel of respectability on my part. It is sad to see . . ."

The fisherman came alongside. It was a beautiful boat, with thirty-foot duralumin outriggers on either beam; its length around forty feet. He could see by the wake that it was twin screw, and its fittings were the finest. But no sign of Brooke. Instead of Brooke, there was a lovely girl at the flying bridge, her golden hair whipping out behind her in the breeze.

She handled the boat like an expert, bringing it alongside, managing to get the bumpers on the beam for protection, then casting a line to the deck hand by the ladder to hold her

fast. When she was safely tied up, she raised her face up toward the deck and called, "I want Dr. Steve Mason! Is he up there?"

"Right here!" Steve called, startled. He leaned over.

"Hi!" she called. "I've orders to take you aboard here and introduce you to the fuller life. I'm Lindsey, Dr. Steve. Lath asked me to pick you up. Come aboard as soon as the pratique doctor says you're O.K."

There was little delay in that particular ceremony, since the pratique doctor was well aware of Steven's identity and also his renowned work in the prevention, detection and healing of all the tropical diseases. In a matter of ten minutes, Steve's luggage had been transferred to the cockpit of the fisherman, and he himself, after a few hasty farewells, climbed down the ladder and jumped aboard.

Lindsey Brooke asked him to hang on, and they sped away from the beam of the ship. "Come up here," she said.

Steve Mason climbed up to the flying bridge. He could feel the wind against his face. He stared at her with strange satisfaction. She was very pretty, dressed in blue dungarees, her features as delicate as porcelain, but her tanned arms obviously strong. She handled the helm like an expert, keeping the needle steady on the compass card. "You don't remember me, do you?" she asked.

She had a direct manner he liked. Steve replied, smiling. "I know you're

Brooke's sister, he often spoke of you, but I don't think we ever met—”

“That's a fine thing,” she said. She smiled. “I met you in New York once. But that was easily six years ago—”

“I remember,” Steve said. “Good Lord, you shouldn't hold me accountable for a six year lapse. Besides, you were not quite the girl then that you are now.”

“Pretty words, Dr. Steve, and Brooke said your compliments would be as heavy as your fine dignity. Well, it is true, I hadn't reached my majority then, but I'm past it now.”

“And much the better for it,” Steve said warmly. “This is a damned pleasant surprise. Where is Brooke?”

“He had to make a sea trip, Dr. Steve, but he's due back in Chilatjap *in the morning*.”

Since they did not head for the shore and Chilatjap, but backtracked across the lagoon toward an island, Steve said, “Where away, sailor? I don't think I got all my baggage, the way you rushed me.”

“You've got it all, and we're bound for Kambangan,” she said. “We live over there. If you look sharp, you'll see the house way up on that hill.”

They reached the open sea, and the boat began to feel the motion of the long swells.

“This matchbox does all right,” Steve said. “She handles better than the beast that brought me here.”

“She probably cost more,” Lindsey Brooke murmured with a rueful smile. “Do you smell the land?”

It smelled good. There was an exotic and somewhat sensuous odor of grass and flowers in the white mist air. Steve breathed deeply. It was different from the heavy salt scent of open sea. “What does Brooke call this matchbox?” he asked.

“M'ao,” she said. “Shark. She's his only sport. And mine. We like big game fishing, do a lot of it, Steve. If you've a mind we'll give you a show against some of the biggest marlin in the world, unless Brooke interests you in Cardinal Rock instead.”

“What on earth is Cardinal Rock?”

“It's the island,” Lindsey said, “where Lath has gone. To be perfectly frank, Steve, I'm worried about him. He called me by radio once and said he had arrived safely, but since then I've had no word at all. I keep getting a feeling—woman's intuition maybe—that something is dreadfully wrong. I'll tell you what I mean later. Here we are!”

MIDWAY up the slope, Brooke's home squatted amidst bent green palms. The location of the house commanded a view not only of the sea below, and the mooring where the M'ao had been tied up, but also the serpentine trail which led up into the hills from the sea. It was hot. The air was dead and humid.

The house was nothing much considering Brooke's comfortable income. It was rather ramshackle, a thatched roof over shingles, clap-board front, unpainted, all one level, two bicycles

out in front. "I would have thought," Steve said drily, "that with his taste for things grandiloquent, he would have fashioned a Norman castle on this headland. Lath used to have a flair for such things."

"There is one in these islands," Lindsey said, troubled. "Not Norman, but a genuine castle for all of that, transported stone by stone from England."

"Where is it?"

"Cardinal Rock."

"Cardinal Rock again," said Steve quietly. "Seems to be on your mind."

"It is."

Her voice was strange, and there was something in her eyes which bothered him. "Why, Lindsey?"

"In these remote places, the only means of communication is radio. You can understand that!"

"Sure."

"Lath has a transmitter here. He and I are both licensed amateurs. Out there—" she waved her hand vaguely south, into the reaches of the Indian Ocean—"on Cardinal Rock, a man named John Hedwick also has a receiver and a transmitter. He is two hundred miles from here, Steve. Alone. Lath and I are the only souls in this world he can talk to. We're the only souls in this world could help him if anything went wrong with him."

"Why in God's name," asked Steve slowly, "did the guy isolate himself like that?"

"Because he was sick of civilization. He is a bacteriologist—British. His

father was a peer—died leaving him millions. He bought the island."

"Bought it?"

"Yes. For a million pounds sterling. It flies the British flag, of course, but it was uninhabited. No food on the place. Not self-sustaining. He bought it and erected a beautiful home on it, the material coming from Singapore and Sumatra and Java. He contacted Lath—oh, a long time ago—before I ever came out. They became fast friends on the air. They never met. There was a packet from Batavia which went out to Christmas Island and the Cocos, and he would tell Lath what he wanted, over the air, and Lath would have the stuff sent to him via this packet, every three months.

"~~The war disrupted their packet~~  
how he managed to make out.

"Every day Lath called with him.



It began four years ago. They arranged a certain time. They always maintained communication. If one couldn't make it the next day, he would say so."

"Yes?"

"We have heard no word from him for nine days." Lindsey said it as one would say an obituary.

"It's fantastic," Steve said.

"No, quite real," Lindsey said. "Three days ago, we were listening for him on the receiver and we thought we heard his carrier come on. We waited, excitedly, and sure enough, it was he. His voice came through incredibly weak. He wanted help. He had fallen, broken a leg, and for days had been unable to reach even food, much less his switches and microphone. But finally he made it. He pleaded with Lath to come and help him. It was agonized and pathetic.

"Lath expected you, of course, but what could he do? He took the other boat, smaller but much faster, and medicines and what not, and off he went in the Star. It was a fast cabin cruiser he sometimes used to visit the natives throughout the island when there was an epidemic of any sort. He was supposed to report to me daily by radio—both boats are equipped—and the only message I had from him was when he sighted Cardinal Rock. He called me and said he had arrived safely and would call again that night. That was two days ago, and no word."

"Oh well," Steve said, "he didn't get a chance to call, most likely."

"But he said he'd be back tomorrow morning," she answered. "I should have thought he'd have called when he left or was ready to leave."

"Let's see this radio outfit of yours," Steve said. "And what is this fellow's name down on Cardinal Rock?"

"John Hedwick," Lindsey said. "Come on in here—to the den of Loki."

THE DEN was an amazing room. One end of it had the radio equipment built into the wall. The steel panels had a crackled gray finish, and the various meters—oscillator, buffer, amplifier, modulator—looked out through the steel like argus-eyes. At a desk in front of the transmitter, there was a fine receiver, a chrome-plated microphone, and a big wireless key, along with a log and scratch pads. To the right of the desk was the auto-alarm and a recording table with the cutting head resting on a blank disc.

Steve said, "I thought they stopped your transmitting when war came."

"They did. But due to Hedwick's isolation, special permission was granted by the Netherlands communications control to allow us to contact him. And he was given permission by the British. It's likely—" She stopped and stared. Her eyes began to widen. "Look! Steve—the record!"

Steve glanced at the record. There were shavings on it and a thin line of grooves.

"It's been cut," Steve said.

"Yes!" She cried. "He must have called me when I was down the bay

## by Richard Sale

in the *M'ao* for you. I left the auto alarm on, so that Latham could call me even when I wasn't here, and the recorder would cut his voice on the record. We'll play it back!"

She rushed to the recorder and lifted off the cutting head—then put the play-back head with its needle into the first groove.

There was nothing for a moment but a sibilant hissing as the needle scratched along. Then Latham Brooke's voice broke in, low, urgent, whispering, so that it was not too distinct or loud.

It repeated the call letters a few times and then said, "Lindsey—Lindsey—it's Lath. For the love of heaven, get this—I'm alive and well but I've fallen into the most sinister—Hedwick has told me the most fantastic secret—you must get information through at once to—" His voice was lost in a confusion of sound and another voice calling, "Get away from that transmitter!" And then they heard Latham Brooke for the last time, "Lindsey—you must get help—" Then a shot,

crisp, clean and sharp. No mistaking it. A single shot. Then nothing more.

Lindsey Brooke stopped the machine, for the needle had reached blankness. There were no more cut grooves. Her face shown with its sudden paleness, and her chin quivered.

Steve Mason said, "Take it easy, Lindsey." He caught her arms and held her firmly, for she was shaking. "Something's wrong—but what?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know what he meant at all. Steve, I'm frightened." She pulled away from him and went to the door and called the houseboy. She began to talk to the houseboy rapidly in Malayan. Steve heard a few words, "Lekas," and "Jaga baik baik." The boy dashed out and disappeared.

"What are you doing?" Steve asked.

"Having the boat fueled and provisioned," she said. She was quiet now, and very grave. "The *M'ao*. I'm sailing, Steve."

"Sailing to Cardinal Rock *alone*?"

"Yes," she said. "Lath—needs me. He needs help. There isn't anyone I



can reach in a hurry. I've got to go—I might be able to help, even alone—"

Steve smiled. "You've got lots of guts for a woman," he said. "I'm coming with you, of course. Pack an extra pistol for me."

"Oh, Steve," she whispered. "I wanted you to say that . . . You're not afraid?"

"Afraid?" he said slowly. He tightened his jaw. "I've never been afraid of anything in my life, and I've tangled with more bugs than most. There isn't a man alive who can match a tropic bacilli for its menace. Let's get together, and make ready to sail."

**I**N THE DARK, some hours later, standing at the helm of the *M'aō* while her twin engines pushed her southwest at an amazing turn of speed, Dr. Steve Mason considered how fantastically a man's world could change. Only that morning, he had been a dignified medico of a world-wide institute, arriving at Java for a friendly visit with an old friend.

And in twelve hours, what had happened? He had been transformed into a sort of crusading buccaneer. There was a Colt .45 pistol stuck in his belt, and he was guiding a luxurious sport fisherman across the eastern segment of the Indian Ocean through the night.

It was not the best of weather. No moon hung in the sky, nor were there stars for star shots and orientation. He held to the course in some trepidation. From the charts Lindsey had



shown him, Cardinal Rock was a mere pimple of earth in a boundless sea. The Cocos and Christmas Island were the only outposts around, and they were far apart and away.

There was wind, the sea was choppy, and the going was wet. It was the very devil to hold her head on SW. She struck hard into each rolling comber, because of her speed, and she took green water over the bow now and then. He was wet through.

He had been standing at the helm for five hours now while Lindsey slept below in the cabin. His wristwatch said that it was past midnight. They had been at sea for seven hours in all. They had planned to make the landfall within six, but the weather and the ocean had slowed them.

Steve didn't like the setup. In the dark, it was going to be difficult to

## by Richard Sale

spot that lonely island. They might sail right by it—they might be off their course due to wind and current.

At 12:30 a.m. he called Lindsey up from below.

"You look tired, Steve," she said, touching his hand.

"I am a little," Steve said. "And worried. I think we're lost, Lindsey. I think we'd better put out a sea anchor and heave to for the night. We can use the sextant tomorrow with the sun and find our position. We should have raised that island by now, and I don't like using our gasoline—"

"Cut the engines a moment," she said, putting her hand to his lips.

Steve brought both throttles back, and the roaring engines quieted. He listened sharply, as did she. They heard a voice in the dark, a booming remote voice.

Lindsey cried, "Surf!"

"Surf?" Steve said. "That means land! Dead ahead! We can't see a thing. Stand by here while I get our depth." He gave her the helm and sounded. They had fifteen fathoms under them. "We'll heave to out here until dawn when we can see our way in. Might crash the boat going in in the dark." He put over the light and heavy anchors and cut the engines.

"You should sleep," Lindsey said.

"Could you sleep now?"

"No."

They stayed awake, watching southwest with the binoculars, hoping for a break in the sky, a bit of starlight, or a sliver of moon. They had neither.

At four a.m., the east began to grow a smudgy gray, dirty, but brighter than the darkness.

"I see it!" Steve breathed at last.

In the first pale light of the day, Cardinal Rock began to evolve in the faint breaking of the night. A vast precipitous promontory rising a thousand feet into the sky from the sea floor, its sides a strange and eerie reddish color, as if made of bright Virginian clay. And as the red sun neared the horizon, but still beneath it, the island caught up the scarlet hues and looked like a burning ruby.

Steve put down the binoculars, his face pale.

"What's wrong, Steve?"

"There is something in the little harbor there," he said, his voice strangely subdued. "Something—"

"Let me see," she said. She took the glasses and stared at the harbor, now faintly visible. "I see it—but what is it? I can't make it out." Her voice trembled. "Steve—"

"It's a submarine," Steve said. "Not only that. It is the largest submarine I have ever seen in this world." He pressed the starters and the engines caught and rolled over. "Mind the helm, I'm going forward. Give me slack for upping the anchors."

"We're going in?" she whispered.

"Yes," Steve said grimly. "We're going in."

**NEXT MONTH:** *An unwelcome guest lurks in the harbor of Cardinal Rock. Will Lindsey and Steve find the answer to her brother's stifled call for help?*

*Presenting a selection of sports yarns as spun by America's best-informed sports editor in his new book: *The American Sporting Scene**



## **Brawn, Sweat and Glory**

by JOHN KIERAN

*One fine day there arrived a postcard giving notice of an exhibition of sporting scenes by J. W. Golinkin, and this ardent amateur scurried around to have a look. There the artist was encountered. One word led to another on such debatable subjects as art, war, football and horse racing—and the dire consequence of that warm conversation was *The American Sporting Scene*, a binding of art and athletics.*

—JOHN KIERAN

### **Morrissey-Sullivan Fight**

IT IS HIGH TIME that elderly fight fans quit telling those fairy stories about those terrifying giants who roamed the canvas ring in the fe-fi-fo-fum days of half a century ago.

On October 5, 1853, the sleepy village of Boston Corners was waked up by the staging of a bout between one Yankee Sullivan, a bruiser of sinister background who claimed he was the champion and John Morrissey, a flamboyant figure, who was to be a future congressman.

All adjourned to a nearby open field where the spectators formed a ring, the referee drew a line marking just where the warriors were to toe the mark or "come up to scratch" for each round.

Morrissey was strong. He whaled away and raised big welts on Sullivan's torso. Soon Yankee Sullivan was "slipping" to the ground to end a round and get a much needed rest. About the thirtieth round it seemed that Morrissey would surely win; but then Sullivan came to life and for seven more rounds it was give and take with Morrissey's backers beginning to worry much about their principal's stake of \$2,000 and their own side-bets.

At the end of the thirty-seventh round there was a general wrangle in which Morrissey's friends surrounded Yankee Sullivan and informed him that his blows were foul, which was



h a g e r  
d i n d  
d i t r d  
r i n h  
h a n d  
s a r



## *The American*





## *an Sporting Scene*





Impressions  
of the American  
Sporting Scene

by JOHN KIERAN and  
JOSEPH W. GOLINKIN

WHEN the caveman chiseled out his first crude etching, his subject was the primitive sport of a primitive world. In ancient Rome, Olympic heroes were celebrated in classic song and sculpture. But except to an occasional artist, the athletic field, after the downfall of Rome, was not considered worthy of the creative master's skill. "Happily there has been, in comparatively modern times, a revival of the ancient bond," says John Kieran. And happily too, he, a former college ballplayer, combines his talents with those of a former college boxer to produce in legend and in drawing the full color of *The American Sporting Scene*. The fabulous Mr. Kieran, *Information Please* expert and learned sports columnist for the *New York Times*, mixes lines from Shakespeare with the jargon of the sporting world, apostrophizes modern athletes in classic simile or in his own quaint verse. He met Joseph W. Golinkin one day at an exhibition of the artist's sporting scenes. For two men who knew their sports so well, friendly argument was inevitable—and for top-ranking artist and top-ranking writer, so was collaboration. Lieutenant-Commander Golinkin, who trained for the Navy before he became an artist, served as an officer aboard destroyers in the last war and was called to active duty again last year.



BAER-CARRERA



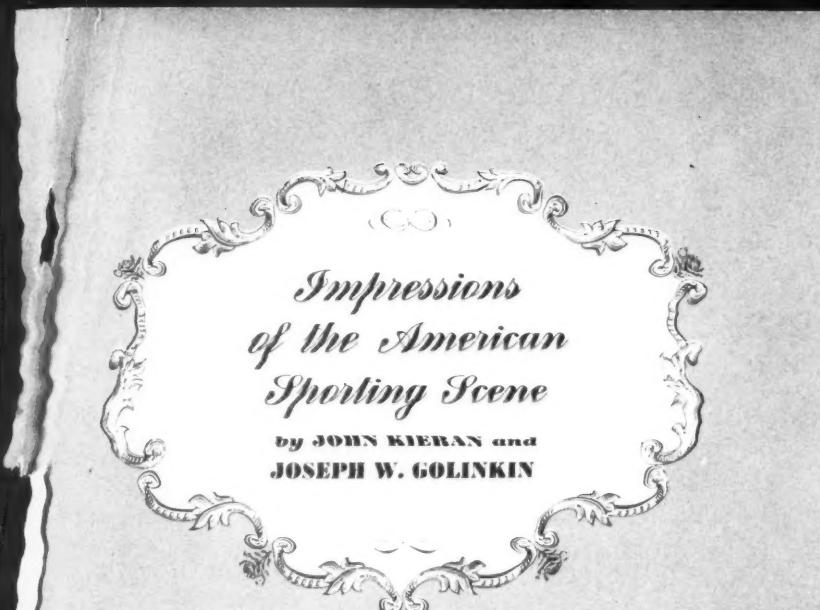
LOUIS-GALENT

W. Johnson



LOUIS-SCHMELING

W. Johnson



*Impressions  
of the American  
Sporting Scene*

by JOHN KIERAN and  
JOSEPH W. GOLINKIN

WHEN the caveman chiseled out his first crude etching, his subject was the primitive sport of a primitive world. In ancient Rome, Olympic heroes were celebrated in classic song and sculpture. But except to an occasional artist, the athletic field, after the downfall of Rome, was not considered worthy of the creative master's skill. "Happily there has been, in comparatively modern times, a revival of the ancient bond," says John Kieran. And happily too, he, a former college ballplayer, combines his talents with those of a former college boxer to produce in legend and in drawing the full color of *The American Sporting Scene*. The fabulous Mr. Kieran, Information Please expert and learned sports columnist for the *New York Times*, mixes lines from Shakespeare with the jargon of the sporting world, apostrophizes modern athletes in classic simile or in his own quaint verse. He met Joseph W. Golinkin one day at an exhibition of the artist's sporting scenes. For two men who knew their sports so well, friendly argument was inevitable—and for top-ranking artist and top-ranking writer, so was collaboration. Lieutenant-Commander Golinkin, who trained for the Navy before he became an artist, served as an officer aboard destroyers in the last war and was called to active duty again last year.



BAER-CARNERA



LOUIS-GALENTO



LOUIS-SCHMELING



utterly unimportant except that the referee was calling the fighters up to scratch for the next round and Sullivan couldn't break through the Morrissey backers to toe the mark. Thereupon the referee gave the decision to Morrissey and the great fight was over.

That was the way they fought "in the brave days of old."

### ***The Curious Game of Golf***

PERFECTION, bah! Walter Hagen wasn't perfect on the links. Sam Snead isn't. Nor Gene Sarazen, not even the Emperor Jones. Not even the late Harry Vardon, the Old Master of vanished years. Apropos of Vardon, who smoked a pipe and wasted few words on the links, he was playing Bob Jones, who was only eighteen at the time, in the United States Open Championship at Inverness in 1920. At the seventh hole Jones had a very easy shot to the green for his second. He could almost have kicked the ball up there. But he used a club and it dribbled ahead a few dozen yards. Blushing, Bob turned and said to his companion:

"Mister Vardon, did you ever see a worse shot?"

Taking his pipe out of his mouth as if to give the matter some thought, Vardon said: "No." Then he put his pipe back into his mouth and went on with his own game.

So the great ones of the fairway have had and do have their faults and golf is the better game for it. In 1929 the Emperor Jones was playing in the open championship at Mamaroneck,

New York, and had the tournament in hand with nine holes to go. He thereupon put on a display of golf that reduced his rooters to shuddering wrecks. However, there was a happy ending. After all his waywardness, he stumbled up to the last green with a sidehill putt of perhaps twelve feet to tie Al Espinosa's leading score of 294. The next day he beat Espinosa by twenty-three strokes in the play-off. So even a golfer like Jones varied from day to day. Old George Low, the esteemed professional at Baltusrol for so many years, once said: "Golf is a humblin' game."

So it is. But it's a hopeful game too. Otherwise the suffering duffers would turn to something else in a hurry.

### ***The Brooklyn Dodgers***

THE PLACE of the Brooklyn Dodgers will probably remain unchallenged down the corridors of time. It was a crazy-quilt combination of great ball-players and complete zanies whose motto was: "One for all, and all for nothing!" By some natural instinct queer players seemed to drift unerringly to the Brooklyn dugout. They regularly batted out of turn and often ran the bases backward. It would be difficult for any ordinary player to lose a game for his team by hitting a home run in the ninth but a Brooklyn player did it with ease one day. Two out, one man on, Brooklyn one run behind, the Brooklyn batter hit the ball over the Flatbush fence for a homer. It seemed to be a verdict of victory for Brooklyn that not even the United States Supreme Court could

overtur. But the runner on base, lingering lovingly to admire the flight of the ball over the fence, was passed on the base line by the heedless hitter who was in a hurry to get home to supper. Thus the first base runner was automatically out when the home-run hitter passed, the game was over, and a Brooklyn home run had clinched the victory for the other side.

### **A Long Shot at Saratoga**

BACK IN 1930 was the great meeting between Gallant Fox, the Belair stud star and Whichone, the pick of the H. P. Whitney string in what turned out to be a jim-dandy affair. The race was the historic Travers which traces back to the Civil War era. There were four entries for the Travers, but nobody bothered about the other two.

The Whichone supporters were worrying about track conditions as it was raining and a sticky track would handicap their equine idol. At seven A.M. the sun broke through and Whichones' stock went up several points. Gallant Fox had gone unbeaten through a great season rain or shine and any kind of a track would suit him.

In the interim a colorful crowd had been pouring into the Saratoga stands. The earlier races went unheeded. The sole question passing around was:

"Who do you like in the big race?"

There was a sudden roar from the crowd . . . the race was on! Up the backstretch the great rivals pounded, holding the same relative positions. They swung round the upper turn and then it was noticed that another

horse had come into the field of vision.

Into the stretch they turned and, to the horror of thousands the third horse came on—and on—and—well, it simply ran over the two stars of the turf. Gallant Fox and Whichone had run each other breathless, and Jim Dandy, at 50 to 1, or 150 to 1, as luck would have it, was an easy winner.

"I know that Jim Dandy," said a stout and irate gentleman as he signaled for his limousine, "He did that same thing last year in the Grand Union."

The irate gentleman seemed to imply that such things should be prevented by law.

### **Ty Cobb's Statue**

ONCE UPON a time there was a great ballplayer by the name of Tyrus Raymond Cobb. In the enthusiasm over the fame he had brought to his adopted city, Detroit, somebody proposed that a life-sized statue of the baseball hero be executed and placed where it would be an example to the youth of the city.

The following day Ty Cobb had a caller with a beard. He was a Russian who announced he was the appointed sculptor and that he would be obliged if Ty would strike a heroic pose and hold it while the sculptor went to work. Ty fell in with the idea. Upon the presentation of the restaurant checks for the artist's refreshments, Ty was astonished to learn that the man with the beard apparently lived exclusively on a diet of strawberries and cream. The bill was almost as imposing as Cobb's lifetime batting average.

Ty paid it with tears in his eyes and resolved to have nothing more to do with art in general and with bearded Russian sculptors in particular.

With everything ready for the final casting the sculptor appeared at the Detroit City Hall and asked the mayor where he could put the statue.

The mayor scratched his head and said that he knew where he couldn't put it. He was warned against putting it on any city car track or within eight feet of any fire hydrant. Beyond that, Mr. Mayor had no official interest in the parking problem.

"I'm to get twenty thousand dollars for this statue," said the sculptor.

"I congratulate you," said His Honor the Mayor.

"Who's going to pay me?"

"I hope you find out."

But not all the detectives in Detroit could discover who really had ordered the statue. Finally both model and sculptor disappeared. Nobody knows what became of either.

### ***Lou Little Loses His Tonsils***

IN 1917, Lou Little, then one of the best players in the Pennsylvania line, came back from the Rose Bowl game having enjoyed everything but the score. Oregon 14—Penn. 0.

His gloom was deepened because during this expedition, student Little feared he had lost his grip on certain classical subjects. He longed for a postponement of the forthcoming examinations in order to give him time to prepare.

"Why not have a minor operation," suggested one of his friends. "Have

your tonsils out—that'll do the trick."

"Crickey!" said Student Little, "I'll do it."

But as Lou was being wheeled into the operating room he began to have doubts. He remembered for one thing that he was "a bad ether patient." He decided to warn the anesthetist.

"Lady," said Lou, "watch out when you switch from the gas to the ether. I'm liable to wake up."

"Yes, yes," she said soothingly and fed him the gas. A bit later the lady switched to ether. He was wide awake again.

"Wait!" shouted Lou, "I have changed my mind :: I don't want my tonsils out."

The football patient twisted, struggled and finally got one leg loose. The table began to roll across the floor, propelled by this free little leg. An orderly came up to help and Lou kicked him in the midriff sending him reeling into a glass case filled with expensive surgical apparatus.

More orderlies rushed up, and after a terrific struggle that left the operating room looking as if it had been the scene of a violent explosion, Student Little finally was put to sleep and his tonsils extracted.

When it was all over the doctor shook a warning finger at him:

"Don't you ever come into this building again!"

"If I do," said Lou, "you can cut my head off."

But the operation was a success. The examinations had been postponed and Lou passed them. Still, that was taking them the hard way.

*There's a lot more to becoming a father than merely buying a box of ten-cent cigars and taking bows. For example—take this article*



## **Advice to Pregnant Husbands**

by EILEEN WILSON

THE OPEN SEASON on losing wives lasts between 220 and 280 days. It begins the day she tells you that unless medical science has lost its grip she's going to have a baby. It ends the day the obstetrician clutches your hand and says, "Well it's a boy."

In between these two dates the apprentice father has a big job to perform. The odds are against his emergence from this critical period as the great guy—in his wife's eyes—he was before all this baby business came up.

Learning to behave as an expectant father is as tough as learning to be the life of the party but luckily, women run more true to form than horses.

You should first realize that there are three general groups into which all prenatal minds fall. First, *the madonna type* who spends nine months in a cocoon of introversion and is—hands down—the most difficult to cope with. Next comes *the light-hearted*

*type*, readily identified by a what's-all-the-fuss-about attitude. She's the easiest to handle. Finally there is *the chronic lamentor*, who will never let you forget for a minute that she's after all "not quite herself." This last species is more obvious than the others and merely needs to be stepped on at regular intervals, like a footbrake.

But there are some definite rules which apply to all three types at set stages of this nine-month perpetual crisis. For instance, you can get off to a fine start by taking her first speculations on the possibility of pregnancy with great gravity. If she doesn't let you in on her world-shaking conviction until after it's official from the doctor let the news positively totter you—be weak and overwhelmed from the enormity of it all. Any faint suggestion of indifference at this stage of the game will handicap you later.

It's true that a "Gee, I think that's

swell!" might leave you open for a testy, "You think it's swell, but you don't have to have it." Still, this irritation is minor and not to be compared with the wrath you'll bring down on your unsuspecting head later, if you say sympathetically, "Cheer up, it may not be so bad." No, an expression of great glee—even if forced—is heavy insurance against any future accusations that you weren't excited about the baby in the beginning.

What many husbands fail to realize is that pregnancy makes women fully conscious of their sex for the first time. And it bands them together in a small strange way. So, if you don't show enthusiasm you put your wife in a jam with bridge club, office companions and neighbors. Because the first breathless question they will ask her when they hear the news is, "What did George say? How did he take it?" By all means, don't make it necessary for her to lie valiantly, giving a hollow running account of all the things she wishes you'd done and said but didn't!

On the other hand don't get the idea she'll be pleased if you assume

---

*Eileen Wilson is not as indulgent to expectant mothers as the average person because she kept her own pregnancy a secret from the general public and her newspaper employers until six weeks before her son, Michael (now two), was born. She then resigned from the Bridgeport (Conn.) Post where for five years she had been writing social notes and feature stories. The idea for this article, the first she has tried for magazines, incidentally, came from listening to conversations across bridge tables. Too many women, our author decided, were making nice guys unhappy for no very good reason during the months of waiting for baby—and so she went into action with her typewriter.*

the sole right of disseminating news of the event to the general public. Your own judgment on the telling of it is not dependable enough to use. The commuter who gleefully jumped on the 7:14 and had scattered the seeds of his information in the high wind of paternal pride before the next whistle-stop found a 4-B wedgie tapping ominously when he got home that night.

Whether you believe it or not, many women have a secret notion that admission of pregnancy is the first actual proof of marital relations. Therefore, she may wish to handle her delicate confession either coyly or with discretion. Let her.

Now, if you've slipped through the treacherous barbed wire of this first phase, the real woods are directly ahead. Once you know you're going to be a father, the whole idea seems as remote as next summer's trip to the mountains.

The greatest stretch of imagination that most men allow themselves is a random speculation that probably it will be a boy. It will have some elaborate physical resemblance to him (he'll settle for his family's jaw) and he feels that things will be wonderful after the offspring begins to talk.

But that's not the way the wife is looking at things. From the first to about the fourth month of her pregnancy she feels particularly smug about "what's going on inside her." You can't see it, but actually she's walking around with a great, self-adjusted halo.

Her daily routine is no longer the



same. She sees herself now as *two* people—one who does the dishes and one who is busy having a baby; one who drives the car and one who is busy h.a.b. And she feels awfully proud that she can do two such things at the same time. She may have been doing the laundry for years, but *now* if she says some evening: "I did the washing today," don't just lift your head from the paper and say, "That's right, it's Monday." Be awed. Say, "That's *wonderful!* How could you!"

You may not be aware of the fact that she's quite capable of spending a big percentage of her waking hours thinking about this baby, and as much time—if she can wangle it from you—talking about him. She's busy day-dreaming about all the glorious angles—his first tooth, his entrance into first grade, and his bride (a vague resentment here, a feeling that of course the girl won't measure up). And she expects you to do the same.

Don't try to brush off her day-dreams lightly. Puzzle with her over the curl of his hair, the certain problem of the cowlick, the length of his eyelashes and the heavy rooting for blue eyes. You'll weary of these vagaries early. You'll think, "What can

we do about it?" But don't say it.

Meanwhile other problems are cropping up. Consider the case of the prenatal stomach—it's tricky. The wonders of science haven't done too much yet about the early-morning squeamish feelings she'll have. Being sympathetic about it isn't enough—you can really be kind by holding back on your own appetite even if it means sneaking down to the diner for a second breakfast. There's nothing like your good appetite to irritate her swinging stomach.

By this time, too, she's making monthly pilgrimages to her doctor. They are suddenly the most important dates she's had in her life. You may find to your surprise—even dismay—that she has a romantic fixation on her obstetrician. But don't be jealous. Accept your new and temporary rival as an ally—listen carefully as she chews over her conversations with him, dull as they may sound to you. Make a mental note of the date of her regular trips and ask questions right and left. If you don't, she may even try to trick you by avoiding reference to the visit, just to see if you remember she went.

She may suddenly take up sewing

"little things," of course, or she may romp through the nursery departments with a vigor she never showed when she looked for her spring suit. Purchases of booties, belly bands or potty covers are very significant. Be smart and exclaim over them with her as you would a fashion original.

Soon she can eye an early morning egg without flinching. The first novelty of pregnancy has begun to wear off and her health and her spirits are conditioned to her newly-blossomed state. Normality in your domestic life is back with a tiny bang.

Then—the middle months' problem. The news is leaking out to the public. Be ready for a new phase.

Naturally, the whole idea of pregnancy is a mystery to the male, and a discomfiting one at that. He assumes, erroneously, that the change in his wife's once slender figure must be even more embarrassing to her than it is to him. Acting on this belief is fatal. Actually while she now complains lightly of the short time left to wear her favorite suit, don't let her fool you—she's more contented than she's been in weeks. She feels the same girlish excitement in the purchase of her first maternity dress that she felt when she bought her first pair of high-heeled shoes.

Along about now most husbands are inclined to close their eyes to the early changes in her figure. Better be cautious! The right course is the middle one: "You're showing it a little, now, aren't you?" That much—and no more—she'll swallow.

But remember, it's only during the

middle months that she'll stand for this much honesty. When she's bloomed more fully, prepare for a new attack.

THE CHANGE in her size, as it begins to get obvious, is proof to her of a wonderful martyrdom to humanity. Now, drunk with her new power, the chances are she'll be unreasonably demanding and quick to displays of temper and tears. She becomes a total stranger to you, one whose moods you find consistently impossible to grasp.

This will be your cue to dote. There's no time like this when she'll appreciate attention so much. Of course she's quite capable of carrying a small pot from the drain board to the stove. It won't break her arm, of course, but—you do it. Advise her constantly against "overdoing things." Act worried. Rush to the corner drug-store when she hints at ice cream—even after midnight.

However, once you've honestly assured yourself that you're doing your best, take no *major* nonsense. Permit no tantrums. Rub her back, but don't let it turn into a full time job. Curb imaginary ailments. And if she gets too pesky, this is the time to fall back on the old one about, "You're not the first woman to have a baby." Be gentle, be tolerant, be big—but don't be a pushover.

And now, coming into the seventh month, the whole picture changes. Here is where you must reverse your field. There are reasons for it.

She's no longer cheered by what she sees in her mirror. In fact she's

getting pretty sick of the whole idea and wonders why somebody hasn't figured out a new way to have babies. She's looking wistfully at the wardrobe she sported a year ago. She's wearing flat-heeled shoes (and a size larger at that). She sees her face as fat, her hands pudgy, her legs shapeless. It's a pretty forlorn little heart that beats in her breast.

She's thought of herself as a brave creature up to now, but her courage is beginning to weaken. Despite all her surface assurance, underneath—and not too far down, either—she's beginning to get scared. She's edgey, depressed, sensitive and sentimental.

She sees herself as the mother of a cripple and as the mother of no child at all. She feels terribly close and dependent on you and may worry about whether you still love her. She'll talk *labor pains* with anyone who's ever had them, and she'll memorize hospital procedure from beginning to end. She buries herself once a week, too—pictures you at the funeral, gets sore at your second wife.

These lonely mental hikes are very real to her. Don't scoff at them. The answer is to woo her as ardently as *you did in the days when love ended* at her father's front door. Let all the stops out. She'll believe anything you tell her, and you can't say it too often.

Occasional presents come into the picture now, too. A corsage maybe, or even a football helmet for "him." Your extravagance will never be questioned. Put in a plug for a possible girl baby too.

She's probably pretty clumsy by

now, and your inclination will be to give her all possible physical aid. Refrain from it! For now, the more you jump around to spare her, the more conscious you make her of her gracelessness. Above all never cancel social dates because of her "condition"—unless she herself wishes to.

One young couple, mutually devoted, had always passed their anniversaries at the same night-club since they'd been married and made a habit of tipping the band leader five bucks to play *their* song. Their anniversary this year fell on a day six weeks before the baby was due to arrive.

He was so sure she wouldn't want to go out, much less dance, he planned an evening at home with two good books, a roaring fire and a touch of sparkling burgundy at midnight. He had his book all right—all by himself. While she had a good howl upstairs over the wedding dress she had secretly just had maternized for the occasion. It will take several anniversaries to forget this one.

Somehow though, you'll finally skid through to the great moment. You'll bid her goodby as she disappears into the forbidding hospital portals in care of the impersonal efficiency of the white-robed staff. You'll worry and wonder and feel very much alone. Perhaps you're determined to behave with manly composure in the corridors of the maternity wing.

Bear in mind that the guy who fainted when his wife had a baby is still the butt of his best friends' jokes. But his wife—she thinks he's wonderful.



*Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain*

• • • Firewalking was photographed in 1933 by Dr. John G. Hill, professor of Biblical literature at the University of Southern California. The dramatic and inexplicable exhibition was witnessed on an island near Tahiti by a large party of investigators.

A trench was dug and filled with stones which were then heated by a day-long fire. Seven times the natives walked barefoot across the glowing stones, while film spun through Dr. Hill's movie camera. Testing the heat, he found that it was impossible to hold his hand closer than three feet from the stones. Wet leaves thrown on the rocks caught fire.

While the testing was going on, the chief magician invited one of the white men to try a bit of firewalking—under protection of the native's magic. One of the party consented. Keeping his boots on, he strode across the fiery

stones. The man's boots were not burned—but his face was badly blistered.

The possibility of some undetectable solution having been used to protect the natives' feet was eliminated by the fact that the white man's boots—to which nothing had been applied—weren't even singed. Dr. Hill could offer no explanation—he merely kept on grinding film.



• • • What is perhaps the world's strangest burial ground was found near Edinburgh, Scotland, in July, 1836. The discovery was made by a party searching for rabbit burrows in an ancient, legend-enshrouded rock formation known as Arthur's Seat.

Behind some thin sheets of slate

was discovered a tiny cave in which were 17 wood coffins arranged in three tiers. The coffins were exactly four inches in length. Inside the caskets were tiny wooden figures, each dressed in a different style.

Strangest of all, the coffins apparently had been placed in the minute tomb at intervals of many years. The figures in the lower coffins were almost disintegrated. Those in the second tier were progressively better preserved, while the single coffin in the top row contained a figure which was "quite recent looking."

The mystery of the tiny crypt was thoroughly discussed by the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland, but no explanation was produced.



• • • Lieutenant Commander *Rupert T. Gould, R.N., and Harry Price*, renowned psychic investigator, *meticulously checked the evidence in the case recited here.*

When a certain vault at Christ's Church in Barbados was opened in the spring of 1812, it was found that several of the huge, lead-lined coffins had been thrown about. The coffins were straightened and the vault closed with a ponderous stone slab—but twice more the caskets were found piled in confusion. Finally Lord Combermere, hard-bitten British soldier, investigated. He had the walls of the vault sounded, the floor covered with sand,

and placed a guard before the sealed entrance.

When the vault again was opened, the coffins once more were found in a heap. The seal had not been broken; there were no footprints in the sand.



• • • Among the names of child mathematical geniuses that of Willis Dysart stands high. Now 18, he has been investigated by numerous psychologists and mathematicians. The stories of his brilliance are legion.

During the last presidential election, his lightning calculations enabled a Minnesota newspaper to scoop its competitor on the returns. Given a person's birthday, Dysart is able without hesitation to state the number of days, hours, minutes, even seconds the person has lived. He can multiply instantly any seven-figure number by any six-figure number.

Once a contractor asked him how many bricks would be needed to build a certain house. Told the number of bricks per square foot, the dimensions of the house and the size of the windows and doors, Dysart immediately stated the number of bricks required. When the house was completed, the contractor had *half* a brick left over.

Yet this wonder boy of figures has practically no background of conventional schooling. He has never read any book except the Bible.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

The Gestapo's a gossip compared to this vast system which makes a business of looking sharp, acting fast—keeping quiet



## Crimebusters, Inc.

by KENT SAGENDORPH

THEY SAY crime doesn't pay, but the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc., considers the point debatable. Thirty-five years of steady hammering against all forms of crime have made Burns the most successful, and probably the largest, organization of its kind in the world. Throughout the United States the "Burns man" ranks shoulder to shoulder with the F.B.I. agent as a crime buster who doesn't fail. But who he is and what he does is seldom revealed—even to fellow-members of the Burns organization.

The agency's capacity for secrecy is something unbelievable. Saying nothing has become such an art among the staffs of its 30 U. S. branches that, beside them, the Gestapo is an open book. Burns men are operating in every hamlet in this country, and in foreign lands.

Estimates of the number of persons

who make up the Burns organization are meaningless, because no figures are ever revealed. But a quick glance at the outfit shows an enormous payroll, ranging from ordinary common laborers to renowned authorities who top their fields. The company is so big that it has its own form of civil service, providing for promotion all along the line, leading to the highest jobs. All the present division managers went through the mill from obscure beginnings with Burns many years ago. Promotion, however, does not lead to the presidency. The business is family-owned and the family decides who is to occupy that post.

The Burns Agency is a privately-owned secret police system which finds its golden opportunity in the very structure and nature of U. S. criminal laws. There is no parallel to it in the world, nor could there be. Burns, in the U. S., occupies a strange

semi-official status; its detectives work side by side with F.B.I. agents, railroad police and city detectives. Burns is set up to serve corporations, states, and cities; to handle investigations, catch thieves and patrol properties of factories, railroads, banks, hotels and stores. These firms, and their trade associations, retain the Burns organization on annual contracts, and Burns provides nation-wide facilities which could not be provided by tax-supported police departments.

Their system is completely out of the range of police procedure. "You never know," said the firm's president, Raymond J. Burns. "A secretary, a switchboard girl, a janitor; yes, even an office boy might be one of our operatives. A factory hand might be working on the same machine for years, but the men working beside him never discover his true identity."

ON BURNS lists are some of the oddest and cleverest characters in the United States—men and women who can do anything and be alert detectives at the same time. Burns can furnish operatives who can play a Chopin concerto, engineer an all-Pullman passenger train or give a lecture on electronics to a college faculty.

The sleepy flatfoot guarding the wedding presents at a society reception in a rented tuxedo five sizes too big is a standard comedy "bit" in Hollywood. But those flatfeet don't work for Burns. One of the two dozen service bureaus is the Social Function Division. It will send you a suave aristocrat in faultless formal attire

who can lead a *conga* line and debate with a duchess in French.

But his identification card and gun are always ready for instant use. While he is swapping wisecracks with gate-crashers, he is also finding out who they are and what they are up to.

Just how big Burns is might be guessed from a look at what the firm does. Each of its 26 specialized bureaus is the largest such detective squad in the world, operating not only nationally, but in all the attainable nations overseas. Clients of these divisions swell into the thousands.

Alphabetically the list begins with the Association Department (which acts as a clearing-house for confidential credit ratings and trade tips, and protects associations against exploitation by racketeers). Next come the Attorney's Division (which hunts up witnesses, gets sworn statements, searches records and prepares bomb-proof papers for court scrutiny), and the Automobile Division (which traces absconding car-buyers, lost titles and wrecked cars, and protects dealers against dead-beats).

With that beginning, the list marches ponderously through the alphabet. Bankers' Protection Division; Crime Prevention Bureau; Criminal Investigation Bureau; Distributors' Protection Service; Employees' Reference Division; and so on right through the S's (Stockbrokers' Division, Social Function Bureau), the T's (Transportation Protection), the huge Uniform Division, Watchman Service and Women's Bureau.

Burns offices have some very strict



rules about accepting certain types of cases.

No Burns office will take a case involving a labor dispute. If some corporate client has Burns operatives in the plant to ferret out possible sabotage or solve a theft, they are forbidden by the chief himself to make any report to the employer about labor conditions. Burns is a crime-breaking, not a strike-breaking, outfit.

Politics in all its forms is likewise definitely taboo. No report will be made on political characters; no investigation is permitted into their backgrounds, and outside of a bona fide criminal mess like the notorious San Francisco graft scandals of 1907, handled by Burns, the company keeps carefully aloof.

Divorce cases, breach-of-promise suits, attempts by suspicious spouses to spy on each other—all are unyieldingly forbidden. "Sometimes," said Mr. Burns, "testimony we have given, or evidence we have collected in some other case might be used in a divorce action, but not if we can help it."

Neither can any Burns man claim or accept a reward for catching a criminal. "We are not in the business of catching criminals for a reward.

We are trying to serve our clients. Part of that job is to catch criminals. For this we are paid a fee, and that is all we are entitled to."

If they don't catch a crook one way, they'll get him through another medium. Out in Kansas, a pair of Burns detectives picked up a trio of very indignant bank robbers. "That isn't fair," one of them said. "You can't do this to us. We cased every bank in that town before we found one that didn't have a Burns protection sign. How'd you get in on this, anyway?"

Well, said the detective, they were called in by the insurance company which handled the bank's holdup risk. The company had a contract with Burns, and the bandits hadn't dug into the situation deeply enough to find that out.

Most firms subscribing annually to any of the numerous Burns protection systems display a small sign, hung on the safe or over the cashier's desk: "Protected by the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc." On the bottom of the sign there is another line, in small letters: "Offices in principal cities of the world." If crooks get close enough to it to read

that bottom line, they're *too* close. The sign is not hung there to look pretty. It is fair warning that if you crack that safe tonight, a couple of detectives will be on your doorstep tomorrow.

The psychological value of these signs is one of Burns' biggest assets. They have scared off enough holdups and safe-crackers and embezzlers to save Burns clients millions of dollars since they were first introduced. There is no attempt at bluff—the Burns organization backs up the sign with its enviable record.

Protection, both by psychology and by caution, is as big a part of the firm's service as crime detection. Some clients use trick application blanks in their employment offices, on which there is a little phrase to the effect that the applicant surely wouldn't mind having the Burns Agency go over everything he writes with a fine-tooth comb and a million-dollar research

laboratory. Applicants are very careful what they fill in on the blanks. The name Burns is a powerful stimulant to tell the truth. And when they hand the blank to the employment manager, Burns men actually put it through the national data file. It is surprising to some employers to learn what accomplished fiction writers have lately applied for work.

Holdup gangs know, if the public doesn't, that Burns has added another psychological deterrent to the dwindling crime of payroll stickups. It is a patented money case, which looks like any other on the market. Cashiers who go to the bank for payroll cash are always convoyed by Burns operatives in the background, if they are covered by a Burns contract. Perhaps in a dark corridor, or upon getting out of an automobile, some thug will grab the money case and take it on the lam. This gadget immediately sets up an ear-shattering clamor which can be heard a mile. While the thug is in that coma of surprise which always follows this alarm, the detectives dash up and grab him.

If the company prefers not to have its cashiers exposed to the danger of being shot in a payroll holdup, another Burns contract will provide complete payroll service. Under it, the cash is delivered at the bank to the operatives, who make up the envelopes, transport them to the plant and distribute them. Burns is bonded for this assignment, and uses highly-trained pistol experts on each delivery.

Any special demand like this finds Burns equipped with men and



machines to handle it. The firm can "furnish a uniformed force of any size," according to the chief, "any time and place a client wants it."

Yet if you, as a private citizen, walk into a Burns branch office and offer a little obscure puzzle you'd like solved, this gigantic secret web is at your service. If you can convince the branch manager that you really need the information and that it has no revenge or personal jealousy motive and that it will not result in a public scandal, Burns will undertake the investigation. If it requires one man one day, locally, your bill may run from \$12.50 to \$25, depending on how skillful an operative is needed.

LIKE ALL great corporations, Burns maintains this service as a public goodwill gesture. It is not regarded as a source of revenue. But you will receive the detailed daily reports, all the research data on the case, and copies of everything else that goes along with it, just as if you were head of a billion-dollar business faced with an organized gang of interstate thieves.

It makes a man feel very important to be able to say: "Burns handled this case for me." That's probably why the branch managers treat casual visitors with the utmost courtesy, bow them out, send them specialists to advise them, write ultra-polite letters to potential clients, all for nothing. Unless the manager decides to proceed with the case, all this costs you nothing.

As a business, the Burns Agency has no public-relations problem. Every

contract is executed on the firm's own terms; every case is handled their way; each client knows that in subscribing to the service he obligates himself to let the Burns men alone and ask no questions. The company will accept a case or not; if not, that's the end. Coupled with its amazing success at secrecy in its operations, this leaves no point at which a customer can haggle. Running a secret business has that advantage.

The Burns company consciously points up this atmosphere of secrecy, even in its routine operations. Its envelopes bear a post-office box return address. The telephone operator, in New York, never mentions the Burns name unless a caller specifically asks if he is speaking to the Burns agency. Interviews with clients at branch offices are conducted in utter silence, and quickly tend to become monologues on the client's part.

Raymond J. Burns and his father, William J. Burns, founded the organization jointly in 1909. At that time, Raymond J. was a sort of understudy to his famous father, who had resigned from the U. S. Secret Service to start the firm.

In 1915, another brother, W. Sherman, joined the agency and, when William J. left to become Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the two brothers carried on, building the agency into its present mammoth proportions. Today, William J. is president, W. Sherman Burns is secretary and treasurer.

Between them, they represent the Burns family ownership of the busi-

ness, so they have no outside stockholders or directors to hinder them.

Year after year new filing cabinets crowd against the long rows of full ones in the Burns identification bureau. New instruments appear in the criminological laboratories. But the detectives in the field search out embezzlers, corrupt employees, sneak thieves, gangsters and phonies just the way they always have done—patiently, slowly and relentlessly; swayed aside neither by bribes, nor threats.

Some day, the Burns brothers may

retire of course—just as their father did. Some day they may even write their reminiscences. Only then will the world know the *complete* inside story of their private secret-police system.

But if they run true to form, they'll probably write it in large type on the back of a penny postcard. No detective talks much—but Burns detectives—well, they just don't talk.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

**I FIND THE MISSING**

by Daniel M. Eisenberg

Farrar & Rhinehart, Inc., New York \$2.50

### **Tiger of the Sea**

THE KILLER WHALE is terrible in strength and ferocity. Afraid of neither man nor beast, it will attack anything that swims—yet it is only 25 or 30 feet long. The mighty teeth in its jaws can tear even a giant whale to bits. Its capacity is almost unbelievable. There is a record of 13 porpoises and 14 seals having been taken from the stomach of a 21-foot specimen.

I had often heard that killers eat the tongues of living whales. I never believed it until I saw the performance with my own eyes. Off the coast of Korea we were hunting the California gray whale, a species 50 feet long. The big gray whales were in such terror of the killers that when a herd arrived they became absolutely paralyzed with fright. I watched a gray whale turn on its back with flippers out-

spread and lie helpless at the surface. Rushing at full speed, a killer put his nose against the whale's lips, forced its mouth open, and tore out great chunks of the soft, sponge-like tongue. A half-dozen other killers began tearing at the giant body, literally eating the whale alive.

Killer whales will attack men if in the water, and are not afraid of boats or even small ships. The male killer has a huge scimitar-shaped dorsal fin six feet high; and, as the beast swims just at the surface, the waving fin looks like the neck of a serpent. This, I believe, is responsible for most of the sensational sea-serpent stories that are the joy of every news reporter's life.

—ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, *This Amazing Planet*, G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.



r  
e  
e  
y  
a  
l  
l  
e  
r  
o  
t



*Fiction Feature:*

## **Putt and Take**

by EUSTACE COCKRELL



*When an irate putter wants to handicap his daughter's romance, she knows it's a case of the golf heebie-jeebies → for which the cure is more golf!*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
KARL MCKENZIE

## ***Putt and Take***

*by EUSTACE COCKRELL*

“A MAN,” J. B. Fellowes announced, “who will establish a false handicap at golf has termites in the very foundation of his soul.”

Hester Fellowes didn’t look up from her book. “How much did he take you for today, Pop?” she said.

J. B. Fellowes stopped packing his pipe. “That,” he said testily, “has nothing to do with it.”

“No?”

“No! Douglas Wakeman came here and I proposed him for membership in the club because you had known him in the East. He turns in twenty score cards and the handicap committee sees that he has an average score of eighty-three. Our course is a par seventy-two, as you know. Thus they assign him a handicap of eleven.”

“Which sounds to me,” Hester said,

“eminently fair.” She laid aside her book and looked quizzically at her father. “I hardly see—”

“But wait,” J. B. went on. “I have a handicap of twenty. In other words, through the years I have established myself as a ninety-two shooter.”

“You won the last year’s tourney with a net of sixty-five, didn’t you?” Hester asked. “That would be the result of shooting an eighty-five, would it not?”

“Luck,” J. B. said. “Pure luck. And don’t get off the subject. So I go out and play with this lad and we make a little bet for fun. A ten dollar Nassau. Ten on the first nine, ten on the back nine, and ten on the eighteen.”

“I know what a Nassau is,” Hester said. “Proceed with your complaint.”

"Okay. On the basis of our respective handicaps he should give me nine strokes."

"Didn't he?"

"Yes, yes. He gave me nine strokes. Four on the first nine, five on the second. We finished the first nine all even, so we let that ten ride on the eighteen. I still have my five strokes. We get to the eighteenth; he has picked up his five strokes; we are all even. And I get a par!"

"Good for you, Governor."

"Yes, sir. Good for me! That rat gets a birdie."

"And picks up the marbles," Hester said. "If you are through now, I'll go back to my book."

"I'm not through! A man that shoots that eighteenth hole one under par is no eleven handicap man. Why, do you know he laid a drive right down the center, two-sixty-five if it was an inch?"

"I should also say," Hester pointed out mildly, "that a man who gets a par there isn't a twenty handicap man."

"Bah! I'm to be criticized because under pressure I came through with a par on a single hole!"

"Tsk, tsk, Pop, aren't you a touch inconsistent?"

"If this was the first time, I would not complain. But I'll bet Douglas Wakeman has got a book that he enters his golf winnings in, and I'll bet he doesn't report them in his income tax. I've a good notion to write Washington . . ."

"You had a little book," Hester said. "You used to enter your win-

nings in it. You didn't report them, did you?"

"My book! My God! All I've put in my book for days is *Golf, Wakeman*—\$30.00. *Golf, Wakeman*—\$30.00. *Golf, Wakeman*—\$30.00. I've been making ditto marks lately."

Hester Fellowes looked dreamily at the ceiling. "I suggest," she said, "that . . ."

Her father interrupted her. "I admit," he said grudgingly, "that in other respects he is, apparently, a nice fellow. He makes all his bridge bids with the same intonation, he tips his caddies substantially, he even gives proper credit for the locker room stories he tells."

"I suggest," Hester began again.

J. B. proceeded as if he had not heard her. "Golf, though, is the game to bare a man's character. Why, did I tell you about hearing Father McGill in that deep trap to the right of the eleventh green?"

"No, father. Won't you please listen for a minute?"

"The point I want to make is this. A man who will establish a false han-

---

*Thirty-two years old and a native of Warrensburg, Missouri, Eustace Cockrell was once, by his own admission, "one of the best pool players in town." Since then, and with extensive periods of rest in between, he has labored for a road construction firm, farmed a bit, stumped the state in a political campaign, and worked as a publicity man in New York. It was inevitable, though, he insists, that he end up as a writer: his sister married a writer; his brother was a writer, married another writer; another sister was also a writer. "They all told me," Cockrell likes to gag, "that it was nice work if you could get it, and I always was gullible. Well, I still think it's nice work—if and when you can get it."*



Hester looked across the table at Douglas.

dicap in his golf game to fleece his dearest friends thereby is a—

"Rat!"

"Exactly. Now what were you going to say, daughter?"

"I was going to say," Hester Fellowes said evenly, "that I would suggest that you learned to like Douglas Wakeman, because I am going to marry him."

J. B. Fellowes' face flared like a tropic sunrise and from deep in his throat there came sounds. Through the static Hester discerned something that sounded like "What!"

Patiently she repeated. "I'm going to marry Douglas Wakeman."

J. B. reached for the brandy decanter. After a moment he seemed to get control of his voice. "Over my dead body!" he shouted.

"Quite probably," Hester admitted. "If you carry on like this."

"Hester Fellowes," J. B. said. "I forbid it."

"Yes," Hester said. "I heard you."

"Why, that young whippersnapper. Why didn't he come to me? I'd have told him."

"I don't see why he should have

come to you. He obviously doesn't want to marry *you*!"

"Well," J. B. said, "He's not going to marry *you*!"

"**H**E SAYS I'm not going to marry *you*, that he forbids it . . ."

"*Are* you going to marry me?" Douglas Wakeman asked across the little table. He reached out a large brown hand and took Hester's hand in it.

Hester Fellowes looked across the table at Douglas.

"It would be so easy," she said, "to let him trim you a couple of times playing golf. That's all the trouble. He feels that you've got a handicap that is out of proportion to your game. He even says you are a fine fellow, except for that."

"Listen," Douglas said, "your father is a fine man, a fine, upright, honorable man. I'll grant that. But he breaks ninety every time he needs to. Why today if I hadn't got a birdie on the last hole he would have—"

"That's just it. You *did* get a birdie."

"Yes, and he got a par."

"But he said you had a seventy-

eight. That's no way for a man who is supposed to shoot an eighty-three to act."

"Yes, and he had an eighty-eight."

"It's such a little thing . . ."

"I'm not going to compromise myself to the extent of being a sucker for your father on the golf course. For twenty years he has been winning money from everybody he plays with. He's been getting strokes and odds on the basis of a twenty handicap and that's wrong. I am a *legitimate* eleven handicap man and they can look at my cards and the handicap committee can change my handicap any time they want to. I don't intend to *ask* them to make me a six handicap man on the basis of one lucky seventy-eight."

"All right, darling," Hester said. "Let's dance. I'll marry you. I said I'll marry you, and I will—even if it piques him to pieces. But let's not talk about it any more tonight."

"Okay, baby," Douglas said. But when they were dancing, he added, "I'm sorry to say anything more, but I just want to make a suggestion."

"Yes?"

"There really isn't any reason for me to play golf with your father at all. I'll cancel our date for tomorrow and we won't have any more trouble."

"Swell," Hester said. "I love you, darling, because you are so clever."

J. B. FELLOWES was still up when Hester came in. He had one of Hester's bracelets lying on the floor and clutched in his hand was a putter. There were some golf balls lined

up several feet from the bracelet. "Oh, boy," he said. "I've finally got my putting under control. I'll show that young rascal tomorrow."

"To what young rascal are you referring?" Hester asked.

"That double dealing Douglas Wakeman," J. B. said. "Who else?"

"Well," Hester said. "I explained that your chief objection to him was connected with his golf, so he has resolved not to play with you anymore. Thereby solving everything. We can be married with your blessing and live happily ever after."

J. B. straightened up, a pained squeal coming from his lips. "Quit me now!" he stormed. "Now that he's got me hooked, he is going to quit, eh? What's that young whipper-snapper's telephone number? He's got a golf date with me, and he's going to keep it. I'll tell that—"

"I thought you were mad at him because he took advantage of you on the golf course. I'll be perfectly willing



*"I'll show that young rascal tomorrow!"*

to *give* you back whatever he's won from you. Then the Wakeman-Fellowes golf matches will be—"

"Want to make me the laughing-stock of the club, eh? Want me to be public sucker number one. I tell you, young lady, I do not intend to compromise myself in that fashion. I'm going to get my money back and I'm going to do it on the golf course. What's his number?"

THE FOLLOWING afternoon at 2:05 Douglas Wakeman and J. B. Fellowes were standing on the first tee of the Glen Eagle Country Club, arguing. J. B. was of the loud and acrimonious opinion that a man who shot a seventy-eight should give a ninety-two shooter fourteen strokes!

Douglas Wakeman was being quietly bitter on an eighty-three shooter giving an eighty-eight shooter more than six strokes. Thus it was when Hester drove up.

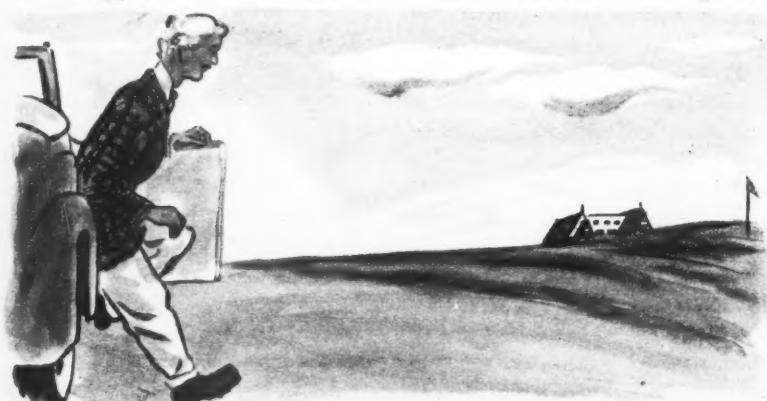
As she climbed out of the car it became apparent that she was not

alone. The small sandy blob that had been sticking up above the door opposite her turned out to be a head. Attached to the head was what appeared to be a high starched collar. The collar had burrowed part way into a full-belted plaid jacket which halted near the lower thigh to reveal a pair of nondescript trousers that seemed to be trying to choke a pair of ancient spiked brogans. The whole effect was held in place by five feet six or so of middle-aged man.

"This, father, is Cousin Abner McPherson, a cousin of mother's from Virginia. He called up shortly after you left for the club. And this is Douglas Wakeman, Cousin Abner." Hester watched Cousin Abner shake hands and say, "How do you do?" in a slightly burry voice.

"Cousin Abner," Hester went on brightly, "brought his clubs when I told him you were at the club. He would love to join you, wouldn't you, Cousin Abner?"

Cousin Abner nodded in a guarded



*"I wore my golf clothes," said Abner McPherson.*

way. "I wore my golf clothes."

Douglas sidled over to Hester. "You're sure he's not stuffed?" he whispered.

J. B. concealed his displeasure as best he could. "Why sure, Mr. McPherson, glad to have you. I'll get you a caddy."

"Oh, no. No caddy, Mr. Fellowes," Cousin Abner said hastily. "A needless expense. I'll get my clubs from the car." He returned with an ancient canvas bag, what is called a Sunday bag. It held three clubs, a brassie, a five iron and a putter.

Douglas Wakeman gulped. "Is—er—is that all the clubs you carry, Mr. McPherson?"

Cousin Abner nodded.

J. B. glanced helplessly at Douglas. "Well," he said ruefully, "let's get going. I'll play you like yesterday, Douglas. Ten, ten and ten. You give me nine strokes."

Cousin Abner stopped washing a lone ball he had fished from the patched pocket of his bag. "Wagering?" he asked, and there was a glint in his eye. "A little bet to make it more fun?"

J. B. admitted such was the case.

"Well, I'm a fifteen handicap man," Cousin Abner said. "Back home, of course, we only have a nine hole course and sand greens . . ."

"We'll be glad to accommodate you," J. B. said. "Glad to. Now we might . . ."

Hester walked back to her car. She sat there until the bets were apparently settled and Cousin Abner drove. He had taken two tees from

his bag that were tied together with a string. One of them he anchored firmly in the ground; on the other he teed his ball. After elaborate wagging he hit a strange low hook that traveled a hundred and eighty yards to the left edge of the fairway. She could see the triumph in her father's eye from where she sat. She put the car in gear and drove off.

THAT NIGHT at dinner, J. B. was exuberant. "I loved your mother," he said. "She was a saint on this earth, but she really had some strange relations."

"You refer," Hester said, "to Cousin Abner?"

"Yes, Ab, good old Ab." J. B. started laughing. "He used that old brassie—all his clubs have wood shafts, they are that old—on the sixteenth. A hundred and thirty-nine yards—and he used a brassie. Hohoho!"

"I suppose you gallantly beat him out of a lot of money?"

"No," J. B. said, "as a matter of fact we didn't. He was so lucky it was awful. He gave me five strokes and Doug gave him four and he beat us both, but he'll be a gold mine, that Cousin Abner. Imagine, a brassie on the sixteenth."

"Oh, I see."

"He admitted," J. B. said, "he'd never played a round like that before in his life. He's going to give me six strokes tomorrow. Hohoho!"

"How did you and Douglas come out?" Hester asked.

"Oh, Doug and I called our bets off on the side. We're going to trim

this Godsend before we take up with each other again."

"You sound to me," Hester said, "suspiciously like a couple of links lice. After all, Cousin Abner can't have much money."

"He's got all he ever made," J. B. said. "Because he is not one to spend any. But we'll take him. A *brassie* on the sixteenth, hohoho!"

"By the way," Hester asked, "what did Cousin Abner have on the sixteenth?"

"That's what makes it so funny," J. B. said, trying to control himself, "he hit a boomerang slice and the ball came around to the green and he got a *two*. That's what makes it so terrifically funny. Hohoho!"

Later that night, driving Hester to the neighborhood movie house, Douglas Wakeman told her of the afternoon. "Boy," he said, "that Cousin Abner of yours, now there is a man who is really something on the golf course. Three wood-shafted . . ."

"Father told me of his eccentricities," Hester said a trifle coolly. "He also told me that he took sixty dollars from you two."

"Sure. Once the sheep killed the butcher," Douglas said. "But if I can't beat a man that uses a *brassie* on the sixteenth . . ."

"I heard he got a *two*."

"He got a *two* all right. Hohoho. He shoots a slice that practically circles that big tree off to the left and comes in backwards. Hester, I swear the guy was mixed up and was aiming at the wrong green."

"Well," Hester said, "if that's the

way it is, I'm glad he beat you once, at least."

"Tomorrow," Douglas said, "I am only giving him *three* strokes."

"Tomorrow," Hester said cryptically, "is another day."

**T**OMORROW was another day. Through what was reported as a series of disgustingly impossible miracles, Cousin Abner McPherson took unto himself sixty dollars more. By dint of holing out two approaches, shooting an accidental hook around the corner of the impenetrable thicket bordering the fourteenth fairway, and holing three putts of twenty feet or more, Cousin Abner came in with a seventy-nine. Which was eight strokes better than J. B.'s eighty-seven and only one stroke above Douglas's really sterling seventy-eight.

Hester, standing at the top of the steps, heard her father and fiancé come in, heard much grumbling and clinking of ice punctuated with an occasional guffaw as they played the round over again. When she came down they told her, breaking in on one another, of the afternoon's debacle.

"But," J. B. finished. "I'll say this for Ab, he's a dead game guy. Tomorrow night he leaves. So tomorrow he plays us both for fifty, fifty and fifty, and he plays Doug even and he gives me nine strokes. He is a fool for punishment, that man, and I'd rather have his luck than a license to steal, but he is a square shooter."

"It appears a little strange," Hester said, "to see you two thus over a golf

match. It is really heartening."

"This is different," Douglas said with a sheepish grin, "the Glen Eagle honor must be defended even if it means submerging less important—er—things."

"Harumph!" J. B. cut in. "Indeed, son, you've put it aptly. We can't *both* become laughingstocks."

Hester looked at them a minute and her eyes were wide and innocent. "Can't you?" she said.

**H**ESTER WAS at the tee the next day and she was not alone. All three members of the handicap committee were there. Chet Harris, the professional, who upon seeing Cousin Abner looked as if he had swallowed his chewing gum, and others. Strangely these others had names that corresponded to names that had once appeared in J. B. Fellowes' little black book with fat plus's and sums of money following their names.

"I have a strange feeling," Douglas whispered to Hester as Cousin Abner,

on the first tee, went through his preliminary and less complicated waggles, "as if I were being watched by a bunch of Chessy cats. Or Chessy tigers, perhaps; they are much too large for cats."

"I," Hester said a little fearfully, "have a feeling that our engagement is about to pass through a crucible." She looked up in time to see Cousin Abner unleash a drive that traveled two hundred and seventy yards down the center of the fairway.

J. B. Fellowes' eyes bulged and he shook himself as he stepped up to the tee and lashed at his own ball. It swung around in a graceful arc and stopped in the center of the fairway almost two hundred yards from the tee. Douglas's drive was somewhere between the two.

And thus began the weirdest exhibition that was ever witnessed on the rolling green of the Glen Eagle Golf Course. When Cousin Abner, leaning into a mashie shot with beautifully controlled power, clubbed his second

*"I have a strange feeling of being watched by a bunch of Chessy cats!"*



hole high and ten feet to the right of the pin, J. B. Fellowes and Douglas Wakeman knew that they had been had. They both looked at Hester, and they both looked at each other, and they both looked at the grinning gallery. Then as if the same pivot swung their eyes they both looked hard at Cousin Abner — both ground their teeth fiercely.

But they were game. They were dead game. They fought; they played their level best; they tried. They watched Cousin Abner play an intentional hook around the dogleg rough of the fifth to get himself a birdie, and still they both came up with magnificent pars.

They watched Cousin Abner slam a full brassie off a flat rock from the bottom of the brook that crosses the eighth fairway to save his par, and still they were both bogie and still putting with steady hands. They watched Cousin Abner, his ball nestled against a tree making it impossible to play, turn his putter backwards and hit the ball out a hundred yards down the fairway, left-handed. And still they fought on. In a way it was magnificent. Hester's eyes were dim with tears of pride.

It wasn't until the eighteenth that their splendid aplomb in the face of the grinning handicap committee, the grinning countenances of J. B. Fellowes' past victims, the awestruck cadavers, broke.

Cousin Abner half topped his second and it trickled into a deep trap sixty yards from the green. When he found the ball, it hadn't fallen down

into the sand but had caught on the side in the deep grass.

Cousin Abner surveyed the situation briefly, climbed down and ensconced himself precariously on the right side of the ball, facing toward the tee from which he had just driven. J. B. and Douglas stood watching him, their mouths frankly open.

Cousin Abner gave a final hitch to his peg bottom trousers, adjusted his ancient belted jacket a little more comfortably and clashed down at the ball with his mashie. For a moment it appeared to shoot straight up. But it wasn't going straight up; it was going back over the head of Abner McPherson, arching high and gracefully *backwards* toward the green.

It stopped eight feet from the pin.

**A** PASSING motorist thought it was a roaring lion that had escaped, while a maid on a Country Club drive said afterwards it sounded like a hip-



*A passing motorist thought it was an escaped lion.*

popotamus she had once observed at a circus.

But it was J. B. Fellowes. J. B. Fellowes, armed with a putter, baying in pursuit of Cousin Abner.

Douglas caught J. B., Douglas held him. Douglas was laughing.

J. B. stopped struggling. His own ball was on the green. Douglas was fishing the score card from his pocket. "If you get down in two, Mr. Fellowes, you've got a seventy-nine. If I get down in two I've got a seventy-four. I never broke seventy-five in my life."

J. B. looked. "Seventy-nine," he said. "My God."

"Take your time, Mr. Fellowes," McPherson said. "Lay it dead."

"That McPherson," Chet Harris told a goggle-eyed member of the handicap committee, "he's one of the greatest trick shot golfers in the world. I wonder where on earth Hester ever found him."

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I'm going to give her a vote of thanks, and I'm going to see that that old pirate's handicap is cut six strokes. And while I'm at it," he added, "I think we'll just reassign Mr. Wake-man a little different handicap, too."

J. B. FELLOWES wouldn't take the money that McPherson tried to give back to him in the locker room, and when Douglas followed him in he was buying drinks for all as if he'd made a hole-in-one. He called Douglas aside and they conferred a moment in low tones.

Douglas went out and reported to



*"Is it all this much fun?" she murmured.*

Hester. "Your old man had a stroke," he said. "A stroke of apology. And I still love you, darling."

"Oh, Doug, I was so scared. It was humiliating."

J. B. bellowed an answer, then, to someone who must have said much the same thing to him. It floated out to them quite clearly.

"Humiliated? My God, man! I had a *seventy-nine*."

"That's the way I feel about it, honey," Douglas said. "I never had a round like that before in my life."

"You know," Hester said. "Cousin Abner made it look so fascinating. I think I'll take up the game myself."

"In that case," Douglas told her, "let me show you the overlapping grip."

"Is it *all* this much fun?" Hester murmured at last.

*Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show*

• • • While living in South Wales a few years ago, G. A. Birkenhead of Vancouver, British Columbia, made a practice of observing bird life from his bedroom window. He immediately discovered two birds' nests, one in a hypercanthus, and the other near the eaves of the house. The first was that of a blackbird, and the second that of an English robin. Both nests were filled with young birds.

One morning Birkenhead saw the mother robin, with a worm in her beak, sitting on a clothesline. She appeared to be looking about for possible enemies before taking the worm to her young. Birkenhead opened his window and leaned out to observe her actions better. The robin immediately spotted him, and considering him a potential menace, began hopping about nervously.

Suddenly she flew directly to the

blackbird's nest—both of the adult birds being absent—and carefully fed the worm to the young birds. In order to conceal the location of her own nest she had devised instantly a dangerous and highly effective procedure.

• • • The almost unbelievable activities of Pancho, the sophisticated sheep, are attested by the director of the Plaza Hotel of Cueto, Cuba, and by Lucian Alcatena, manager of the *Compania Izara*, Havana.

Owned by a colored stevedore, Pancho is devoted to his master. During the stevedore's frequent absences from home, the sheep waits at the front door of the town hotel. If his master

does not return at the end of four days, Pancho goes to the town railway station and boards a certain train. Although 17 trains pass daily through the town, Pancho always catches the right one.

He travels in a first class carriage, as he is well known to the trainmen and accorded special privileges. At Alto Cedro he changes trains, never making a mistake, and goes on to Antilla, where his master works.

Occasionally his master has already started home. If this is the case, Pancho returns—by train. The trainmen swear that they never indicate to the sheep where to get off or how to change trains. They—as well as the persons mentioned in the first paragraph—are willing to swear on a stack of Bibles of astronomical height that the story as given above is true.

severe one from a dog named Jawbone, he left the advance base and headed for the original camp, 20 miles away. Late the same night he returned to the advance camp—but not alone. Boxer was with him. The two dogs attacked Jawbone and quickly killed him. Investigation proved that Prince had arrived at the base camp, gnawed through Boxer's rope, and departed with him.



• • • During a trek through Indo-China in 1926, big game hunter F. J. Defosse bagged five elephants in one afternoon. The next day he chanced to pass the spot where the carcasses lay. Elephant tracks around the dead animals clearly showed that they had been visited the night before by their companions. One of the dead animals had been moved.

Intrigued, Defosse returned again the following day. The tracks indicated that the previous night elephants had again visited the bodies. On a third night the same thing occurred. This time all of the bodies were moved. Apparently the elephants had returned in the face of great danger to visit their dead.

• • • In 1923 Alphonse Roy of Detroit was one of a party of timber cruisers camping in northern Canada. Sixty-two sleigh dogs were used by the expedition. Among the dogs were a father and son named Boxer and Prince. Boxer was a magnificent animal, while Prince was undersized.

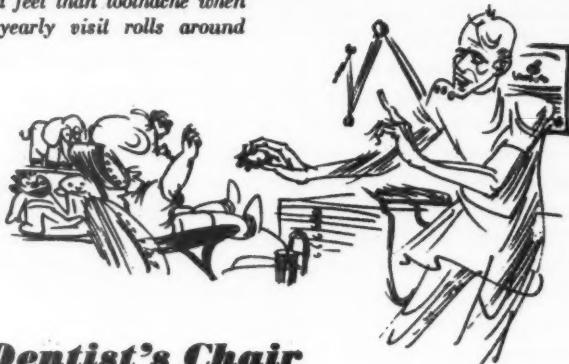
Eventually the camp was split up, Boxer remaining at the original camp, while Prince was sent on ahead.

Without the protection of his mighty father, Prince received a number of sound beatings. After a particularly

*Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.*



*Good news for squirmers from six to sixty, who suffer more from cold feet than toothache when time for that twice-yearly visit rolls around*



## ***Fun in a Dentist's Chair***

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

**F**IIFTY THOUSAND dentists from Maine to California, from Montana to Florida, weary of having their business talked of in phrases like "It almost killed me," "I nearly bled to death," and "The grinding drove me crazy," have launched a drive to substitute glamour for pain in their profession. They are using motion pictures, psychology, science, mechanics and self-anesthesia to put over the idea that dentistry can be entirely pleasant if taken in time.

They are attacking on two fronts: making it easy for those who get dental jitters because of horrid childhood memories of drills and jerks, and bringing up a new generation of patients, who from babyhood look upon the dentist as a sort of Santa Claus.

Today, old-timers who remember how the dentist bored right ahead regardless of the convulsions of pain, find two innovations: a kindly ear,

and a gadget in the dentist's hand. By his manner, the dentist invites the patient to get it off his chest—how badly the tooth has hurt, how no one has ever had one quite as bad. A person talked out is usually relaxed—and a relaxed patient makes a good patient.

Meantime, the dentist has busied himself in preparation for his task. But before he begins work, he thrusts an electric switch into the patient's hand.

"This gives you instant control over the drill," the dental surgeon tells him, "I will take it just as easy as possible—but if it hurts too much, *you* can shut off the power." Repeated tests have shown that the average patient, *knowing he can stop the drill at any time*, calmly endures twice as much before shutting off the power.

This is not just guesswork. In Westport, Connecticut, Dr. Eric L. Bern-

stein, psychiatrist, spent many hours in the chair of a dentist, Dr. Norman Feitelson. "Give me the works," ordered Bernstein, and, for the sake of science, Feitelson did. They made scientific tests of the emotional, nervous and physical reactions. And they found the *anticipation* of pain was far worse than the *realization*.

They discovered a lot more, too. For instance, if a patient is well and happy, if he has just eaten a good meal and is slightly somnolent, he makes a good patient. His fear is at low ebb. Again, some people have mood cycles. One is most cheerful in the morning, another in the afternoon, a third in the evening. Whenever this peak is reached, it is the dentist's best time.

The cue has been taken by many dentists who now schedule their patients according to their dispositions. If there is no fear of pain and, therefore, no restlessness, the dentist can do his work in half the time. Presto, there is a chance for more elasticity to his schedule—also more time for bridge or golf!

Akin to the gadget whereby the dentist's patient can turn off the power, is the device by which he can turn on the gas and whiff the dental jitters away. More than 10,000 dentists have turned to analgesia to make visits to them more welcome. Analgesia means loss of sensitivity to pain. It's the first stage of anesthesia, which is loss of feeling. Means have been perfected whereby a patient can operate the machine without danger, giving himself just enough gas to exhilarate himself, at the same time producing sufficient numbness to allow the dentist to drill without discomfort. A rubber cap is fastened over the patient's nose, a hose connecting the cap with the gas tank. A rubber bulb enables the patient to pump enough gas to make the dental operation pleasant.

THE MODERN dentist considers his patient a partner in an enterprise—therefore he should know all that is going on. If a patient knows exactly *what* is being done, and *why*, he will receive treatment with more ease. It's common now for dentists to show X-rays of defective teeth to their patients and explain the infection. Some dentists even make motion pictures of teeth to be treated and show what has to be done to restore them.

The University of Texas Dental School has introduced a new wrinkle in making 4-inch models of the various teeth to show how decay attacks. The models reveal the different ways decay affects and finally destroys the teeth. They have proved very effective.

Some dentists make models of the mouth in plaster and show how teeth grow together and what is necessary to be done when one has to be extracted. Others use stereopticon machines to project X-rays on a screen.

As for the ladies—bless 'em—the dentists know how to introduce them painlessly to dentures when their own teeth have fallen away. You never say "false teeth" any more. It's dentures now, and most ladies are con-

vinced when the dentist shows them photographs of other patients, before and after treatment. It works wonders, considering that 23 out of 25 women place appearance first and comfort second.

Psychology is used effectively in the battle on jitters. A Minneapolis dentist has radio earphones in the headrest on his dental chair, with controls near the patient's hand. Many dentists now play radios in their offices as they work.

Down in Dallas, Texas, 30-year-old Dr. T. V. Connor's pent-house office includes a juke-box control at the dental chair elbow, and the patient can select a series of twenty waltzes by Wayne King or Guy Lombardo for uninterrupted playing while work on his teeth goes ahead. Dr. Connor also has an air-conditioning system, fluorescent lighting, and sliding doors operated by push-buttons. Other modernistic touches help keep the patient's mind occupied. At the office entrance he steps on a treadle which automatically opens the door to a reception room. The dentist is also an amateur magician and sometimes makes people forget aching teeth by plucking nickels out of their hair or eggs out of their pockets.

A clever dentist may often pull a "surprise" on his patient when an extraction is involved. He makes a great to-do about injecting novocaine—still the universal local anesthetic—and blocking the nerves. He presses on the gums, "tests" the resistance of the infected or decayed tooth, and keeps talking all the time about get-

ting ready for the extraction. Suddenly he asks the patient to take a look—lo and behold, he is holding up the tooth between his fingers!

An effective weapon in the dentist's battle on pain is to get people to come early for treatment. The emphasis on appearance as well as the health of teeth has done a lot for this cause. Thirty or forty years ago broken teeth, yawning cavities in the front of the mouth, and exposed gums were ordinary. Now uncared-for teeth are a liability. In offices, in factories and in stores, girls with unbecoming teeth are shoved off to obscure corners.

BUT WHILE resourceful dentists are doing remarkable things in enlightening adults, their real genius is flowering out in bringing the new generation up to see that the glamour of shining white, even teeth can be attained pleasantly and economically. Take the eye-opening experience of Dr. Harry B. Shafer, who has made the little town of Anna, Illinois, famous in the dental world.

Dr. Shafer decided he would do something about child treatment. After "slumbering peacefully for 19 years, sadly neglecting my duty towards children"—as he puts it himself—he began to welcome children to his office. He joked with them, praised them, told them how he would make their teeth useful and attractive. He encouraged parents to look after their children's teeth, and urged "preventive dentistry" upon schools and clubs.

In three years Dr. Shafer's juvenile

practice quadrupled—he has developed a technique that makes dental visits for children a delight instead of a horror. He conspires with mothers to banish all thought of pain.

"Never say anything unpleasant about teeth to your children," he told them. "Stories, even jokes, about suffering in the care of the teeth distort a child's mind. Tell him the man will ride him up and down in a little chair, will make his teeth nice and white, and will show him some funny tooth brushes. Dress him up in his best clothes and tell him he's going to a nice, important place. Get an early start. Avoid rush and hurry. Your child will be ready and eager for the experience."

Meanwhile Dr. Shafer was ready for his part. He installed a child's size dental chair, fixed his equipment case to resemble a doll-house, and decorated his office with gay wall paper. He displayed a toy shelf from which a boy or girl could take his or her pick of presents.

When a mother and child came, he always met them at the door, shook hands and smiled. He answered lots of juvenile questions. He praised the little boy's new suit, and complimented him on wanting his teeth cared for. Then he cleaned the baby teeth, romped with him for a moment, gave him a toy, and invited both to come again.

Each succeeding time something different was done to build up the child's confidence in the dentist. The result was the youngster went to the dentist as naturally as he did to the

play-ground—and constant supervision of the teeth prevented any deterioration that would cause pain.

One mother told another and the dentist's practice grew rapidly. He found that he could care very well for 300 children a year. He kept records for several years, and found the cost to parents was \$8.38 annually per child—certainly a reasonable price for keeping a child's teeth in good condition. He never keeps a child more than 30 minutes in the chair at one appointment and, except in an emergency, limits appointments to two per week. He has also found it advisable not to have a child keep his mouth wide open for more than ten seconds without rest.

Here's something interesting for other dentists to think about: Dr. Shafer has figured out that there are 750 children for every practicing dentist in the United States, half of whom go without any dental care whatever. But if each dentist would serve 300 children with regular care, it would mean a health revolution in the United States—besides providing dentists—many of whom do not now make a decent living—with adequate income.

THERE MAY BE many dentists who neglect educational opportunities, but not the American Dental Association itself, nor its public relations director, Dr. Lon W. Morrey. It carries on a vast program of education for the care of children's teeth, recommending that the first visit to the dentist should be made when the child is between two and three, before any cavity de-

velops. It offers myriad helps to dentists, parents, clubs and societies in the forms of placards, booklets, motion picture films, and programs for citywide school dental programs. It has all sorts of rewards which dentists can purchase at low cost to give to their tiny patients. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs—one dwarf for each visit and Snow White for the last one!—miniature elephants, a diminutive Santa Claus, comic strip characters, and so on.

There's a riot of fun to be had, too, in dealing with the kiddies on a dental basis, according to Dr. M. L. Davis of Louisville. When a trembling child approaches the dental chair he never asks him what tooth it is that hurts. Instead, Dr. Davis says "Well, do you think Dick Tracy will get away from those crooks?"

If the child shrinks away from the chair, the dentist pulls out a miniature sand-filled hour glass which he sets down near the youngster. Or he draws a funny picture on the back of the youthful patient's hand. He keeps a table filled with all sorts of gay dolls, picture books and colored pencils, from which the child can take his

choice when the appointment is over. There are also packages of bubble gum and tiny dentist's chairs. The result is Dr. Davis' office often looks like a happy kindergarten.

Some dentists are known to go even further by "anticipating" their patients. That is, once or twice a month they put away their instruments and throw a kid's party right in the dental office. They romp and play around the chairs, have a rollicking time, and enjoy plenty of good eats at the end. Interspersed are moving pictures of Mickey Mouse and a movie about good teeth.

It's all for the cause of good health, vital to a nation at war or at peace. The fact that the highest percentage of physical rejections of applicants and draftees for the Army is based on defective teeth indicates the significance of this movement.

Streamlined dentistry may prove not only a pain-killer and money-saver, but also a nation-builder!

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

PAYING THROUGH THE TEETH: A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF DENTAL NOSTRUMS  
by Bissell B. Palmer, D.D.S. \$2.00  
The Vanguard Press, New York



### **Montague Dawson**

Montague Dawson, contemporary English painter, has spent most of his life among ships of all classes, quite frequently at sea, and devotes as much time as he can to his favorite sport: yacht racing and sailing. His love of the sea and his ability to transfer it to canvas he learned from C. Napier Hemy, R.A., celebrated marine painter with whom, as a boy, he spent much of his leisure time.





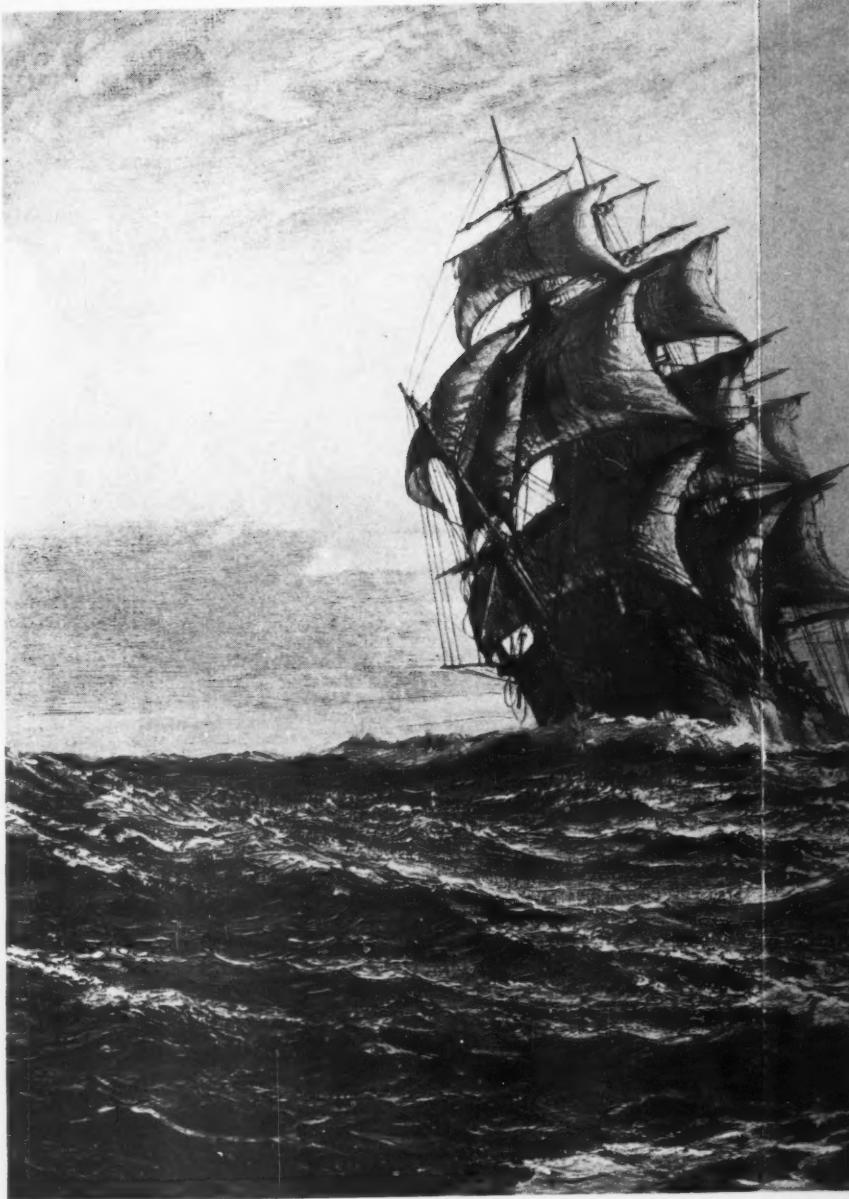
FROM HARLOW, KEPPEL & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

*Winning Tax*



BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

*ing Tack*



FROM HARLOW, KEPPEL & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

*Pails of Er...*



BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

ils of Evening



*As rare as radium, as precious as an income tax exemption, is that knack of good traveling. Are you one of the lucky few who have it?*



## ***Aptitude Test For Travelers***

*by KATHERINE AMES TAYLOR*

FOUR OUT OF every five, of course, claim that they have it—that knack for traveling. Yet I am always amazed to discover how few really good travelers there are in the world.

Take the Perkins, now. We'd known Sid and Nancy for years, but it wasn't until last summer that we took a trip together. It was a mistake. For while they are fine neighbors, their ways just aren't our ways—on the highways. Especially at mealtimes. Sid and Nancy don't hold with that quaint little whimsy of ours that half the fun of traveling is prospecting for food—tracking down the specialties of the country.

The Perkins travel by the clock instead of the little red guide book. Regularly, about 15 minutes before mealtime, Sid would pull out his watch and warn us to keep our eyes peeled for a good place to stop. We had so many minutes to go for food.

At the end of that time we stopped—and ate.

"A hamburger when you're hungry," Sid always said, "is better than a gourmet's meal when you're too tired to enjoy it." He may be right; I wouldn't know. We never got around to the gourmet's meal, for traveling with the Perkins was no adventure in good eating.

Choosing a stopping place for the night was even worse. There they

---

*Katherine Ames Taylor says the writing bug got around to her only after she married her reporter-husband. The newly-wed Taylors were stopping at a hotel which also housed her current literary idol, G. K. Chesterton. Mrs. Taylor promptly interviewed Mr. Chesterton by the simple ruse of masquerading as a local correspondent. She wrote up the interview and the now-defunct New York *Globe* bought it—for \$3.80. Enchanted by the prospect of such easy money, Mrs. Taylor has been writing ever since, has, incidentally, managed to raise three sons. She claims the best story she ever wrote was one which she slanted for the *American Boy*—and which landed in *Esquire*!*

went to the other extreme, leaving no bed unturned. Their technique was to hit a town about dark and start scouting it from stem to stern. Generally, of course, we returned to the first place visited only to find the "No Vacancy" sign flapping in our faces.

For my part, if I can't find the town's best bet, I'll settle for second or third choice—especially if I can have a hot bath before dinner. I'd rather put my faith in the guide book, select one of its recommendations and, forsaking all others, go to it like a homing pigeon with never a backward glance. What we haven't seen, in the way of alternates, isn't going to bother me.

At the outset, of course, we were all being too agreeable. We were so eager to please that no one would take the initiative and say, firmly, "This looks like a good place. Let's take a chance." No, sir, nothing as simple as that. Instead we had to go through that endless exchange—"Whatever the rest of you think. Anything is all right with me." (Like Blazes it is!) It was the old story of choosing the picnic site. Nobody would make up his mind. Now agreeableness, I grant, is a fine trait, at home and abroad, but there are times, in traveling, when the too agreeable person ought to be choked.

What the world needs, obviously, is an aptitude test for travelers. Something to take the hazards out of tripping with your friends. It's time somebody worked out a questionnaire to submit to prospective companions in advance, to show up their shortcomings the way those X-ray machines in shoe stores expose the corns and

calluses on your feet. Half a dozen questions, I'll wager, would reveal the most common faults among travelers. From experiences of our own in the past, I might offer the following suggestions for a starter.



I'd want to know, to begin with, if you are an *Adjuster*?

One, you know, who always wants the windows down when you want them up, and up when you want them down. Who loves to twirl the radio dials, switching off your favorite program to listen to one more to his liking. Who spots a better table in the restaurant, just as you are all comfortable seated, and hence you hardly sit it. He demands Service, always, with a capital S. He counts that day lost if he can't send an order back to the kitchen to be cooked differently.

Sometimes he is a de-flater, too, like Harry, whom we picked up once in our travels. His mission in life was to assure us that the sunset we were enjoying at the moment, which looked like something pretty special to us, was, actually, only a second-rate sunset as compared to the one he saw over the Bay of Naples. Yet when he views his next sunset, in Victoria, it's bound to suffer by comparison to this. Anything you particularly enjoy on the trip he dismisses as being "tourist-y." It's all very well, he intimates, if you want to run out on that petrified log, like a chipmunk, and have your

picture taken. He'll just wait in the car and try to be tolerant of your little foibles. He's been around.

But he wasn't around us any longer than we could help.



*Are you a Walking Baedeker?*

His is the next voice you will hear—behind you—explaining what you are going to see around every turn of the Bright Angel Trail. For he's seen it in the movies. He can—and does he!—tell you the chief products of each state. He's read them in a book. He's so busy, always, educating the natives and informing the rest of us, that he rarely gets around to making a discovery of his own. He returns from a six weeks' trip exactly as he left. And starts lecturing about his travels!



*Are you a Mileage Maniac?*

In the great open spaces you'll find them common as tumbleweeds—those jitterbugs on wheels who go places but see nothing. They whiz through space like Sonja Henie on ice, and whatever glimpses of scenery they catch in passing are like moving picture film speeded up. They travel with one thought in mind: to cover 396 miles today so they can do 426 tomorrow. Their trips are planned

like the President's day, with every minute accounted for, every mile measured.

They don't subscribe at all to our practice of setting aside one or two unprogrammed days at the start (floaters, we call them) which we tuck in the back of our minds as you would a spare bill in your vest pocket, for some special splurge. When the temptation assails you to stop over an extra day in New Orleans and take the boat trip down the river, you have that bonus day to spend. Mileage Maniacs would find that upsetting. They are out to hang up a record, like the 'Round the World Flyers. Detours make an obstacle race of their efforts.

*Some day, though, I'm going to plan a trip of my own, made up entirely of detours, with a little straight motoring creeping in on the side. And no mileage maniacs need apply!*



*Are you a Late Riser?*

That's one thing I'd like to establish early in the trip. Nothing starts a day off more disastrously than when one or two members of a party rise early, all set for an eight o'clock start, and then have to stand around for an hour, cooling their heels and warming their tempers, waiting for the others to show up. A quick cure for this, we've discovered, is to let the tardy ones buy the next meal. They soon get the idea.

But if you are a dyed-in-the-wool

sightseer, you know, of course, that the only way to get your money's worth is to rise with the lark. For you can steal a couple of hours of daylight in the morning, but you can't add 'em on at night, unless you keep rolling due north. We like to see the country through which we are traveling. Nothing riles me more than to go breezing through landscape I have never seen before, after dark, straining my eyes to glimpse the autumn foliage, or to see that foaming river I can hear so close at hand.

But the Sleepyheads don't mind. They actually prefer driving at night. "It's much easier," they say. "Less traffic. Besides, you can listen to the radio. Many of the best programs, you know, come on the air between nine and ten o'clock at night."

O.K., Sleepyheads. But we have a radio at home, and the next time we go sightseeing we'll slip off without letting you know.



#### Are you a *Penny Pincher*?

Always afraid of getting gypped? Having your trip spoiled by every price tag? The Blakes were like that. Perfect companions until they began fretting about expenses. Now it's great to be a budgeteer at home (the better you are the more trips you will wangle), but once on the road it's shockingly bad manners to brood over money. Eleven months shalt thou labor and be the management. On the

12th—just relax! Shed your domestic and financial troubles like a strip-tease artist. Have yourself a time. Travel costs money, of course. Plenty of it. The thing is to decide in advance whether you would rather travel first class for one week, with a Hey Nonny, Nonny, or second class for two—with only one Nonny! It's when you try stretching the first-class-for-one-week into two that the trouble begins. And you get that faraway look in your eye as you start mental calculations, at the table, while attempting to carry on a lively prattle. But why agonize? There's a full moon behind those palm trees, and a soft Gulf breeze in your hair. Doesn't that even things up?



#### Are you *Adaptable*?

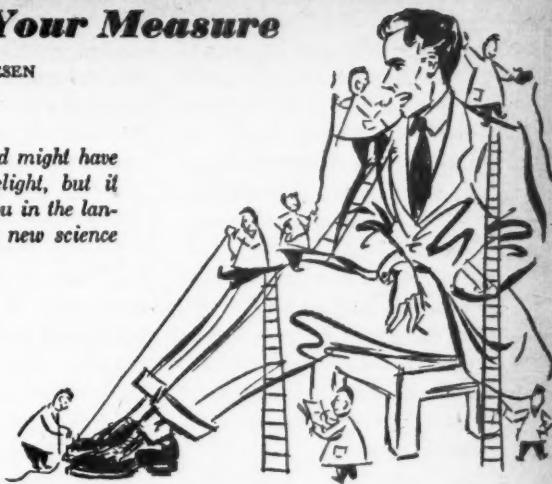
Can you change plans on short notice without being thrown off-balance? If so, step up, please, to the top of our preferred list.

It's hard, of course, to be within 30 miles of a place you have long hoped to visit, and then have to turn back because of heavy rains which make the roads impassable. Or it's upsetting to have to lose the two most scenic days of your trip because of some editor's sudden whim. But that's travel for you. Full of unexpected acts of God and man. If you can't take them in good spirit, chances are you won't have to take them long. But if you can meet the exigencies of the moment, your traveling future is assured.

## **They Get Your Measure**

by VICTOR HUGO BOESEN

*The shape of your head might have been your mother's delight, but it can spell tragedy for you in the language of this amazing new science*



**T**HREE HAD been a theft from a Los Angeles security house—an "inside job"—and the police were baffled. When it appeared that the case would go unsolved, the firm's president called in a man who claimed the ability to know a thief when he saw one: Edward V. Jones.

"Let's have a look at your employes," said Jones, a middle-aged man with dark, speculative eyes. "We'll just act as if I'm a visitor being shown around."

Escorted through the various offices, Jones met and spoke briefly but pleasantly to each worker, making no mention of the theft. "Let's invite your brother-in-law to have lunch with us," Jones suggested when the tour was over. "I'd like to talk with him a little more." Well before dessert, the culprit broke down and confessed.

Jones, a retired lawyer and jurist, heads the Personology Foundation, a

non-profit group which he set up in Los Angeles after thirty years of study. Today, after checking the character of more than ten thousand persons against measurable facts of each, he appears to be succeeding. Literally and figuratively, Jones and his associates get your measure.

So well do they know people by what they exhibit in their physical pattern, that their analyses frequently fall almost into the realm of the occult. At Los Angeles Police Headquarters

*Victor Boesen, ex-Hoosier farm boy turned newspaperman, went to Hollywood because he preferred to starve in comfort, remained to become a press agent and columnist. Before his decision to head westwards, Mr. Boesen engaged in a number of journalistic activities, including a job at Chicago's City News Bureau, where he achieved a distinction as the only reporter who could get away with wearing a high hat and spats around a police station. Mr. Boesen says he doesn't much like the idea of himself being analyzed by a Personologist. He's sure he'll be told to go back to the farm, and he'd rather write.*

one day Jones was asked as a test of his claims to select from a group of photographs of policemen, any which showed unusual traits. He quickly sorted out four. "These men," he said with quiet conviction, "are potential suicides. If they haven't done away with themselves, the chances are they will."

It turned out that the four were already dead by their own hand.

Captain Stonewall A. Slavens, head of the Motorcycle Division, impressed by this feat, showed him pictures of several men under his command. Jones selected one and slowly shook his head. "I doubt if this fellow is still able to stand on his two feet," he remarked. "He's badly battered."

The circle of policemen gathered around him exchanged glances and snickered. The lone rider singled out by Jones was notorious for his mis-haps, thirty-two crashes in two years.

The department was so taken with Jones' performance that it engaged him and the director of the Foundation, Eugene Memmler, formerly a teacher in the Pasadena public schools, to analyze each of 165 new men added to the motorcycle force. When one fourth were found to be prone to accidents, officials immediately ordered these not to "ride speed."

TODAY more than a score of Los Angeles policemen, from division heads on down, have studied the Personology system and are applying it in their work, while many others are attending classes in its instruction. Lieutenant Leon D. Egan, advocate

of the department, educated in psychology at the University of Chicago, has become a member of the Foundation's advisory board. Captain S. S. Stone of the robbery detail used Jones and Memmler to help him track down several criminals before learning their secrets for himself.

During a call on the director of education at a large California aircraft plant, Jones was shown a photograph of a man identified as a test pilot. He examined the picture carefully. "This man is very likely to crack up," he commented.

The pilot had died in a crash that morning.

While a photograph of the subject will suffice, Jones and Memmler prefer to work with a set of tools and take actual measurements. These consist of rulers, calipers, and a self-designed gauge which resembles a picture frame enclosing a panel of cross-line mica.

With these they put the subject through sixty different measurements, beginning with the over-all dimensions of the body. They measure the hair thickness, the nose, eyes, mouth—all to one-thousandth of an inch. Their conclusions are based on the nature and degree of correlation of each measurement with the others. A man's ability to walk great distances, for example, isn't judged by the length of his legs but by their length in relation to his torso. The diameter of one's hair, taken with other signs, is an index to a person's sensitivity. Wide-spaced eyes, with head width and body height properly related, is

one indication of tolerance. A wide head often means unusual courage.

No questions are asked the subject. The Personologists can deal just as well with a man lying dead. They will even forego a look at the subject provided they may learn something of his habits. Some years ago Jones put the police on the trail of a murderer, Edward Hickman, simply by examining the body of the victim for evidence of the killer's methods. He then directed an artist how to portray the man wanted.

But Jones and Memmler prefer not to be known as criminologists. Their work lies chiefly in the fields of vocational, juvenile and pre-marital counseling.

THE TIME to start guiding a person into the niche in life to which he is best suited, according to them, is soon after he is born. They maintain that the aptitudes and mental and emotional composition of a child may be determined when he is two years old. At that age, it can be told whether he is a potential Hitler, an Edison, a Longfellow, or just an average mortal.

However, they would begin even farther back than that; they would start before the child is born, before his parents have found each other.

Couples appear regularly at the Foundation's headquarters to learn if they are suited to each other, and usually they abide in good grace by the decision, whatever it may be. Memmler tells of one couple who came to them five years ago, and after a careful analysis were urged to

break off the engagement. They refused and today, with two abnormal children on their hands, they are slugging it out in a Los Angeles divorce court.

Of the thousands of persons Jones has studied and advised as to their vocational aptitudes, ninety percent were still working in the kind of jobs he recommended when last he polled them. A typical case is that of a young man who, twenty years ago, asked Jones whether he was fitted for anything but day labor. On Jones' advice to try salesmanship, he found a job selling trucks. Today this man owns a large home, a ranch, and a yacht. He sells trucks not singly but in fleets and makes his year's quota in three months.

Jones regularly counsels graduating classes at Los Angeles' Loyola High School and at many other colleges and universities on the west coast—always at the invitation of the schools' authorities.

The Personologists hold that the chief determinant in a man's fitness for his job is whether he is happy in it, and that the degree of his contentment is the measure of his success. If a man is dissatisfied in the kind of work he is doing, he not only is a potential law-breaker but a source of possible trouble to his employer; he may conceivably bring disaster on himself.

Jones was asked by an aircraft personnel director to analyze a certain new employee. Working from a photograph, Jones recognized the man as an artist by temperament and pre-

dicted that he would seek escape from his frustration in drink. Jones later learned that this employee had taken to alcohol and gone berserk, was confined to a state hospital for the insane and subsequently hanged himself.

One of many personnel men in southern California industries who have studied Personology and are applying it daily to obviate misfits among their employees is Walter W. Hulse of Kinner Motors, Incorporated, builders of airplane engines. "I started out to disprove it," says Hulse, "but the farther I got into it, the more convinced I was that here was something of tremendous value." Men now seeking positions with Hulse fill out no extensive application blanks. Hulse merely looks them over.

Dow Ayres of the North American Aviation Company is another California aircraft executive who has taken up the system. Shipyards and oil companies also are going in for it. The converts include physicians, clergymen, teachers and welfare workers.

Memmler insists that they could increase the hitting power of the United States Army by twenty-five percent without adding more men or equipment, simply by reshuffling the troops

and officers and assigning them to duties they are fitted by nature best to perform.

A further evidence that the Personologists have built a better mouse trap is the fact that emissaries from all branches of the quack world appear at their doors daily. Lately the head of a so-called religious group in Los Angeles, currently entangled with the federal courts on charges of using the mails to defraud, offered Jones a substantial life salary in return for exclusive rights to the system. Of course he was turned down, but the incident raises an interesting thought:

Perhaps Personology may some day be used as a means of suppressing just such charlatans. With discontent limited through the general application of Personology in all walks of life, thus reducing the incentive to escape into false realms, the quack would soon lose his following.

The meaning of this is enormous. Society at last would have an end to the greatest quacks of all, the political frauds—the Hitlers, the Mussolinis and the Tojos, who, with their cunning blandishments, have led people into death and misery since the dawn of human history.



### ***Yardstick***

**I**N THESE days a man is nobody unless his biography is kept so far posted up that it may be ready for the national breakfast-table on the day after his demise.—*ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Doctor Thorne.*

## Streamlined Novel:



# Mad Mission to BERLIN

by Oscar Schisgall

### The Story Thus Far:

Three British spies, disguised as Nazi airmen, including American-born John Frazer, are humiliated by the apparent failure of their mission to Berlin—a mission which Britain had hoped would enable her to split the Axis. They seek evidence that Germany will turn on Italy, once England is defeated. Dr. Reinhardt Geist, at first denying he has prepared anti-Italian editorials, finally admits it. But before Frazer and his colleagues can search the house, Nazi planes and troopers are upon them. All clamber aboard their captured Heinkel in an attempt to escape. Also aboard, mysteriously, is Elsa Geist, lovely niece of the Nazi propagandist. Now, as Squadron Leader Dix lies shot, and Whitefell wrestles with the controls, responsibility for warding off the Germans falls to John Frazer . . . who never in his life has put a hand to aerial machine guns.

### PART IV.

A LURCH OF the Heinkel sent John Frazer reeling against its wall. Elsa, too, almost fell. Whitefell was trying to climb in a dangerous, zig-zag course to escape the trap above them.

When the lurching ceased for a moment, John drew in a harsh breath. He sank to his knees beside Squadron Leader Dix. The man lay limp.

"Dix," he said. "Dix. . . . Can you hear me? Can you talk?"

Heavy-lidded eyes opened to look at him in pain.

"I'm going to carry you to the bubble," John said. "I'll try to use the guns. You tell me what to do. Can you manage it?"

Agonized lips forced out, "C-carry on—"

He caught Dix under the armpits.

This time Elsa lifted the man's legs. Together they got him along the catwalk. John, facing the girl in the dim light, was sure of her tears now. She couldn't fight them back, though she bit hard into her lip. They were dribbling down her cheeks.

Whitefell, in the cockpit, had to concentrate on darting away from the four vulture-like shadows he saw above. Nevertheless he ventured a swift glance along the catwalk. The presence of the girl bewildered him as much as it did John Frazer. But he couldn't wonder about her now.

When he saw John disappear into the bubble, he understood what was happening. His lips tightened, and he looked upward again.

John squeezed himself into the small steel seat. There was but one thing to help him: during the mock aerial combat over the Geist estate he had stood here, clinging to the wall, to watch Dix manipulate the guns. He had seen the Squadron Leader fire burst after burst. If he could recall the details. . . .

Experimentally he grasped the trigger. The battery of four guns, formidable as it appeared, moved with surprising ease. When he fired, his hands rattled with the vibration of the burst; the feel of it shook his whole body. He looked down for advice into the ghastly face of Squadron Leader Dix. The wounded man was trying to say something.

Elsa put her ear close to his lips.

Then she rose to call into John's ear: "He says he can't *see* any more! He says—carry on—"

John stared at Dix in anguish. He wanted to shout a last word, but there was a rattle on the plane, as of hailstones. He jerked up his head. The glass dome, like a miniature observatory, gave him a clear view of the skies. A black shadow had just raced past.

He saw the ear-phones and jammed them over his head. When he had adjusted the mouthpiece, he called, "Whitefell!"

"Yes. Give it to 'em, Frazer!"

"I'll do what I can. I've never handled—"

"When you shoot, make it no more than a second's burst at a time. Beyond a second, it's waste."

"How do I—"

"Watch it! Here's one!"

John saw it, too. A vulture diving at their tail. Whitefell banked in a sweeping turn, and the German passed within fifty yards. John swung the battery of guns and let a burst go—too late.

But he'd learned something. With the German diving at almost 400 miles per hour, you had to aim *ahead* of the plane. You had to time your burst to a split-second.

Whitefell, darting left and right to confuse the Nazis, yet managed to climb.

"Clouds at six thousand," he said through the phones. "If we can get into them, we may have a chance."

... What in hell is that girl doing here?"

"I don't know."

"What's she up to?"

"Working over Dix's wound."

"Is he all right?"

"No. He— *Here comes another!*"

This time he saw the Messerschmitt start its dive. He swung the guns around to aim. His whole body congealed through the seconds of waiting. Whitefell began to bank. The German was close, very close, his black nose shining—

John fired. He and the German gunner must have blazed away simultaneously, for he heard the clatter of bullets sweep the fuselage. A sunburst appeared in the dome over his head. But he saw something else, too—something that electrified him.

He had directed his fire straight into the Messerschmitt's nose. Now the plane went down instead of level-

ing off. Not in a power dive, but in a twisting, flopping way that made him gape. It continued down—down— "Well done!" That was Whitefell's voice, crisp, like a clap of applause. "You got him."

It was sheer accident. John knew it, and it awed him. He must have hit the pilot. And he thought, illogically, of his brother Dwight. Dwight shot down like that by a Messerschmitt, his legs mangled. . . . It brought him a dazed sense of having dealt out some sort of retribution.

"We're at three thousand," said Whitefell; his grim tone seemed to imply, "And still alive."

John rapped out, "Two of them behind us!"

Whitefell didn't dive. The Germans would have dived with him, like hawks pouncing. Instead he went into a sharp, whistling bank that carried him in a course at right angles to the pursuing planes. Before they could follow they had overshot him. He zoomed skyward again. John could see now why Group Commander Whitefell had survived countless aerial battles; he handled a plane as if it were part of his own body.

The Germans turned, trailed doggedly. Three of them now. Their speed exceeded that of the Heinkel. John tried to sight his guns, but the angle was bad, the distance still too great. When they came higher and closer. . . .

He dropped a glance at Elsa. She was on her knees, working over Squad-



ron Leader Dix. She had ripped his uniform away and was wiping blood from his naked back. Then she stopped, abruptly. She stared an instant. She lowered her head, as though to place her cheek against his. When she straightened, John asked:

"How is he?"  
"He is—dead!"

John Frazer parted his lips, but he didn't speak. A surge of wrath overwhelmed him. He glared about for a plane to shoot at. He wanted to kill. The lust for it raged in his heart. He wanted to make somebody pay for the death of Squadron Leader Dix.

One of the Germans slipped into sight—behind the Heinkel, slightly above it. A black bat spreading its wings against black skies. He saw its guns spit jets of flame. Whitefell dived just in time to avoid a direct hit. Save for a brief metallic rattle, there was no serious damage done to the Heinkel. As they passed, John poured flame into the Messerschmitt's underside. How much harm he did, he couldn't know; at least there was the sense of another escape—and of letting Jerry have a burst for Squadron Leader Dix.

Presently Whitefell said, "Five thousand feet." But something was wrong. His voice sounded thick, shaken. "We—we may make it, old man."

John called in alarm, "What's the matter?"

"N—nicked me that time."

"Bad?"

"No. Slashed cheek. Bleeding a bit."

Another German was diving at the tail. John wheeled his guns, let a burst go. Facing the spew of fire, the Nazi pilot instantly pulled away.

John turned burning eyes to Elsa Geist. "The pilot's wounded," he said hoarsely. "There's a first-aid kit under his seat."

Elsa at once turned and vanished along the catwalk. He still couldn't understand why she had come. When he remembered her hostility at the house, all this seemed fantastic. The change in her was unbelievable. If it weren't for the fact that she was deliberately risking her life in the plane—staking it on the Heinkel's chances of escape—he would have suspected some sort of trickery. But this, he knew, wasn't trickery. This was direct and reckless and, in a way, revolutionary.

In the ear-phones he heard Whitefell talking to her: "Thanks. Yes, it burns like hell. Iodine, isn't it? Give it plenty—if you can stop the blood, I'll be all right."

John looked around for the Messerschmitts. He saw the three of them coming from a side—a concerted charge now. Trembling in spite of himself, he turned the guns. Waited. It looked as if the three planes would screech over the Heinkel to give it a unified raking of bullets. He didn't know how he was going to beat off all three of them in a half second—

They plunged into a thick, enveloping blackness. Outside the bubble John could see nothing—not even

## by Oscar Schisgall

rifts. It was as if he'd abruptly gone blind. It was breath-taking, and he sat gaping into it stupidly. A blackness that blotted out everything.

Clouds. Whitefell had made the clouds. In his joy at the realization, John all but rose. Clouds meant life, safety, a chance to escape. . . .

Whitefell's voice came, still shaky, yet carrying an undertone of grim triumph. "This is it, Frazer."

"They—they were almost on us—"

"I saw 'em. Hang on. I'm going to do a bit of zig-zagging to throw 'em off—if I don't zig-zag into one of them."

"How's the wound?"

"Not too bad. The girl's doing a good job. When we get a bit away from here, talk to her. Find out what she's doing with us. I—I've got to concentrate on this—"

"Can you hold out?"

"I'd better—what?" Whitefell paused after the cryptic words. "Stay in the bubble. Never know when we'll run out of these clouds. Can't hope to stay in 'em across Germany, France and the Channel."

The plane began its dartings. First a sharp bank to the left; it straightened and zoomed upward into thickening blackness. Looking through the glass, John had the sensation of hanging in something opaque, unearthly. A black sheet seemed to have been draped over the bubble, like a cloth over a bird-cage.

Well, there wouldn't be any immediate shooting in this.

He looked down at the still figure



of Squadron Leader Dix, scarcely visible; a shadow below him. Up in the cockpit Whitefell must have switched on a light over his instrument panel, and its diffused glow, very dim back here, was the only thing which gave Dix's body outline.

Bitterness welled through John Frazer. A mordant, racking bitterness. There was Dix, sacrificed. For what? For a failure. A wretched and pointless failure. For all the good this flight had achieved, the Goebbels notes and the editorials might as well have been myths in the intoxicated brain of Rudolph Hess.

He remembered the hopes with which they had taken off from British soil. Visions of acquiring papers which would swing the course of the war. Dix, with a nervous laugh, had said, "I feel like Jason hopping off for the Golden Fleece."

He'd hopped, all right. Straight into death.

John Frazer pulled himself out of

the steel seat, lowered himself to the catwalk. He felt abnormally rigid and chilled as he drew the body back along the catwalk, out of the way.

When he straightened he saw, vaguely, that Elsa Geist was reeling toward him. A blur against the glow in the cockpit. She reached him, and they stood very close together. So close that he could feel the spurts of her breath on his chin. When the plane rocked, they had to grasp at the walls for support.

"I took care of his cut," she said. "It is not bad."

"That's fine. Now tell me—why are you here?"

She hesitated, then said, "Because I want to get out of Germany. I have been *praying* for a chance to get out of Germany."

It amazed him. After her attitude in her home, it was too much to accept. But before he could speak, she went on:

"I am sick of this new life. The lies. The killing. The rule of steel. I am sick of being a slave to Berlin!" She was bitter, and her hushed voice broke on the words. "Sick of living with *spies in my home—spies who watch what you say, what you eat, what you read, what you think!*"

John couldn't clearly see her face, but he suspected the tears had returned to her eyes. He said in wonder, "But why should there have been spies in your home? You were friends of Goebbels—"

"Friends?" The word quivered with

irony. He could no longer doubt the passion in her voice. "In Germany we do not trust friends any more. Kauber—Fritz Kauber—was Goebbels' eyes and ears in our house."

The plane swayed. John felt the girl clutch at his uniform.

"But my uncle knew why Kauber was there," she said, almost viciously. "He despised Kauber. He—he despised the whole new order!"

"That's absurd," John snapped. "He's been one of their best propagandists. From the very beginning."

"At the beginning, yes." Her words trembled now. "That is true. At the beginning he was a great Nazi worker. He wanted honor for Germany, and dignity. Who didn't? And so he gave the new regime his pen, his time, his very heart. But he did not expect the Fatherland to be turned into the—the mad dog of Europe, biting in every direction."

"Yet he continued to work."

"He had to. It was continue or be seized for treason, I—I think he would long ago have rebelled if it wasn't for me. He was never afraid for himself. But he was always afraid that they would take me. After all, I have long—worked with him. I felt as he did, always."

"For somebody who hoped to get away with us," John said, "you were far from friendly—or helpful."

"I didn't know you were English. You were interested only in the anti-Mussolini editorials. I—thought you were Italian. You didn't speak Eng-



John felt a shiver race through her.

lish, any of you, until you were in the drawing room with my uncle."

John looked up through the glass of the bubble. The clouds were still thick—an impenetrable black mass to which Whitefell managed to cling. Every minute in them carried the *Heinkel* four miles nearer to England. By this time the *Messerschmitts* must be far behind. But there was still Nazi-occupied France to cross.

The plane zoomed. Its rise sent Elsa Geist's slim body falling against John's. He caught her, and to support her he held her like that, tight against himself. He could look straight into her eyes.

"So you climbed into the plane to escape from Germany," he said,

"knowing we'd probably be shot down."

"It was a risk," she admitted. "I had to take it. My uncle tried, too. We had both planned to go with you when the time came."

John regarded her in bewilderment. "When did you plan such a thing?"

"In the drawing room. Before all of you. We talked in Greek. He taught me Greek long ago, when he was still a professor at the university." She faltered. "It—it was better to talk in Greek. Those Nazi officers could not understand."

"But your uncle didn't come!"

"He—tried." She had to force the words. Holding the girl, John felt a shiver race through her. He heard it shake her voice. She said, "He ran with me. But—outside the house one of the rifle bullets—" She had to stop again.

For a time they were silent, and John Frazer stood dazed. He felt Elsa rest her forehead against him. She was sobbing. He knew now why he had seen tears in her eyes; and despite their danger, he experienced an aching sense of pity for her. He patted her shoulder, awkwardly. He muttered something.

"It smashed his head," Elsa whispered. "He—fell dead—" He didn't catch what she said. It didn't matter. He stood baffled, still patting her shoulder — wondering what would happen to her in England, if ever he reached England.

Holding her like this, he kn-

wasn't going to abandon her when they landed. He couldn't. He didn't want to. There was a thrill in the memory of her loveliness. He wanted to be close to Elsa Geist. . . .

He said, "We're going to have a job when we get to Britain. They'll probably want to intern you."

She lifted her head. To his surprise, she answered, "No, I don't think they'll do that. I'll show them that I am not an enemy. I have the Goebbel notes and editorials."

"What?"

"I got them from the bedroom. My uncle wanted me to give them to you."

John Frazer felt a rush of heat to his head. With a convulsive movement he hardened his hold on the girl. He became hoarse, said something that was only a stammer.

"I got them when you ran out of the house," Elsa said. "That was why my uncle and I were so far behind you." She fumbled under her sweater and brought out a packet of papers. "Here. I don't think the English will put me into a prison camp for this."

John stared at the packet, incredulous. He was suddenly trembling. He was dumbstruck. With his heart pounding hard, he made her turn. He pulled her along the catwalk toward the cockpit. He had to tell Whitefell about this. In his eyes there was a new glow, a kind of fever.

"God, no," he said huskily. "Not in a prison camp. Never. But they'll put you in Trafalgar Square—that is if I ever let them take you away from me!"

THE END

### How It Started

A CERTAIN man used to call each morning at the wholesale hardware store of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co. in Chicago, and buy various household utensils that he put into a pack and sold from house to house. He aimed to buy only what he could sell that day and usually contrived to come out even. But he couldn't greatly increase his business because there was a limit to how much hardware he could carry

on his back. Then he hit on the idea of taking orders, as he went about, for items to be delivered later. Later he found he could take orders just by mailing a list of suggestions.

Thus he started a mail order business. It is going yet. The man's name was Montgomery Ward.—FREDERICK CHARTERS

Seven photos used in 12 Million Black Voices through courtesy of Prite Henle





*Gone are days when Negro hearts  
Were ever light as air*



*None we ain't got nobody,  
And no one gives a care*

*What is the stand of America's largest minority group in today's warswept world? We asked Richard Wright—and here is his thoughtful answer:*

**I**N THE present world struggle the American Negro is allied with the anti-Axis powers. To put it bluntly, while there are many things wrong with American democracy as far as the Negro is concerned, his wrongs *will not* and *cannot* be righted by Hitler, Mussolini or Hirohito.

We are fighting to defeat those enemies. But we must also fight to preserve the kind of America where the struggle for the extension of democracy can be taken up with renewed vigor when our enemies are crushed.

Still there lurks a danger to our war effort: we may accept too readily a unity built upon the suppression of those who petition for a redress of authentic grievances. We forget that it is not the oppressed who produce the best warriors for freedom.

Japanese agents have been active among Negroes in many of the Black Belts of our large cities; they *should be and are* being driven out. But the best way for America to insure against any Negro listening to the pipe-dreams of treacherous Japanese agents is to see that the Black Belts are eliminated. To end the evils depicted in these pages is a measure of national defense. *Let us be done with evasions* and go forward to win the war, doing those things that will make our nation strong, unafraid and whole-hearted in its dedication to victory.

*Richard Wright*

ACH DAY when you see us black folk upon the dusty farm or hard city pavements, you take us for granted. But we are not what we seem.

Our outward guise still carries the old familiar aspect which three hundred years of oppression in America have given us, but beneath the garb of the black laborer, the black cook, the black elevator operator, lies an uneasily tied knot of pain and hope whose snarled strands converge from many points of time and space.

We black folk were born into Western civilization of a weird and paradoxical birth. The men who tore us from our native soil, weighted our legs with chains, stacked us like cord-wood in the foul holds of clipper ships, and dragged us across thousands of miles of ocean, held locked within their hearts the fertile seeds that were to sprout into a new world culture, that were to blossom into a higher human consciousness. But their sense of the possibility of building a more humane world brought devastation and despair to our huts on the long, tan shores of Africa.

That captivity blasted our lives, disrupted our families. Our folkways and folk tales faded from consciousness. We were stripped of everything —left only the feelings of fear and fatigue. Our bent backs gave design and order to the fertile plantations of the new world. Vast palatial homes were reared by our black hands. Our masters had a glittering prize but, blinded by it, they could not detect the stealthy forces that would wreck their empire and disperse us black



*Gone de happy hours  
— someone give de pot a boost?*



*Come de black old manmies  
A bousin' a'er the roost*



*Gone de old plantation  
For a filthy kitchenette*



*Sister's chunkin' greasy greens  
Is supper ready yet?*

men like whirling atoms upon the face of the earth.

We were finally freed. But it was a gnawing sense of guilt, a cloudy premonition of impending disaster, a soil becoming rapidly impoverished, rather than the strength of moral ideals alone, that freed us.

#### **The Lords of the Land**

TODAY, more than one-half of us black folk in the United States are tillers of the soil—and most of these are sharecroppers and day laborers. The land we till is beautiful, with red and black and brown clay, with fresh and hungry smells, with pine trees and palm trees, with rolling hills and swampy delta. The land is rich—but we are poor.

To paint the picture of how we live on the plantations is to compete with the movies, radio, newspapers—even the Church. They have painted one picture: charming, idyllic, romantic; but we live another: full of the fear of the Lords of the Land, bowing and grinning when we meet white faces, toiling from sun to sun, living in unpainted wooden shacks.

If a white man stopped a black on a southern road and asked: "Say, there, boy! It's one o'clock, isn't it?" the black man answered: "Yeasuh."

If the white man asked: "Say, it's not one o'clock, is it boy?" the black man answered: "Nawsuh."

Always we have said what we thought the whites wanted us to say.

So our years pass within the web of a system we cannot beat. We do not care if the barns rot down; they do

not belong to us, anyway. In cold weather we strip and burn boards from our shacks and palings from the straggled fences. During long winter days we sit in cabins that have no windowpanes; the floors and roofs are made of thin planks of pine.

To supplement our scanty rations, we take our buckets and roam the hillsides for berries, nuts or wild greens; sometimes we fish in the creeks; at other times our black women tramp the fields looking for bits of firewood, piling their aprons high, coming back to our cabins slowly, like laden donkeys.

Our black children are born to us in our one-room shacks, before crackling log fires, with rusty scissors boiling in tin pans, with black plantation mid-wives hovering near, with pine-knot flames casting shadows upon the wooden walls, with the sound of kettles of water singing over the fires in the hearths. Many of our schools are open for only six months a year, and allow our children to progress only to the sixth grade. The schoolhouse is usually far away.

But Sunday is a glad day. We call our children to us and comb the hair of the boys and plait the hair of the girls. We wrap the girls' hair in white strings and put a red ribbon upon their heads; we make the boys wear stocking caps to keep their hair in place. Then we rub hog fat upon their faces to take that dull, ashy look away from skins made dry and rough from the weather of the fields. In clean clothes ironed stiff with starch made from flour, we hitch up the



*Crammed into one small room—  
One stove, one chair, one bed*



*Sleep my little brother I paper  
You're stormy days ahead!*



*You'll grow up doin' nigger work  
In dust and dirt and grime*



*I wonderin' where yo' next meal is  
A worryin' all de time*

mule to the wagon, pile in our Bibles and baskets of food—hog meat and greens—and we are off to church.

The preacher tells of days long ago and of a people whose sufferings were like ours. He preaches of the Hebrew children and the fiery furnace, of Daniel, of Moses, of Solomon and of Christ. What we have not dared feel in the presence of the Lords of the Land, we now feel in church. Our hearts and bodies swing out into the meaning of the story the preacher is unfolding. Our eyes become absorbed in a vision.

On Saturday nights, we go to the crossroad dancehall and slow drag, ball the jack and Charleston to an old guitar and piano. Dressed in starched jeans, an old silk shirt and big straw hat, we swing the girls over the plank floor, clapping our hands, stomping our feet and—singing.

But there are times when we doubt our songs; as our children grow older, they leave us to fulfill the sense of happiness that sleeps in their hearts. Unlike us, they have been influenced by the movies, magazines and glimpses of town life. We despair to see them go, but we tell them that we want them to escape this life.

#### ***The Bosses of the Buildings***

And then news comes of better places to go. The Bosses of the Buildings send men down from the North, telling us how much money we can make digging in the mines, smelting ore, laying rails and killing hogs. They tell us that we will live in brick buildings, that we will vote, that we

will be able to send our children to school for nine months of the year, that if we get into trouble, we will not be lynched, and that we will not have to doff our hats, slap our thighs and laugh when we see a white face. We listen, and it sounds like religion.

And so finally, for the first time in our lives, we straighten our backs, drop the hoe and walk off.

"Hey, where the hell you going, nigger?"

"I'm shaking the dust of the South off my feet, white man."

"You'll starve up north, nigger."

Perhaps never in history has a more utterly unprepared folk wanted to go to the city. We, who were landless upon the land; we, who had barely managed to live in family groups; we, who needed the guidance of institutions to hold our atomized lives together in lines of purpose; we who had had our personalities blasted with two hundred years of slavery and had been turned loose to shift for ourselves—we were such a folk as this when we moved into a world destined to test all we were.

We see white men and women get on the train, dressed in expensive new clothes. We look at them guardedly and wonder will they bother us. Will they ask us to stand up while they sit down? Will they tell us to go to the back of the coach?

But nothing happens. These white men seem impersonal, and their very neutrality reassures us—for a while. The miles click behind us. We feel freer than we have ever felt before, but we are still a little scared. It is



*Your bones'll ache from totin' loads  
On shoulders sorely bent*



*You'll toil and sweat day after day  
To pay de white man rent*



*You'll find, no matter where you go—  
No matter how you figger*



*The rule is: everythin' for whites  
And nothin' for a nigger*

like a strange dream.

Timidly, we get off the train. We hug our suitcases, fearful of pickpockets, looking with unrestrained curiosity at the great big brick buildings. Then we board our first Yankee street car to go to a cousin's home, a brother's home, a sister's home or a friend's home. We pay the conductor our fare and look about apprehensively for a seat. A white man comes and sits beside us, not even looking at us, as though this were a normal thing to do. The muscles of our bodies tighten. Indefinable sensations crawl over our skins and our blood tingles. Out of the corners of our eyes we try to get a glimpse of the strange white face that floats but a few inches from ours. The impulses to laugh and to cry clash in us; we bite our lips and stare out of the window.

There are so many people. We cannot see or know a *man* because of the thousands upon thousands of *men*. We learn that the brisk, clipped Bosses of the Buildings are not at all *indifferent*. They are deeply concerned about us, but in a new way. It seems as though we are now living inside of a machine. In the South men spoke to you, cursed you, yelled at you or killed you. But here in the North cold forces hit you and push you. It is a world of *things*.

Our defenseless eyes cloud with bewilderment when we learn that the gigantic American companies will not employ our daughters in their offices as clerks, bookkeepers or stenographers; huge department stores will not employ our young women,

fresh from school, as saleswomen. The engineering, aviation, mechanical and chemical schools close their doors to our sons, just as the great corporations which make thousands of commodities refuse to employ them. The Bosses of the Buildings decree that we must be maids, porters, janitors, cooks and general servants.

#### ***The Kitchenette's the Thing***

WE LIVE in crowded, barn-like rooms, in old rotting buildings where once dwelt rich native whites of a century ago. And because we are black, because our love of life gives us many children, because we do not have quiet ways of doing things, white people say we are destructive and therefore do not want us in their neighborhoods. We are afraid to venture into other sections of the city. When we do go, we always go in crowds, for that is the best mode of protection.

White people say that they are afraid of us—which makes us laugh.

When they see *one* of us, they either smile with contempt or amusement. When they see *two* of us, they treat us as though some grave thought were on their minds. When they see *four* of us, they are usually silent. When they see *six* of us, they become downright alarmed. And because they are afraid of us, we are afraid of them.

They say our presence in their neighborhoods lowers the value of their property. They make up their minds, because others tell them to, that they must move at once if we rent an apartment near them. And



*A black man's almost always wrong  
A white man's always right*



*An' if de mob don' git you—well  
De law is even white!*



*On Saturdays you'll pretty up  
In high-tone Sunday best*



*On Saturdays you'll swing it out  
In high-tone Sunday best*

then, when the white folks move, the Bosses of the Buildings convert these old houses into "kitchenettes"—and rent them to us at fabulous rates.

They take, say, a seven-room apartment which rents for \$50 a month to whites and cut it up into seven small apartments of one room each; they install one small gas stove and one small sink in each room. The Bosses of the Buildings rent these kitchenettes to us at the rate of, say, \$6 a week. Hence, the same apartment for which white people pay \$50 a month is rented to us for \$42 a week!

Sometimes five or six of us live in a one-room kitchenette. The kitchenette is our prison, our death sentence without a trial. With its filth and foul air, with its one toilet for thirty or more tenants, it kills our black babies so fast that in many cities twice as many of them die as white babies.

The kitchenette provides an enticing place for crimes of all sorts—the noise of our living, boxed in stone and steel, is so loud that even a pistol shot is smothered.

The kitchenette blights the personalities of our growing children, disorganizes them, blinds them to hope. It jams our farm girls, still in their teens, into rooms with men who are restless and stimulated by the noise and lights of the city; and more of our girls have bastard babies than the girls in any other sections of the city. It urges our black boys to run off from home, to join together with other black boys in gangs, that brutal form of city courage.

### **"We Do Nigger Work"**

IN THE MAIN, we black folk earn our living in two ways in the Northern cities: we work as domestics or laborers. We are hired at low wages and perform "nigger work." Our choice is between eating and starving, and we choose to eat.

Mainly our jobs in industry come to us through strike-breaking. The white workers, who will not admit us to membership in their powerful trade unions, go out on strike against the wage cuts and long hours imposed by the Bosses of the Buildings. To break the strike, the Bosses of the Buildings appeal to us black folk to work; they promise us "protection"; they tell us that they are our "best friends." We do not want to be scabs; we do not want to snatch food from the tables of poor white children. We, of all people, know how hungry children can be.

But we have no choice; so, trembling and scared, we take spikes, knives and guns, and break the picket lines. And when the work day is over, we find ourselves fighting mobs of white workers in the city streets. In such a way do we black folk gain a precarious foothold in the industries of the North.

Innocently, we vote into office men to whom the welfare of our lives is of far less concern than yesterday's baseball score. The gangster-politicians play a tricky game. During election campaigns they come into black neighborhoods and inform us that the whites are planning to attack us—that they alone are our friends and



*And you'll give and whoop and holler  
An' you'll stay right with 'em*



*An' you'll tap a boogie beat  
To dat low-down rhythm*



will protect us if we vote for them. They ask our black boys to become precinct captains, and our boys consent, for here is the promise of a job behind a desk, the kind of job that the whites do not want us to have.

Yet through the years our loyalty to these gangster-politicians remains staunch, because they are almost the only ones who hold out their hands to help us, whatever their motives. It is the gangster-politician who distributes baskets of food to our poor black families at Christmas time; it is the gangster-politician who advises the distraught black home-owner who is about to become a victim of a mortgage foreclosure; it is the gangster-politician who directs the black plantation-born grandmother to a dentist to have her teeth pulled; it is the gangster-politician who bargains our black boys out of jail when they clash with the law.



But on Sunday's you'll repeat  
So you'll go to church and learn

But nevertheless bloody riots break forth over trifling incidents. Throughout the North tension mounts; the atmosphere grows ripe for violence. Suddenly, over anything—an altercation between a black boy and a white boy on a beach, a whispered tale that some white man has spoken improperly to a black girl, the fact that a black man has accidentally stepped on a white woman's foot—street-fighting flares. They kill us and we kill them. We both feel that we are right.

State troops come and impose order. When the fighting is over, we bind up our wounds and count our dead. We say that life for us is daily

Top dem Hebrew children  
in de furnace did burn

*warfare: our kitchenettes comprise our barracks; the color of our skins constitutes our uniforms; the streets of our cities are our trenches; a job is a pillbox to be captured and held. The gangster-politicians are our captains, and the Bosses of the Buildings are the generals who decree the advance or retreat. We are always in battle, but tidings of victory are few.*

### **"Only the Negro Can Play"**

ALONE together with our black folk in the towering tenements, we play our guitars, trumpets and pianos, beating out rough and infectious rhythms that create an instant appeal among all classes of people. Why is our music so contagious? Why is it that those who deny us are willing to sing our songs? Perhaps it is because so many of those who live in cities feel deep down just as we feel. Our blues, jazz, swing and boogie-woogie are our "spirituals" of the city pavements—our longing for opportunity.

We lose ourselves in violent forms of dances in our ballrooms. The faces of the white world, looking on in wonder and curiosity, declare: "Only the Negro can play!" But they are wrong. They misread us. We are able to play in this fashion because we have been excluded, left behind. Every powerful nation says this of the folk whom it oppresses in justification of that oppression.

They smile with cold disdain when we black folk say that our thirst can be slaked in art, our tensions translated into industry, our energies applied to finance, our delight in the

*And you'll lose yourself in prayin'  
Every Sunday oh de year*

*In your long white robes you're ready  
When de great day's here*



*But your mommy's heart'll ache  
As she watches you grow*



*An' your moods will bust her open  
Cause she loves you so*

world converted into education and our love of adventure find fulfillment in aviation.

And so our adoration of color goes not into murals, but into green, red, yellow and blue clothes, not into education, but into laughter and songs.

#### ***Our Songs and Prayers***

DESPITE our new worldliness, despite our rhythms, our colorful speech and our songs, we keep our churches alive. Only when we are within the walls of our churches are we wholly ourselves. In our collective outpourings of song and prayer, the fluid emotions of others make us feel the strength in ourselves.

Our churches are centers of social and community life, for we have virtually no other mode of communion and we are usually forbidden to worship God in the temples of the Bosses of the Buildings. Our churches provide social activities for us, cook and serve meals, organize baseball and basketball teams, operate stores and businesses, conduct social agencies. Our first newspapers and magazines were launched from our churches.

In the Black Belts of the Northern cities, our women are the most circumscribed and tragic objects to be found in our lives, and it is to the churches that our black women cling for emotional security.

Outside of the church, many of our black women drift to ruin and death on the pavements of the city; they are sold, by white men as well as by black, for sex purposes. As a whole, they must go to work at an earlier

age than any other section of the nation's population. For every five white girls between the ages of 10 and 15 who must work, 25 of our girls must work; for every five white mothers who must leave their children at home in order to work, 25 of our black mothers must leave theirs.

Many of our children scorn us; they say that we still wear the red bandanna about our heads, that we are still Uncle Toms. We lean upon our God and scold our children and try to drag them to church with us, but just as we once, years ago, left the plantation to roam the South, so now they leave us for the city pavements.

We watch strange moods fill our children, and our hearts swell with pain. The streets, with their noise and flaring lights, the taverns, the automobiles, the poolrooms claim them—and no voice of ours can call them back. They spend their nights away from home; they forget our ways of life, our language, our God. Their swift speech and impatient eyes make us feel weak and foolish. We cannot keep them in school. We fall upon our knees and pray for them, but in vain. The city has beaten us, evaded us.

Our tired eyes turn away from the tumult of the battle. . . .

#### **"We Shall Be with Them!"**

We ARE the children of the black sharecroppers, the first-born of the city tenements. There are millions of us, and we are moving in all directions. Some of us feel our hurts so deeply that we feel it futile to hope in terms of American life. Our distrust



An' she'll hate to see you hungry  
An' hate to see de day



When you pack up all yo' duds  
An' be on your way



*So on bended knee she prays to Lord  
Will give you half a chance*



*To play a bigger part than she  
In America's advance*

is so great that we form intensely nationalistic organizations and advocate the establishment of a forty-ninth state for us.

There are even among us groups that forlornly plan a return to Africa.

A few of us have money. We make it as the white folks make theirs, and our standards of living approximate those of middle-class whites. But the majority of us still toil on plantations, work in heavy industry and labor in the kitchens of the whites.

We say now: if we black folk had been allowed to participate in the vital processes of America's growth, America would have been stronger and greater!

We say that we, our history, our present being, are a mirror of all the manifold experiences of America. What we want is what America is. And if we perish, America perishes.

*What do we want?*

We want the right to share in the upward march of American life.

The Lords of the Land say: "We will not grant this!"

We answer: "We ask you to grant us nothing. We are winning our heritage, though our toll in suffering is great!"

The Bosses of the Buildings say: "Your problem is beyond solution!"

We answer: "Our problem is being solved. We are crossing the line you dared us to cross, though we pay in the coin of death!"

We are with the new tide. We stand at the crossroads. We watch each new procession. Voices are speaking. Men are moving. *We shall be with them!*

*Politicians and citizens alike take heed! Your city is harboring a constant threat of disease and death—what are you doing to fight against it?*



## ***Death in a Drinking Fountain***

*by MICHAEL EVANS*

**I**N THE WINTER of 1937 the Ohio River was on the rampage. Yellow flood waters had swept downstream hundreds of miles. And now they were at Louisville. The radio stations worked a 24-hour day schedule, broadcasting orders which might mean the difference between life or death.

"Announcement . . . Emergency . . . Boil all drinking water . . . Boil all water . . . Water in the city mains is no longer safe for drinking . . . Boil all water . . . Boil all water . . ."

Only the drama of those broadcasts was new. The warning itself was very old. Four thousand years ago Sanskrit scholars laboriously chiseled out on their tablets of clay that same warning: "To keep water sweet and pure, collect it in copper vessels. Expose it to the sunlight. Filter it through charcoal. For drinking, boil water."

Boil water. That precaution is forgotten by average Americans until

some disaster like the Ohio flood brings it forcibly to their attention.

The reason rests in the vast network of pipes which underlies the modern American city. Those ugly lengths of cast iron and molded concrete do not look very dramatic. Nobody ever made a motion picture in which the sewer digger was the hero. The story of Joseph Lister's discovery of antisepsis has a golden place in medical history. But did you ever hear what gave him the idea? Not far from the University of Glasgow Hospital where he was at work were the settling tanks of the Glasgow sewage system. Interested in the way creosote was applied to the sewage to kill the strong odor, Lister determined to apply this powerful fluid to gangrenous wounds. Of course the unknown Glasgow sewer man who gave Lister the idea has been forgotten.

Talk to a public health specialist if

you want some idea of the progress since grim old pioneers laid the first crude sewers and water mains in America not much more than 100 years ago. The figures tell the story. Take typhoid fever, for example. The average doctor in America does not see a case of typhoid once in a blue moon. Yet only 40 years ago typhoid was the great American killer.

Ninety-five percent of the lives saved today can be chalked up to a single factor: pure water and good sewers. Diseases transmitted by water and contamination have almost vanished, except in remote rural areas.

LONDON WAS the first large city to appreciate the sanitary value of storm sewers. It opened them up to human use in 1815. Boston was the pioneer in this country—in 1833. Yet, startlingly enough, not until as recently as 1915 did Baltimore complete its sewer system—the last large city in the United States to do so.

Chicago built her first sewers in 1858 and has been the sewer headache of the country ever since. The smell of Chicago's sewer problems has become a national scandal. It is probably the only sewer system in the world to take rank as a creator of international illwill.

For the first 30 years or so, Chicago's drains discharged raw, untreated sewage directly into Lake Michigan. As the city grew and the great south side packing plants multiplied, the fame of Chicago's bad smell wafted over the western world. The lake-shore was ruined. The water was con-

taminated. The city's health was threatened. By the late 1890's even Chicago's tough sensibilities were aroused.

So Chicago tackled its sewage problem with vast and unprecedented measures. Instead of sending its sewage into Lake Michigan it would now send it to the Gulf of Mexico. That decision aroused the wrath of practically every state from the Mississippi to the Hudson. It brought diplomatic protests from Canada. It brought some of the most complicated decisions ever rendered by the United States Supreme Court.

This indignation was set off by what was by any technical engineering standard an amazing achievement—the reversal of the direction of flow of a major watercourse, the Chicago River. Engineers turned the Chicago so that it drained out of Lake Michigan instead of into the lake.

To accomplish this required huge quantities of water. At first the only complaints came from the downstream cities which objected to the huge sewage bulk spewed past their front yards. These objections were reinforced by the complaints of Canada and the Great Lakes states that Chicago was robbing them of lake water needed for shipping. By 1925 the level of the lakes had fallen two feet, of which at least five inches was traced indisputably to Chicago's sewage colossus.

In 1925 the U.S. Supreme Court intervened and ordered Chicago to cease its robbery of the Great Lakes. In 1930 the court ruled again, and in

1941 it ruled a third time. Gradually Chicago is being pressured into abandoning use of the backward flowing river as an open sewer.

But Chicago is not the only big city with a sewer headache. A typical case is Philadelphia, which has the distinction of being reprimanded by President Roosevelt himself for the "stinking" condition of the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers. This condition was attributed by federal authorities to Philadelphia's failure to take suitable steps to finance a proposed \$24,000,000 sewage treatment plant.

This spotlight on the Schuylkill is typical of the drive of the past 10 years to clean up the rivers of America. Most cities not only discharge sewage into rivers, but they draw from the rivers their drinking water.

Along a stream like the Ohio, where hundreds of cities line the banks from its rise in West Virginia to its entry into the Mississippi at Cairo, the problem becomes almost insoluble.

For example, one recent winter there was an outbreak of intestinal disorders at Charleston, W. Va. A few days later the disease appeared in another town downstream from Charleston. Then it showed up in another and another. Seven cities along the Ohio had epidemics of the disorder. The U. S. public health serv-

ice found that a polluting substance had been drained into the river above Charleston, and had coursed down the river, spreading illness in its train until finally it was sufficiently diluted by the growing river to become innocuous. Sanitation engineers believe the Ohio is now carrying so heavy a load of sewage that it is approaching the danger point for use as a drinking water source.

In this country, sewage is usually dumped into the water in one of three forms—raw, partially treated or fully treated.

Few big cities still dump raw sewage into open streams. But a number dump large quantities which is treated only in the sense that it is heavily diluted with water. Among these cities are Boston, New Orleans, St. Louis and Pittsburgh.

In contrast, Baltimore, Milwaukee (and even Chicago) and the Massachusetts experiment station at Lawrence have taken a lead in purification of sewage by use of bacteria and micro-organisms to break it down.

Most sewage treatment plants operate on a principle something like that used by gold miners in panning gold. Sewage is flowed across settling tanks. Bulk matter settles to the bottom while the fluid flows off. The tanks are stirred or mixed while bacteriological decomposition breaks down

age down into a bland, non-obnoxious substance. Another method is to aerate sewage in open pools so that oxygen will expedite decomposition.

**TRouble is NEVER far below the surface of our elaborate sewer systems.**

One major menace—and one of the most difficult to cope with—is the cross-connection. This arises from connections between sewer and water systems, or between purified and unpurified water systems.

A typical cross-connection is found in the ordinary flush toilet. Under normal conditions these connections are perfectly safe. But when a sewer backs up, reverse pressure will spring some types of valve and allow sewer water to back into the toilet reservoir, producing the possibility of contaminated water.

Probably the most spectacular cross-connection crisis occurred in Chicago nine years ago. It brought on the amebic dysentery outbreak of the World's Fair opening year when Texas Guinan and others died.

This outbreak was traced by sanitary engineers to two famous Chicago hotels. The hotels drew their water from the Chicago system, one hotel indirectly supplying the other.

Engineers discovered that in the basement of one hotel, city water was run into an open tank where it was cooled by a coil system. There they found a leaky valve which permitted a backflow from the sewer into the water system. The contaminated water, medical experts found, spread dysentery cases among the guests, and

particularly among the employees of the hotels.

An even more dangerous possibility has arisen from the findings of doctors who investigated the outbreak of infantile paralysis at Charleston, S. C. in 1939. Their inquiry established that the polio virus was present in the city's sewage. The relation between infantile paralysis, sewage and water is not fully established, but the Swedish scientist, Carl Ling, investigating a big polio outbreak in Stockholm, has also discovered the dangerous germs in sewage. He reported late in 1941 that the virus appears to multiply especially rapidly in sewage.

When millions of Americans leave the crowded big cities each summer weekend and pack the beaches, it is obvious that dangers from contaminated rivers, lakes and coastal ocean waters rise astronomically. How real this danger is has been shown by repeated annual analysis of waters in the vicinity of New York. Studies point year after year to a contamination higher than is ever permitted by sanitary regulations for swimming pools.

The waters of New York's North and East rivers and the breeze-swept harbor are prohibited swimming areas, but thousands of youngsters—and older persons, too—take a dip there on a hot July day. They plunge into waters teeming with some 450,000,000 gallons of sewage discharged daily—most of it only partially treated—by New York City, the world's most modern metropolis. Most of this floods into the East River, favorite swimming

hole of the "dead end" kids.

But humans are not the only ones who suffer from polluted water. Oyster and shrimp industries in lower Long Island Sound have been ruined. The same thing has happened in areas of Chesapeake Bay and a score of other places. Shellfish are prime transmitters of bacterial disease and the government is forced to quarantine beds in infected waters. Fishing has been ruined on river after river by sewage discharge and acids and chemicals poured out by industrial plants. Thousands of ducks on their annual migration flights die each year from feeding grounds poisoned or wiped out by contaminated water. Cattle contract anthrax by drinking water polluted by packing house discharges.

The brighter side is that in the past 10 years Uncle Sam has spent more money to clean up the waterways than in the 50 years before. Millions of PWA, WPA and CCC dollars have gone into this program. Cities and

states, finding not only the health of their own citizens but the valuable tourist industry menaced by ruined rivers and lakes, are taking a steadily increasing interest in the problem. They are taking advantage of important new federal legislation which allows states to join in comprehensive compacts for joint assault on such knotty problems as Ohio River pollution.

This new interest gives hope that pollution will be licked. Already, despite the raw spots, we admittedly have one of the world's best and biggest sewage and water treatment systems. But it will probably take a half dozen decades before we can hope to restore to America's rivers and streams the natural sparkle and freshness they boasted before "civilization" came to this land.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

COMMUNITY HYGIENE

by Dean F. Smiley and Adrian G. Gould

\$2.25

The Macmillan Company, New York



### ***The Prince and the Fool***

DANTE was dining with a prince. While they ate, a court fool amused the assembled company with his antics. Suddenly the prince turned to Dante and said:

"Why, look now, it is very strange, that this poor fool should be thus entertaining,

should have so many clever things to say to make us laugh, while you, Dante, have nothing to say; you do not make us laugh. This is strange!"

"Not at all strange, your Highness," answered the poet, "not at all strange—the like to the like." —ERNA HALLOCK

Could you live from day to day, never knowing when you may be blown to bits? Here are men who face death constantly, with a shrug and this motto: "It's our job!"



## *I Live on the Atlantic*

ANONYMOUS

*This is the story of a British Merchant Navy Officer who—if his luck has still held—is somewhere on the seas today, fighting a new kind of ocean monster, helping to keep supply lanes open between America and England . . . or waiting on land for his next trip across. In keeping with the wishes of the Admiralty, identifying names have been omitted.*

YOU ASK what manner of men are we, who fight Hitler's U-boats. We're not supermen. We don't want to be blown to bits, or frozen stiff as a board in the icy waters off Greenland, or burnt into a crisp shark's dinner.

We get frightened half to death sometimes. One lad got so scared he let out a scream and dropped dead right in the midst of it. Sort of thing you don't see in the films.

Why do we carry on? It's our job. Take this last convoy. It makes five times I've come across, and Jerry hasn't got me yet. Maybe next time, maybe not. I had an hour at home

with Marvyn and the twins, just time for Cheerio and Goodbye.

I took a train down to where my ship, a tanker, was being provisioned. There was a new lad on board. Radio operator named Sylvester.

I heard Steve, the mate, telling him: "You never should have picked a tanker, laddy. I've seen the water burn on all sides like a flaming lake when one of these tankers gets hit. Sounds funny, the blasted crew trying to swim through a fire, don't it, lad?"

We moved out that night, heading for our first rendezvous. Convoys are worked out in a series of rendezvous, with a few ships bunching together and then going to meet another bunch, until you've got anywhere from 30 to 100 ships. This time the big rendezvous was at a land-locked port two days distant, where 41 other ships were waiting.

Launches were running about, see-

ing that every boat had its equipment, and that the guns were shipshape. On board our boat we had one big barrage balloon that we could run up on a cable, fog floats to put out a smoke screen and a number of cable rockets. The rockets shoot a long steel cable into the air. It comes down dangling from a parachute, just like a knife in the sky ready to cut Jerry's plane in half.

We all had wire kites too (box kites with wire lines), the idea being to keep the dive bombers up high. Then there were four to eight machine-guns on each ship, a four-inch anti-submarine gun on the stern and a Bofors rapid fire anti-aircraft gun.

*Sylvester felt more comfortable when we showed him these trinkets.*

After final instructions, our 45 ships began to slide out of the harbor in what we call line-ahead order: one after the other at three-minute intervals. We were bound for the most vital rendezvous of all. Out there in the open sea, under cover of darkness, we'd meet our escort of fighting ships of the Royal Navy. We'd feel safer then.

IT WAS A CLEAR afternoon; a friendly breeze came up the channel, flapping our signal flags. Sylvester wandered to my quarters and said he felt much better now. Blimey, here were 45 ships with guns sprinkled over them like cherries on a tart. Nobody'd hurt us now.

He got a big laugh when the vessel ahead of us got its flag signals mixed. They were supposed to send up a

string saying, "Put your kites up." Instead they signalled, "Put your anchor overboard."

"Fine war, with a bloke like that running the signals," Sylvester laughed. He didn't seem frightened any more. "My God, what's the blighter done now?" he asked a moment later. He was laughing and pointing to a new signal.

Suddenly Sylvester's face froze.

It was the black and white signal of air alarm! The Commodore had just picked up a radio message from the big admiralty station at Rugby. German planes were heading our way. *They'd be above us in a minute.*

We all must have died for about half a second. You get used to dying like that and then suddenly being born again. We rushed to our stations.

They came like specks in the sky. A flock of Stukas, up so high you felt safe for a minute or two. About twelve ships managed to get their balloons up; the kites of the whole convoy were already flying; all guns were manned; rockets were ready; helmsmen began to turn off in all directions; the convoy was scattering.

I crouched atop the wheelhouse, clutching my machine-gun as if it were a root on the edge of a precipice. I saw Sylvester at another gun. His face was red as flame.

The Stukas flew over at a terrific height, then disappeared. The next we knew they were on all sides of us, diving down faster than you can think, roaring as if to split open the sky.

One Stuka came straight for me. Down, down, down—I thought it

would crash on top of me. I was hose-piping furiously. That's shooting without sights. Most of the guns don't have sights anyway. Your bullets are lined up in rotation: tracer, incendiary, armor piercing, one, two, three, all through the belt. You just watch where the tracers are going and shoot accordingly.

I thought I hit him a dozen times. He kept diving. Just above our barrage of kites and balloons, he jerked up. It was like the spool of a yo-yo being jerked up at the end of a string. Then in a dizzy flash he was gone. They were all gone, and we hadn't brought anything down. Suddenly it was silent as a tomb.

I took my hands from the gun. As I walked away I saw a line of bullet holes across the top of the wheelhouse. Deep holes, two to three inches apart, and not two yards from where I had been. Poor shooting, I thought. I'm sure I came closer than that to Jerry.

Two of our boats had to turn back



after the attack. Six men were killed on one of them. Sylvester took it pretty hard. He figured we should have brought down a couple of Germans. I had to explain that it's almost impossible to bag a Stuka unless you hit the pilot or the engine. I've seen the blighters get away with their wings riddled and part of their tail shot off.

The naval escort picked us up that night. Four destroyers and a light cruiser. We were in the customary convoy formation, nine ships abreast in a large square, with the warships buzzing around us, and the Commodore running the show from the center ship in the forward line. We were a ten-knot convoy; actually our speed was about nine.

Now it was the open sea. A few days' run and we'd be in the danger zone—the hunting ground of Hitler's rattlesnakes. All ships' radios were silenced. Sylvester had his orders to send no messages other than the life or death message: SOS. Engineers had to keep smoke down to a minimum. A tell-tale smudge in the sky is a dead give-away for lurking U-boats. All of us had strict orders to throw nothing overboard which might float. Sharks aren't the only killers that can pick up a trail of refuse in the sea.

Several times each day we practiced "emergency turns." At a fog horn signal from the Commodore, every ship in the convoy makes a ninety-degree turn in an indicated direction. One signal, for example, can send the entire square of ships

veering at right angles to starboard. Another signal and the whole square is moving back in the direction it came from.

This makes Fritz, the U-boat skipper, a bit dizzy. Every time he takes a look, the bloomin' convoy is someplace else.

We knew there were subs around. Our destroyers went off a dozen times and dropped depth charges. We kept zig-zagging like blind mice. It seemed not an hour went by without emergency turns.

Most of the men on our ship couldn't swim. Sailors rarely can. Many believe that swimming prolongs the agony of drowning. I remember an old fireman whose ship got a bad one. There wasn't any time to lower the boats. When the mate came after him, the old fellow said, "No, I'm getting warm by the fire. I'll stay here."

Perhaps I got a bit stoical too. The night we heard the most depth bombs I went into my bunk and fell asleep in five minutes. Strange, because I always suffered from insomnia back in Shropshire. Steve, the mate, said, "The sea makes for good sleeping. It takes you away from your worries."

That night, close to midnight, all hands were summoned on deck. The Commodore's fog horn was screaming like a hungry baby. He was giving the scatter signal.

We headed due south. It was pitch black for several minutes as the ships started to scatter. Depth charges from the destroyers rumbled in the distance. They resounded in series of

four. Then there was a single explosion, much louder, much stronger. Our ship trembled. We knew it was a torpedo. It must have hit a ship in the forward line. We kept fleeing due south, at full speed.

By morning we were alone at sea. We picked up the rest of the convoy at 3 o'clock that afternoon, at the appointed rendezvous given out by the Commodore the day before. Two ships did not show up, so we went on without them. Convoys can't wait for stragglers. The grim story of one of them was told weeks later when another convoy came into port with four survivors. The ship had been hit twice as it fled northward when we scattered. Only two lifeboats got away.

They drifted for six days. The men, half frozen, had to squeeze salt water out of the few biscuits they had. They caught rain in oil skins. One man, a stoker, went into a frenzy on the third day. He cursed violently for five minutes and then jumped overboard.



A man in one boat began knifing at seagulls. Another seaman — superstitious, perhaps remembering the albatross—clubbed him. Finally one boat drifted away from the other and capsized in a storm just a few hours before the rescue ship came along.

SOUTHWEST of Iceland our British Naval escort left us, and five American destroyers took over. One of them signaled, "Top of the morning, old chappies." Our Commodore (he talks American pretty well) signaled back, "Here's mud in your eye!" Now we were plodding along again, just as before, except that now the Stars and Stripes watched over us, instead of the Union Jack.

The American destroyers dropped depth charges several times during the night. Prowlers in the area, I guessed. I laughed a bit as I thought of the poor bloke on one of our boats last summer. A big Fock-Wulfe bomber had come over and scattered a mess of depth bombs over a convoy. One landed on the stern of his boat. The poor bloke didn't know that a depth bomb never goes off unless it gets under water, where the pressure detonates it. He was trying to be a hero. He saw it on the stern deck where it was harmless, dashed madly after it, and threw it overboard. It blew off half the rear end of the ship.

I noticed one of the American destroyers was keeping well out ahead of us while another kept far behind, and I said to myself that it didn't take the Yanks long to find out how

the rattlesnakes play. Nine times out of ten, a U-boat attack begins with one sub spotting a convoy and trailing 10 to 15 miles behind it for a day or two.

The U-boat captain tries to calculate the general course being followed and the approximate spot where the convoy will be the next night. By double-frequency radio, a method almost impossible to intercept or even detect, he calls to other prowlers in the vicinity and gives them the bearing for a midnight rendezvous.

At the zero hour they lie in wait in the darkness, on the surface where they can shoot straight and move fast. With tubes loaded, they hope the convoy will steam into their trap. If this happens, they all fire at once, perhaps sending ten or twelve torpedoes at the square of ships.

Hit or miss, they run like blazes. For immediately the star shells go up and the destroyers' lights flash on. Light makes a powerful weapon against U-boats. Once they are caught in it, destroyers either run them down or blast them to bits.

A few daredevil U-boats have tried the suicide attack. They scoot around ahead of a convoy—alone—and lie silently under water until the convoy is right on top of them. Then they can turn on their motors without being detected, what with the vibrations of all the other ships. They ride along until dark, then pop up in the midst of the convoy and let go on all tubes.

We felt a bit safer as we approached the end of the danger zone. The Com-

modore warned all ships to keep a lookout for sleeping torpedoes. Those are ones that have been fired and missed their mark. British and American torpedoes sink after they've run their course and missed. But German torpedoes remain afloat, almost indefinitely, and thus become mines.

I think we must have just been crossing the 35th meridian at about one in the morning, when the Commodore's alarm blasts began to sound. This time the star shells went up and the searchlights went on before a single explosion was heard. For half a mile the sea was almost phosphorescent, as if the curtain in a dark theater had just gone up.

Far out ahead of us we could make out the fearful outline of a big ocean-cruising sub. It was just starting to run for it. Perhaps two or three others had already slipped into the darkness.

All in a flash I realized what this meant. The subs had set a trap for us. They had somehow eluded our forward destroyers. They had fired their tubes. Gad, that meant that now—during these endless, eternal seconds—torpedoes, maybe a dozen of them, were bearing down upon us. Fired at a mile and a half away, they'd take more than two minutes to reach us. They travel about 40 miles an hour.

Each ship in the convoy veered off in a different direction. The glare of lights, the bursting of star shells made the sea weird. Through it, the Commodore's horn kept screaming.

I kept walking back and forth, three steps at a time, in those awful seconds. One officer, a veteran of the

Jervis Bay convoy, was in the wheelhouse with me. His face was white as chalk. He stood motionless, as if transfixed, but his lower lip trembled.

I almost wished we'd be hit and get it over with.

Then, all in a space of five seconds, there were three explosions. Our ship lurched. The poor devil behind us had been hit!

All hell broke loose a moment later. Depth charges and gun batteries sent up a thunder that all but snapped our eardrums. The convoy scattered.

We NEVER heard how that battle made out. The Yanks keep those things pretty quiet. But at our rendezvous next day all the U.S. destroyers turned up, and only one of our convoy was missing. It was our sister ship, the one behind us. One other was limping a little, with a bad rip in its side. I never did find out what the third torpedo hit.

Off Halifax the convoy dispersed, each ship heading away toward its particular destination.

We made New York on the twenty-third day of our voyage. Just before we made port, Sylvester put through a message to an admiralty station in Canada. He announced that we were safe and sound. A kind of formality.

"Thank God it's over," sighed Sylvester.

"We'll be heading back in three days," said Steve.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

MINE AND COUNTERMINE

by Professor A. M. Low

\$2.75

Sheridan House, New York

## *The Last Time I Saw Goebbels*

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.



*An American correspondent with a proud and famous name tells the story of an amazing interview with the Nazi master of falsehood*

IT WAS A DULL, gloomy August day. The scene was a suite on the third floor of the Casino Hotel in Zoppot, the gaming center of the Danzig Free State. The year 1939.

At the door of the suite steel-helmeted SS troops stood at attention. The corridor paralleled the Baltic. My suite was not far down this hall. I had been there several days—my third visit within as many months.

A couple of days previously Tony Biddle had telephoned me from Warsaw. He had laid the cards on the table. It appears that contrary to diplomatic procedure, Nazi Border agents along the Danzig-Poland frontier had intercepted and held up American Couriers with the diplomatic pouch. He had asked me as an old friend—we were in St. Paul's School in New Hampshire together—if I would be willing to carry the Pouch from Danzig to Warsaw.

If a new face turned up at the Border, Nazi agents might think twice before holding up the Bearer—they might figure it was a Special State Department Messenger from Washington, and that they might find themselves embroiled should they do so. He emphasized upon me the urgency of securing these papers. I had agreed then and there to do whatever Tony requested.

So this evening I was to dine with the Kuykendalls at 19 Hindenburg Way, and afterwards they were to see me to the station on my way.

But in the morning a new situation arose. My room waiter, a very secretive chap who detested all Nazis, came in as usual at eight with the breakfast menu. Contrary to the usual procedure, however, he placed the forefinger of his right hand to his lips and motioned with his thumb both east and west. Then in a stage

whisper he said "Gestapo."

I nearly jumped out of bed. "What have I done?" I finally gasped.

"Nothing that I know of sir," said he. "But sixty of them took up their headquarters here this morning. Some big wig must be arriving."

I gulped my breakfast; put on a dressing-gown; and strolled out on my piazza which overlooked the calm and greyish Baltic Sea. On the terrace next to mine, an immaculately costumed officer stood looking through a pair of binoculars. He was practically motionless. His grey field uniform, his black puffy breeches, even the monocle in his right eye seemed to signify perfect measured control. His profile was strangely familiar.

A moment later I returned to my porch, a portable radio in hand. I twisted the dials and soon the Eiffel Tower's powerful transmitter came into focus.

The officer put down his glasses, leaned across the trellised rail and asked in German what I was receiving. I pretended not to understand him, and blurted out something about being an American.

"So-o-o—" he said very quietly. "The Americans are that mo-dern?" And then he added in an equally ingratiating tone, "How much do they charge you for a box like that in the United States?"

"About \$30, sir," I replied.

"Well, well, that is really something," he said in feigned surprise. "And what is the wireless talking about now?"

I knew what it was "talking about,"

but I took a long shot: "It says," I lied, "that the British North Sea fleet is on its way to Danzig, and that Europe is on the verge of war."

The soldier threw back his head and guffawed: "I do not believe it. I do not believe it," he repeated, "The British are afraid to fight. They will never come to the assistance of the Poles. I do not believe it."

At that moment my telephone rang sharply, and I went inside my room to answer it. It was Kuykendall. He told me the Gestapo had just taken over my hotel and that Herr Doktor Goebbels would arrive by plane from Berlin in the afternoon. He thought I had better move to his house before dinner.

I spent the day prowling around Danzig Free State by taxi. I visited many communities, chatted with a number of persons. Everywhere I went I found the Poles jittery, the Germans confident. In a few days at most the Nazis would invade. Only a

---

*Major Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is probably the only scion of Social Registerites to hold a union card (printor's). He certainly is the first social critic of our generation to have emerged from the ranks which he now lambasts, viz., his famous book *Farewell to Fifth Avenue*. As a journalist, he has managed to scoop most of the newsmen of our time: he interviewed Hitler in 1924, right after the dictator's first, unsuccessful bid for power; he talked with Mussolini shortly after the march on Rome; he even caught the ear of FDR at an earlier age than any reporter extant—Roosevelt was a guest at the christening of the infant Cornelius. "Neil" has circled the globe 12 times, twice in the deluxe trailer which he favors as a mode of travel. When he lights, which he assures us is infrequently, it is usually at his mother's Fifth Avenue mansion.*

few persons thought the British would come to their assistance.

Returning to the Casino Hotel in Zoppot about 4 o'clock in the afternoon I was amazed to find the officer from the room next door, sitting in front of a table in my bedroom, listening to my radio! I strode up to him and said "I beg your pardon, sir," (or words to that effect!) He merely smiled and raised his monocle to his eye to get a better view of me. Then he asked very quietly: "Where is your license for this machine?"

"Why, sir," said I indignantly. "You don't have to have a license for a receiving set."

"In Germany you do."

"But this isn't Germany, sir. It's the Danzig Free State."

"So-o-o-o they told you that in America too?" he sneered.

"Everyone knows that," I was angry now.

In a second he was on his feet. Out of his pocket popped a pair of glittering handcuffs. I am a big man, but I dodged and ran for the door. Catapulted downstairs. The Concierge telephoned Mr. Kuykendall's residence. The American Consul said something like this: "Now don't get hot under the collar, old man. Put that officer on the phone and I will explain things to him."

The officer with the monocle was right behind me. In fact he took the receiver right out of my hand, and his first words sent a chill down my spine. They were "Herr Himmler speaking, Excellency."

Then before I had time to become

actually alarmed Himmler put down the phone, turned to me and bowed in mock defeat, "Why didn't you tell me you had a license for that machine?" he asked.

I didn't know it either. But Kuykendall had saved the day.

Up in my room I soon began dressing for dinner. I was tying the tie; my bags had gone down to the deck. Suddenly the bedroom door opened, and five officers in the snappy black uniform of the SS troops stood without. I gulped. Herr Himmler entered the room. He made a sweeping bow: "Herr Doktor Goebbels requests the pleasure of an audience with you, Mr. Vanderbilt!" he said.

It was a command performance and I knew it. I put my tails on, adjusted my white vest, took my dark blue overcoat over my arm, snapped open my top hat and followed the officers down and around an elbow bend in the hall. At the tip end two soldiers snapped to present arms. A double-door swung open. I passed through more passageways and into a huge living room.

THERE BEHIND an overly large mahogany desk, sat an overly small man, in a greyish uniform. His semi-deformed head peered out of his tunic not unlike a turtle. He wore extra-heavy pince-nez glasses and he was smoking a long Russian cigarette, in a still longer ivory holder. He looked me up and down, then motioned to a chair, and began a rapidfire group of questions:

"You are leaving us, Herr Vander-

bilt? You then do not care for our company?"

"My magazine is sending me to Warsaw, sir."

"To cover their fall?" he inquired.

"That was not stipulated, sir."

"You know, of course, Mr. Vanderbilt, that they cannot possibly last long. They are doomed. They have become very foolish people. We offered them the olive branch. They have refused to accept it. They still trust the British."

"You are planning to invade Poland then, sir?" I inquired as politely as I could.

"We are planning on closing the Polish Corridor," he answered.

"How long will it take you, sir, to restore order in Poland?" I asked apprehensively.

"Oh, about ten days," said Goebbels, puffing at his cigarette.

"And then what sir?"

"After that we will give England and France a good chance to crawl out. If they don't take it we will destroy them." This was said with assurance and positive finality.

I kept a stiff upper lip and asked "How long will that take you, sir?"

"If they force us to attack them, it will take us about sixty days to bring them to their feet," he said. "England first, then the imbecile-French."

"And then what, sir?"

"Come, come, Mr. Vanderbilt, you're a realist aren't you? You travel a lot. You know what comes next?" He sneered.

"I know what you think comes next," I said and added quickly,

"but my country lies more than 3,000 miles away, across the North Atlantic, and I still think it's impossible to invade my country."

"I never said anything about invading your country, Mr. Vanderbilt, but when we get good and ready, we expect to take your impudent country from within." He got up and clicked his heels. He made a short bow. My interview was at an end.

At dinner at the Kuykendalls that evening I sat between the wife of the British Consul General and Mme. Chowdski. The table was silent as I told of my fateful talk; and then the conversation began again. Most of the diplomats agreed I had been put on the spot to alarm the American press. War was still a long way off, it was agreed further; and this diplomatic shenanigan through which the world was again passing, was merely another phase of "Munich."

ON THE Warsaw Express that night I strolled from car to car, as the Wagon-Lits man made up my compartment. It wasn't until I reached the last car that I realized I was the only person on the entire train!

In my compartment I got the radio going. The Eiffel Tower was telling the world it might be on the verge of war. News came sputtering through the ether: "Danzig is the focal spot. All bridges have been mined. All highways leading in and out of the Free State will be blown up at the first attempted attack."

And here was I on the last train to leave the Free State—in size and

area about a quarter as big as Rhode Island.

At the frontier a rap came on the door. A Nazi Customs and a Nazi Immigration Official entered. I was in bed. They were polite enough, tipped their caps, and asked to see my papers.

"Diplomat," I said in broad U-S-A. And pointed to a large sealed envelope bearing the official tag of the US Embassy in Warsaw, and the stamp of the Consulate in Danzig. They examined my Passport, and the Immigration Officer said in very pidgin-American "Is't customary for Diplomat to travel around on Journalist Passport?"

"Quite," I replied, hardly stirring from my bed.

A hurried conversation ensued in the hallway. Then the Polish Officials poked their heads in too. The same

monosyllabic conversation.

The train began to pant. Air-brakes shushed. All four officials poked their heads back in. My passport was returned stamped. The train gathered speed, sped on into the night.

It ejected me in the Warsaw train yards next dawning; and a car from Tony Biddle's Embassy was at hand.

As we breakfasted on the flagged Embassy terrace Tony shook his head: "Gosh that was a narrow squeak you had, old man," he said. "If you'd been on time, on that lousy old train, you'd have been a dead man. They blew up the depot with a time bomb this morning."

*Suggestions for further reading:*

CAESARS IN GOOSE STEP

by William D. Bayles

\$3.00

Harper & Brothers, New York

MEN OF EUROPE

by Andre Simone

\$2.50

Modern Age Books, New York



### **Philosophy of the Famous**

*Carl Schurz:* "Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you will reach your destiny."

*Daniel Webster:* "God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it."

*Charles Dickens:* "Probably every new and eagerly expected garment ever put on since clothes came in, fell a trifle short of the wearer's expectation."

*George Payne Rainsford James:* "Age is the most terrible misfortune that can happen to any man; other evils will mend, this is every day getting worse."



## **Screen Creditors**

**T**HREE HAVE been many "epic" milestones in the young life of the movies, but probably none has had a more far-reaching effect than that night when hushed audiences saw—and heard—Al Jolson pouring forth his heart in the first big-time talkie.

That night, the motion picture industry shot up like a weed. That night, movies became more complicated than early new deal politics—and Hollywood's technical men and women finally came into their own.

Today, of course, you can see evidence of these experts' handiwork in the long lists of "screen credits" preceding each picture you attend. Perhaps such credits even bore you—but don't let them. Instead, read the names carefully—and wish secretly you collected their salaries. Make no mistake, these experts are big time.

They make last year's best seller into this year's super colossal wow. They serve up an eighteenth century mob scene, authentic right down to the smallest cobblestone. They even make it possible for you to watch the screen without squinting, to hear each pin drop without the slightest distortion of sound.

In short, while actors act and publicists publicise, they make motion pictures.

In the pages that follow you'll meet nine of their number, each representing a separate function of movie-making. Collectively, they could produce a film that would make even Hollywood dig deep for new superlatives. They really deserve their "credit."

## Personnel Man

Robert Webb is said to know intimately some 5,000 actors and actresses of all ages, sizes and descriptions. He makes his living that way, as Casting Director for Republic Studios.

Webb was born in Scottsdale, Pa., in 1901, but was raised and educated in Los Angeles. There, during high school summer vacations, he worked in the cinema division of a large furniture company, renting out equipment and props to studios. It led to his entry into pictures—first as property man, then as an assistant director.

In 1924, Webb was made an assistant casting director—and with the

exception of an unhappy interlude in 1928, when he and his brother Harry tried producing under the banner of Mascot Pictures, he's stuck.

The casting department in any studio today exists mainly as a liaison between producer and actor. Its function is to suggest suitable personalities for various roles in a script. It does not actually choose talent—except for extra and bit players. Webb makes a perfect casting director—being youthful, friendly and easy to meet.

Supreme casting of his life, of course, was that of actress Carol Wayne as Mrs. Robert Webb.



## Frankenstein's Maker

Jack Pierce, head of Universal's make-up department, has been in pictures 28 years—as actor, stunt man, cameraman, assistant director and theater manager. He got into make-up when Director Raoul Walsh asked him to help make a "monkey" out of an actor for a picture called *The Monkey Talks*. Pierce spent two days at the zoo—then created his now famous chimpanzee make-up.

By far his most sensational jobs have been on Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi for *Frankenstein*, *Dracula* and *The Mummy*. For the last-named, it took Pierce seven hours daily to trans-

form Karloff into a mummy.

Pierce works in a surgeon's white tunic, using cloth, hair, putty, grease, rubber cement and paint. As reference he has a library of source books, anatomy manuals, volumes on ancient witchcraft. Don't get the idea Pierce produces only monsters, though. Deanna Durbin and Marlene Dietrich have both worn his make-up.

A New Yorker till 1906, Pierce is married and owns a ranch in Encino. His hobby is basketball—he organized and managed the famous Universal team which won American and Olympic Championships in 1936.





## Mountain Moulder

Ralph Oberg, as Construction Superintendent at Republic Studios, hasn't the slightest interest in the flesh-and-blood ingredients of pictures. His business is lumber and concrete.

Long before a play is cast, Oberg submits a memo to the producer specifying what types of sets will be suitable—with costs. The goal, of course, is a lavish super-spectacle well within the limited budget. He's been working these minor miracles for 22 years.

Born in Fresno, California, 43 years ago, he learned the carpentry trade from his father, a contractor. In 1918, returning from overseas service, he

married his boyhood sweetheart, and soon after joined Mack Sennett, remaining when Republic took over.

Oberg's construction jobs vary all the way from nailing down a loose studio floorboard to building an enormous White House ballroom, a nineteenth century opera house or an entire town. He's done all four.

Blue eyes, blond hair and Viking proportions (he's over six feet, weighs 210 pounds) are a giveaway to Oberg's Scandinavian ancestry. The family home is on a ten-acre ranch at Chatsworth, where he raises a string of race-horses and two nearly grown sons.



## Andy Hardy's Godfather

Carey Wilson, who traces his ancestry back to John Hart, signer of the Declaration of Independence, is producer of the Judge Hardy and Dr. Kildare pictures.

Recently — and by accident — he also blossomed forth as a screen commentator—his being the voice behind MGM's Nostradamus and *What Do You Think?* series.

Wilson's first film job was rewinding reels for the local theater in Rutherford, New Jersey (he was born in Philadelphia). Later, he traveled the globe as foreign agent for Fox Films.

Home again, Wilson wrote and sold

his first film story (*Passion Fruit*) to Metro for \$3,000—became one of the best scenarists in the business.

His life has never been dull. In the late '20's, he became fast friends with Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

He tells a yarn about Gilbert's hiring a plane to entertain a dozen of filmdom's most famous names—and Garbo's apt whimsy as the plane took off: "If we crash, who gets top billing?"

Wilson is probably the country's best Andy Hardy fan; he swears the series is based on actual experience.

He's been married twice—has a 19-year-old son. They live in Bel-Air.



## Screen Architect

Jack Otterson, Universal's 35-year-old Supervising Art Director, once assisted in the decorative designing of the Empire State Building. He was in the construction business then, and the appointment was a great honor.

But honors come easy to Otterson. He was born in Pittsburgh, prepped at Hotchkiss, went to the Yale Art School on a scholarship, won honorable mention in the stiff *Prix de Rome* competition and was sent to the Paris Beaux Arts School for graduate work.

Back in America in 1932, he started out as sketch artist at the Fox studios. In less than four years he was head of the department. In 1936, he moved to Universal in his present job.

He is responsible for designing sets for every Universal picture made. Two of his most notable creations were his eerie setting for the *Son of Frankenstein* and the spectacular 15th Century outdoor sets for the *Tower of London*.

But Hollywood sets are not created by mere wand-waving. Otterson must first have every intricate detail—right down to the door hinges—carefully checked for authenticity. For period pictures Otterson must sometimes fall back on the paintings of old masters of the period.

Next, water color sketches are made—and miniature doll-house models of each set. Finally, Otterson okays blue-prints for the Construction Superintendent to work from.

It keeps him busy.

## First Career Woman

If Anne Bauchens were an actress, directors would probably cast her as a sweet-faced mother. But she is not an actress, and C. B. DeMille "cast" her as his film cutter 24 years ago.

A cutter's, or film editor's, job is to assemble the film the director has shot and put it together. By inept or adroit cutting, it is thus possible to make or break a picture—or to help a player by giving advice on close-ups, timing, etc. The cutter can be a second director.

Born in St. Louis, Anne Bauchens first worked as telephone operator for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. She came

to Hollywood as secretary to Cecil DeMille's playwright brother, William. There she organized the film industry's first secretarial department, became the first script clerk. A few years later she became Paramount's first cutter (up until then, directors had always edited their own pictures).

Obviously, Anne Bauchens was Hollywood's first career woman.

To Miss Bauchens, the little gold "Oscar" on her mantelpiece refutes two hard-boiled tenets of business: that men are more competent than women, and that employees should be "junked" after 40.



## ASC Member

Leon Shamroy, ASC (American Society of Cinematographers) is Director of Photography at 20th Century-Fox Studios. Of his profession, he says:

"There was a time when ability to wear a cap in reverse and turn a camera crank at an even pace were prime qualifications—but the more, in the first place, most of us are too busy scratching our heads for new ideas to wear a cap—and, besides, they've taken our cranks away."

For screen photography today is a field of ingenuity and imagination—blended with artistry and experimentation. Gone are the physical

dangerous Shamroy encountered in the good old days—as, for example, when he crashed in a plane while shooting a thriller with Charles "Harricane" Hutchinson. Instead, his time is mostly taken up in careful staging of light and shadow and doping angles. Assistants operate the "box."

Although in his field, Leon Shamroy started some 20 years ago as an 18-dollar lab assistant.

"One of his favorite theories is that few of Hollywood's most photogenic ladies rate as real beauties off the screen. He doesn't expect you to agree with him, of course."



## *TT* Inconspicuous Composer

Charles Previn, as a studio Musical Director, must produce masterworks of music, carefully written so that no one will notice them.

His is a job carried over from the day of the silent "flick," when a tiny piano supplied out heartrending background music. Only today it is an essential job in moviemaking—and not always easy. For instance, once Previn was asked to produce "music like Wagner," only "louder" for a Deanna Durbin sequence.

Previn was born in Brooklyn, studied music at Cornell, was a song plugger for Gus Edwards, musical director for

Ziegfeld and opera conductor in St. Louis. In 1936 he assumed Musical Directorship of Universal Studios.

The first real reception accorded to Previn's "unnoticed symphonies" was in the comedy, *My Man Godfrey*. It had "bounce"—helped put the picture over.

As his photogenic five foot four and 170 pounds of self indicate, Previn, too, has "bounce." He conducts with his hands only—imitating Stokowski.

These facts have helped him to clinch several minor roles in films, the latest of which is *Hells Bells*. He plays, oddly enough—an maestro!



## Trackman

Douglas Shearer is largely responsible for perfecting modern sound films.

Born in Montreal, Canada, he studied engineering, practiced it, then became a studio cameraman. His sister, Norma, became an actress.

As samples of approaching sound pictures arose, Shearer began studying and, by the time M-G-M had installed sound, he was prepared to take over. Since then, his research has added much to the art of sound recording—with him an Academy award. He has even taken his technical genius into the movie houses. *The Great Ziegfeld* was heard exclusively

through Shearer equipment.

Shearer is a quiet, studious person, mathematically exact in speech. The pride of his life is his ranch—half way to San Diego—to which he commutes. During a recent flood, his wife and youngster were marooned there and Shearer, a licensed pilot, flew over daily, dropping supplies.

One of the best Hollywood stories concerning Shearer is how he pretended to make a recording of Bela Lublov, the violinist—then played back a rancorous parody of his violin. Lublov almost wept before the hoax was discovered.



## Your Other Life



*The idea that we live two lives is as old as man. These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"*

• • • Dr. J. B. Rhine, whose work in parapsychology at Duke University has gained international recognition, attributes much of his interest in this field to a dream which was related to him during his college years by a science professor.

The professor stated that his family had been awakened late one night by a neighbor who asked to borrow a horse and buggy. Apologizing for the request, the neighbor explained that his wife had dreamed that her brother, who lived in a nearby village, had come home, unharnessed his horses, climbed into the haymow, and shot himself. In her dream she saw him topple over and roll down a little incline into the corner. His pistol fell into the hay beside him.

The professor's family accompanied the neighbor on the strange errand. Arriving at the brother's home, they went directly to the barn. They found

the horses unharnessed, and upon climbing into the haymow, discovered the man's body in the precise position that his sister had seen in her dream. The pistol was lying in the hay right beside him.

The professor, after puzzling over the case for years, concluded that in her dream the woman had observed in photographic detail the scene of her brother's suicide.



• • • Into the dream life of Louis Juncko, locksmith's assistant of New York City, stalked a terrifying nightmare. He saw himself aiding master locksmith Charles M. Courtney in opening an old safe with a steel cutting torch. Suddenly the safe blew up.

The next day Juncko was assisting Courtney in opening an old safe in

the basement of Columbia University's St. Anthony's Hall fraternity, when he remembered his dream. He begged Courtney to pick the lock rather than use a torch. Although the lock-picking job was far more difficult, Courtney finally agreed.

When the safe, locked since 1918, was finally opened, it was found to contain some valueless papers—and two sticks of dynamite. Only Juncko's dream had saved the two men from instant death.



• • • Reporter Tom E. Wetzel of Elyria, Ohio, hitch-hiked his way to Florida during the summer of 1940. One night, accompanied by a friend, he thumbed a ride in a car containing a man and two small children.

Tired out, Wetzel curled up in the back seat and slept for several hours. He dreamed of seeing a car leave the road, roll over, and burst into flames. Several ambulances converged on the scene, but were too late to save the entrapped occupants.

Immediately after this dream, Wetzel awakened. A few miles farther, the driver dropped the two hitch-hikers. Wetzel told his companion of his dream, but neither considered it of importance.

Next morning a newspaper headline caught Wetzel's eye: CAR AND OCCUPANTS BURNED. The sub-head read: *Man and Two Children Die.* The car that became a funeral pyre was the one in which Wetzel and his

companion had been riding. It had careened off the road and overturned a little less than one mile from the point where the hitch-hikers had been discharged.



• • • The night of April 17, 1913, Ruby Carroll of Parksville, Kentucky, dreamed of meeting a man named Herschel Hughes in a cafe at St. Augustine, Florida. The two conversed about their experiences as teachers and exchanged addresses before parting.

Upon awakening, Miss Carroll at once wrote her dream companion at the given address in St. Paul, Arkansas. Before she could receive an answer, a letter was delivered from Hughes, describing in detail the same dream which had come to Miss Carroll. The only difference was that he had witnessed the scene from his point of view. Awakening, he too had written to the address given him in the dream.

Neither of the persons had ever heard of the other. However, the mutual interest in the dream led to a meeting in the world of "reality," to romance, and eventually to marriage. The case is attested by both the dreamers.

*Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.*

# *Gallery of Photographs*

## *Contributors to This Issue*

RAYMOND OTULIA

JOHOLI BLACKSTONE

ARNOLD V. STUBENRAUCH

AL WESTELIN

ROBERT MUNSON

ROBERT DAVIS

ROBERT L. COOPER

A. F. SOZIO

JOE CLARK

ARTHUR SANDERS

EDWARD H. LEIMAN

MIREILLE BALLARD

WOODBLOW WILSON

BRASAI

WILLIAM H. LEEDS

EDWARD YADAS

JOHN MARSH

MARILYN M. LAMBERT

DONALD L. TULLY

DON DALE KOBELINK

VILLA





**Love Scene**

HAROLD BLACKSTONE, BAYSIDE, LONG ISLAND

ENOL



ISLAND

ARNOLD V. STUBENRAUCH, MEDIA, PA.

*Sentries*



*Overpass*

A. WESTLIN, CHICAGO



MARTIN MUNKACSI, NEW YORK

*Daughter of Ceres*

CHICAGO



MARTIN MUNKACSI, NEW YORK

*Daughter of Ceres*







*Collaborators*



Collaborators

YLLA, NEW YORK



ANDRÉ DURAND, FROM EUROPEAN

*Stones of Normandy*



*Path of the Plow*

A. WESTLIN, CHICAGO



CHICAGO

NEWELL GREEN, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

*Garden of the Gods*



**Echelon**

A. F. SOZIO, FROM GENDREAU



NDREAU

CLARK, DETROIT

Oldsters



*Risen Son*

ARTHUR SANDERS, CHICAGO

CHICAGO

WARD H. LEHMAN, CHICAGO

*Rock of Ages*



*"And the Angels Sing"*

SHREVE BALLARD, SANTA BARBARA  
WOOD



AREA

WOODROW WILSON, WINSTON-SALEM

*Let There Be Light*



**Mountain People**

BRASSAI, BERNE, SWITZERLAND

WILL



AND

WILLIAM H. ZERBE, RICHMOND HILL, NEW YORK

*At Dawn*



*The Marks of Time*

ERNO VADAS, ANKARA

IR HA



RA  
HARMON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Old Black Joe*



**Bubblepuss**

HAROLD M. LAMBERT, FROM FREDERIC LEWIS

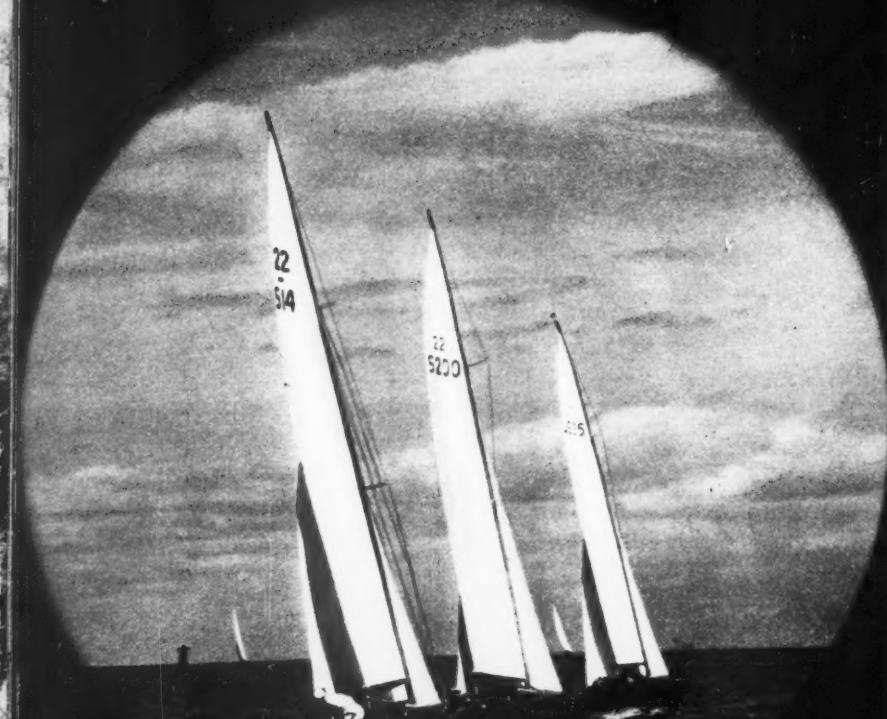
DOUG



LEWIS

DOUGLAS FIELD, HOLLYWOOD

*A Wave Is Made*



**Porthole Portrait**

DON DALE NIBBELINK, BINGHAMTON, N.Y.



*Unfinished sentences are sweet music to the ears of this contest-winning genius who likes anything—in 25 words or less—when the prizes are big enough*

## ***The Jenkintown Appreciator***

*by ROBERT M. YODER*

**T**HE BUSINESS of Mr. Charles A. Kraatz of Jenkintown, Pa., is contests. He deals particularly with the contests run by large, affluent corporations to promote sales.

The most common procedure in these competitions is to toss out an unfinished sentence beginning, "I like So and So's product because—" and then let thousands of customers wear out their brains thinking of rhapsodic reasons why the product is indispensable. These contests are Mr. Kraatz' career. Winning them, that is.

Contests of all kinds have enjoyed a tremendous vogue in the last ten years, but the unfinished-sentence type leads all the rest. Prizes run as high as a promise of \$100 a month for life. When plums like that are dangled before the public, the sales managers, in their coldly calculating way, know thousands will respond. And since each entry must be accompanied by

a "qualifier"—a boxtop, a label, or a wrapper—the contests sell plenty of merchandise. Not, however, to Mr. Kraatz.

Mr. Kraatz doesn't buy. He simply wins. He makes something of a science of it, giving the same assiduous attention to contests that the sponsors do to sales. There are other aces in the contest field, but the Jenkintown flash seems clearly to be Money Winner No. 1. Including a lot of nondescript contests he entered just for sport, and counting in a few dozen prizes he won before contests achieved their present importance as a phase of big business, Kraatz has won 1,387 times.

Like most ardent contestants, Kraatz enjoys all kinds, and will enter all kinds, whether he can use the prizes or not. His money crop, however, is the "I like" contest, where the customer is asked to finish the sentence in the traditional "25 additional words

or less." If it is a soap contest, the task is to think of something the soap is good for, and tell in 25 words why you, the adoring consumer, love it next to life itself.

In size and mood, the finished sentence may go something like this: "I like (or use) Greaso because it launders everything from overalls to my daintiest underthings, yet leaves my hands as luscious as a bride's, while its faint yet maddening aroma has the boys pursuing me in packs."

Or the topic may be yeast, or cigars, or kitchen ranges, soft drinks, laxatives, chewing gum, candy, toothpaste or hash. The 25-word testimonial is known as a "statement."

MR. KRAATZ has been winning contests since he was a stripling, but his heyday dawned with the rise of the "I like" contests. Having made a careful study of the possibilities, including a scholarly analysis of the factors involved in winning soap contests, there is almost no product Mr. Kraatz cannot like, if the prizes are worthwhile. He can cite excellent reasons why he uses products he may never have seen.

Entering contests intended for women, Mr. Kraatz has posed successfully both as a glamour girl, concerned about the soft glow of her complexion, and as a busy housewife with a brood of children cluttering up the floor and a big washing to do. In these guises, he has won several dozen dresses, large amounts of powder, bathsalts and perfume, a splendid collection of hats and two excellent fur coats. Every

male contest expert wins things like that, and is glad to get them. The stuff can always be sold, or if it can't, it makes nice gifts. Kraatz once wrote an eloquent statement telling why he wore a certain brand of women's shoes, and did it so charmingly as to win a three-year supply—everything from evening slippers to some mules that were ducky in the extreme. Kraatz gave the loot to his sister. A handsome gift, too. The shoes were worth \$400.

If the subject is something he can't possibly know anything about, Kraatz asks around, quizzing his wife and his female relatives. Thus informed, he goes into creative session and turns out a statement telling why he always uses a certain shortening in baking his pies, why he never bathes the baby in anything but the contest soap, or why he finds a certain refrigerator lightens his housework no end.

His hundreds of victories suggest he can do it convincingly, no matter what the product. Kraatz has won contests involving everything from lipstick to cake flour. Like all the big winners, he would not hesitate to try his hand at telling why he uses a certain perfume, why he favors a certain girdle, or why the only brassiere for him is the very brassiere you are selling. Naturally, when the star contest winners pose as women, they use pen names.

While he was still a bachelor, Kraatz won enough household goods to furnish several homes. His loot in this line includes silverware, dishes, lamps, rugs, furniture, 20 radios, a massage

*Robert M. (for McAyeal) Yoder is a Chicago newspaperman, formerly on the staff of the Associated Press for which he covered such fanciful items as the Factor kidnapping case and the trial of the late Sam Insull. In 1936 he moved to the Chicago Daily News where he writes an editorial page column of general comment. Born 34 years ago in Gibson City, Illinois, Yoder attended the state university, studied at law. In his Daily News column Yoder has a free hand and "writes up" rather than "writing down." He says he assumes his readers can read and are, in fact, "the best informed body of citizens ever carried in a five-passenger sedan." He likes to take a line of honest malice, aimed if possible at pompous persons or pompous ideas. A characteristic Yoder line: "If Duce's cunning ruse will be to assemble his crack regiments and crack."*

machine, a pedigreed fox terrier, a six months' supply of groceries and a small furnace. That one caused him trouble. It looked for a while as if Kraatz would have to keep it.

Before he had a car, he won a set of tires. Feeling that this called for an automobile, he won three Chevrolets and a Cadillac. Then he found the proper contest and won a six months' supply of gasoline. Kraatz won the Cadillac by telling eloquently why it was easily the noblest thing on wheels and the only car fit for a really discerning person to be seen in. Then he sold it, along with two of the Chevies.

He won the Chevrolets all in a row, by telling why he enjoys nothing quite so much as the solid pleasure of a certain cigar. He was pleased but surprised since he prefers cigarettes.

Fans of Kraatz' caliber try to plan their winning, aiming at whatever is most valuable to them at the time. If they win a car, they look around for a

contest offering free garage service. If they win a house, they look around for a contest offering furniture. Luck frequently crosses them up, as in the old saw about the convict who won a world cruise.

Kraatz spent a vacation in California, at his own expense. The next year he won a trip to California, and the following year he won another. Kraatz was tired of California, but the contest looked inviting, so he entered anyway. The task was to write a slogan for Mae West, the great emotional actress. Kraatz copped with "The Girl Nobody No's." He gave the trip to his sister, who spent a week as Mae's guest and reported Miss West was swell. In the travel line, Kraatz has also won trips to Florida, New Orleans and Bermuda.

THE ROCKEFELLER of contesting is a tall young man of 32, with a slightly formal style of speech that suggests the schoolroom. It was his intention to become a college professor. The depression sidetracked him. Kraatz attended Wittenberg College and went on to New York University for post graduate work in his specialty. N.Y.U. conferred its master's degree on the earnest young student just as the bottom fell out of everything. Colleges were retrenching, endowments were going sour, money was scarce, and nowhere could young Mr. Kraatz, B.A., M.A., find an institution in need of a new instructor. It appeared his best bet would be a berth in some high school.

That would require another year

in college, for Kraatz needed a teaching certificate. He enrolled without hesitation, in spite of the parlous times, for by now he had an assured income. He had been winning contests with great regularity, he believed he had the secret, and he knew he could count on winning \$1,000 a year, either in cash or salable merchandise. That year, contests paid all his college expenses, including tuition. It was the only year until recently, however, that contests have been his sole support. He says he doesn't know of anyone who lives exclusively on contests and thinks stories to this effect are grossly exaggerated, although there have been times when Kraatz' winnings equalled a good salary.

Next he spent a year teaching foreign languages to the young of Lakewood, Ohio. Then he resigned his high school job to go into radio work, becoming a script writer and announcer on WNEW, an independent station in New York.

CONTESTS were becoming a multi-million dollar affair, and as contests flourished, so did that great appreciator, that champion liker and user, Mr. Charles A. Kraatz. Devoting all his spare time to contests, he began to win them by dozens. By 1936 the fans regarded him as the DiMaggio of contesting, and he was named No. 1 man on a mythical "All American Contest Team" chosen by a California nerve-center called International Contest Headquarters. Kraatz has made this wonder-team eight times, ranking No. 1 again in 1939.

Perhaps his best year, as he recalls it, was 1938. Kraatz was hotter than a pistol that year and won a total—in cash and goods—of \$5,200. Cash prizes alone—and they are infinitely superior to merchandise, which must sometimes be sold at bargain prices—came to \$3,500.

Kraatz was working full time at the radio studio, taking a noon-to-midnight trick, and had only his mornings to devote to exploiting the contests. This held him back, of course, as did the fact that a baseball assignment took him south for spring training. While broadcasting the joys and sorrows of the Newark baseball team, he had to let contesting slip. The \$5,200, he feels, represents only a half year's work.

By that time, some of the bigger contests were drawing as many as a million entries. Impressed with all this interest, Kraatz quit his radio job and started a correspondence school for contest participants. Operating something like the schools that teach short-story writing, this contest Harvard has proved a profitable institution, and Kraatz makes a career of it. Students send in their statements for criticism and advice, getting them back with suggestions from the pen of the Dean himself. The pen, needless to say, is one of 14 Kraatz has won in contests.

Kraatz says winning can be taught, and says his students have won a total of \$560,000 in three years. Contesting is taken as seriously, in these cloistered halls, as though it were one of the professions. One textbook is entitled

*A Study of the Factors Which Make Major Winners in Procter & Gamble (soap) Contests.* Other pamphlets analyze the thought processes of various judging institutions, describe *Winning with Balanced Phrases*, and pass on to *Adjective Array* and *Human Interest*. Obviously, the Kraatz school, which he runs in collaboration with Miss Joan Lambert, is not just for playboys. This is M.I.T., not Princeton.

Along with his teaching, Kraatz still engages in contests, of course, partly because his reputation as a teacher requires it and partly to keep abreast of the trends. If it were only a hobby with him, however, Kraatz would leave a good many of the contests to others. As a matter of personal preference, he gets no kick out of contests where it is simply a problem of flattering a sponsor's product. What Mr. Kraatz finds stimulating is contests where the stuff is judged partly on its merits as advertising. Contests, as this scholarly young man puts it, "that admit of more originality."

AMONG the pros, there are two general styles of contesting. The "output" boys try to win by sheer volume. In a contest running a month, a good output man or woman will send in as many as 200 entries, rain or shine, good or bad. Kraatz, on the other hand, represents the quality school, which holds that a few entries with real punch are better than a hundred lackluster mediocrities. Kraatz rarely composes more than 20 or 30 for any single contest. Instead, what he likes

most to play is the "judging slant."

Judging is a flourishing business in itself, but it is done largely by two or three big organizations, one of them headed by a Northwestern University professor. Since contests change, but judges don't, Kraatz tries to dope out what the judges will go for. To help him, he has a file of 20,000 winning statements.

One thing Kraatz tries to get into his entries is something he calls "sponsor values." This may be illustrated by a slogan Kraatz wrote for a soft drink, made by the Ne-Hi people. Instead of saying the stuff had "high quality," Kraatz wrote "Ne-Hi quality." He also tries for the balanced phrase. "Trustworthy, praiseworthy, noteworthy" is a sample of his technique there.

Naturally, after winning nearly 1,400 times, Kraatz doesn't use his own name. Like most contest fans, and like all "contestars," as the big winners are called, he makes widespread use of proxies. First having obtained permission, he enters under the names of trusted friends or relatives. This is not because he distrusts the judges. He simply thinks they might harbor an unconscious prejudice against giving any more prizes to Kraatz. When he wins under one of these assumed names, he gives the real owner of the name 10 per cent of the winnings. Contesting has a well recognized code of ethics, and this is the standard procedure.

Standard humor in contest circles is the gag about the fan who had to leave home because the downstairs

was full of soap wrappers and the upstairs was full of soap. Unlike some of these enthusiastic shoppers, Kraatz doesn't spend much money on it and never has. Early in the game, he reflected that it would be much cheaper to buy "qualifiers" than to buy merchandise—to buy labels and boxtops, that is, without the contents. He spread word among the neighborhood kids that he was in the market and got all he could use at very reasonable rates.

Now, of course, the sale of qualifiers is a well-organized business. Let any manufacturer launch a contest, in which it is necessary to send along a wrapper, a label, or (to avoid the lottery laws) a reasonable facsimile, and professional dealers are ready to

supply whatever is needed. A box of powdered soap, if you had to buy it, might cost 20 cents. Dealers sell the boxtop for three.

Indeed, it is no longer necessary even to enter the contest. Competing with such schools as the one run by Kraatz are a number of institutions which offer, for a flat rate, to enter the contests for you.

Kraatz began winning contests when he was 18, as a hobby. He is still mildly surprised at himself. The Jenkintown Appreciator, who can appreciate anything from baking powder to tractor grease, set out to become a college professor, and the course he hoped to teach usually is listed as "Appreciation of Art."



### ***Away Down South in Dixie***

ONE EVENING at the place called "21"—the modest little bistro in New York, where, Bennett Cerf avers, starving publishers are wont to pick up a few scraps of dinner—a southern gentleman of the *Gone with the Wind* school was berating Erskine Caldwell and his books about Dixie.

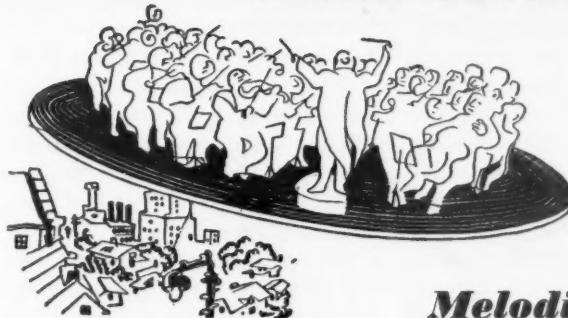
"Aren't any citizens of the South that even remotely resemble the filthy perverts and morons Caldwell describes!" he thundered.

Turning to Nunnally Johnson, who somewhat inconsistently combines two vocations: humorist and motion-picture producer, he added, "You come from the South, Mr. Johnson. Did you ever see any characters like Caldwell's?"

Johnson reflected for a moment, and then responded, "Why, in my part of the South, suh, we regard the people Mr. Caldwell writes about as the country club set!"

—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS).

*Gay air or scintillating novelty; softened swing or harmony sweet and low . . . to match your mood and the time of day, a unique firm offers music—without words*



## *Melodies on Tap*

by MARION SIMMS

WHEN AMERICAN sound-engineers, in the '20's, developed talking pictures, they also, oddly enough, took a step in exactly the opposite direction: musical programs *without* conversation.

These experiments produced the system of sending over privately leased telephone wires the all-music programs known as "Music by Muzak."

Introduced first in New York in 1936 with a single restaurant for customer, Muzak Corporation now has 1,000 accounts in the home city alone. Operating through franchises; the method has been extended to Detroit, Buffalo, Boston, Miami, Washington, D. C., Cleveland, Philadelphia and eight New Jersey cities.

Throughout the week—17½ hours a day, with slight intervals of silence to heighten its attractiveness—music flows out through a gigantic switchboard in Muzak's broadcasting studios. Its destinations are varied—night clubs, a laundry, restaurants, a ten-

cent store, a hospital, hotels, a skating rink, factories, department stores. Co-  
tly's swank new Fifth Avenue salon has it. So does the Lackawanna Railroad terminal in Hoboken, New Jersey. And 180 employees of the National City Bank on 42nd Street in New York work to music—the first Manhattan bank to experiment so.

Some wealthy New Yorkers prefer a direct-line service of special programs in their homes—among them, John Hartford of the A & P grocery chain, financier Harrison Williams, and restaurateur Henry Lustig. Another direct-liner is the playwright Ben Hecht. Checking in at the Algonquin on a New York visit, Hecht's

---

*Marion Simms, trained to be a fashion artist, became instead a Los Angeles newspaper reporter. Then, as Hollywood publicist, for five years she "praised the stars to the skies." Though she was born in New York she vows she is a country girl at heart and would trade her view of the Chrysler Building for the orange groves and hills of California, where she has spent most of her life.*

first phone call is to place an order for "music without words."

A customer pays according to what he orders of this "background music." Frequently, a regular client asks for a special number or a certain mood of melody to be played at a specified time. Maybe it is a youngster's birthday party, to be highlighted with robust, exciting music. Or—as most often happens—a special "order" of music is intended as a romantic asset.

In such cases, a customer's designated cord can be pulled temporarily from the mass program grouping on the Muzak switchboard, and plugged in for an individual broadcast.

From the first, the Muzak purpose of supplying programs of fine music, free of commercial announcements, was a welcome idea. Apartment houses began to advertise Muzak-music along with air-conditioning and cross-ventilation. Ninety New York apartment buildings have it; the \$25 monthly charge (for the entire building) is paid by the management.

For apartment houses, a small injector unit placed in the building and attached to the master radio aerial makes it possible for tenants to tune in the programs on their personal radio sets. Printed programs with time

schedules are mailed out each week:

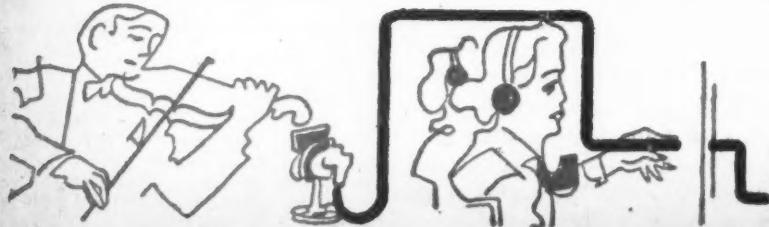
Encouraged by the reaction to these programs, Muzak's President Waddill Catchings obtained permission from the Federal Communications Commission to undertake a frequency-modulation program of all-music on a 24-hour a day schedule, beginning about July, 1942. Cost will be around eight cents a day—and programs will have no advertising "blurbs."

Through a special attachment fitting into a corner of a standard radio set, the touch of a push button or a switch will bring in the Muzak programs. A secret ingredient (an interfering impulse) will prevent any radio set not equipped with the special unit from picking up the signals.

So confident is at least one radio manufacturer of the invention's future possibilities, he is having all new designs of his sets include cabinet space for the adaptor:

"WE DON'T INTEND to compete with star features of the air," said Waddill Catchings, Muzak head. "It is during the in-between periods that people like to get away from hit-or-miss programs."

Even more ambitious is the project now under way to organize the Muzak



**Broadcasting Studio.** Live talent—not recordings—will be used. Since it means assembling entirely different equipment from that used today by Muzak, the starting date is still far in the future.

Waddill Catchings' interest in the entertainment world has persisted through a varied and brilliant 35-year business career, leading, finally, to the presidency of Muzak. He coined the word, incidentally, in 1934.

Not musical himself, Mr. Catchings is his company's No. 1 guinea pig in compiling programs. He misses scarcely a recording of the 20 new discs made each week at the \$8,000,000 recording plant in mid-Manhattan. Here the country's finest conductors, musicians and performers come, as well as many talented unknowns.

It was Mr. Catchings who insisted on the intervals of silence between the groups of Muzak selections.

In his Muzak-equipped Chrysler Building offices, he is now perfecting a way "to soften swing music without raising howls from all the kids." If successful, it should win him a trophy of profound gratitude from long suffering adults whose eardrums have been dented too long by uninhibited brasses.

Samples of swing that is still "hot"

but slightly subdued are being tried out on younger members of the Catchings family, and on the Muzak staff. For Muzak is a young men's organization. With the exception of two, all executives and employees are under fifty, while a number of gifted young men hold key positions.

Watching the continuous flood of new music being published, Muzak finds that some numbers are so adaptable they can be played as many as three times a day in different versions. Nor are old hits ever entirely forgotten. As their popularity wanes (some discs have been played as many as 25,000 times without any signs of wear), they are filed away; sooner or later requests for them come in. There were so many Yuletide requests, for instance, for *The Music Goes Round and Round* since the giddy number first appeared Christmas week 1935, Muzak has come to include it in all Christmas-time programs.

When it was decided to make a recording of the Treasury Department's song, *Any Bonds Today*, proceedings were held up through Mr. Morganthau's desire to give Muzak audiences the full flavor of the lyrics and Mr. Catchings' insistence that it would be most effective as an instru-



mental number. (Ninety per cent of Muzak music is without vocals.) Mr. Morganthau relented, and now—when dining out—chooses a Washington restaurant equipped to play the Emil Coleman rendition of one of his favorite melodies.

One number of the Muzak repertoire never fails to bring the same curious response. The transcription plays seven minutes, and scarcely is the diamond-point raised from the Vinylite plastic disc than telephone calls begin to pour in. There is nostalgia in all the voices; tears in some. *What was that piece?*

The number is an old Austrian composition, *Ein Ländler*, by Pachernegg. So haunting and stirring is this little known music it touches the heart and the dreams of everyone hearing it.

"We wouldn't dare play it late in the evening," the Muzak people say. "It has such a mysterious pull on the emotions it might prove risky for someone depressed or lonely. To be on the safe side, we list it usually around noon when people are less apt to get in a tearful mood."

Since programs for restaurants, bars and stores are intended wholly as restful background music, the Muzak people are pleased when they *don't* hear flattering remarks from these sources. With programs in the home, on the other hand, there is a definite awareness of the music.

At one New York night club, a visitor in the powder room was puzzled but pleased. "I've been to night clubs from London to Bombay," she told the maid, "but this is the first

time I've ever discovered an orchestra playing in the ladies' room."

In a more vital aspect—with the growing understanding of music's influence on the nervous system and ductless glands—Muzak is proving useful in convalescent wards of the Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia. In a Chicago hospital recently, the hypnotic effects of soothing music were dramatically established when a young mother was delivered of a son in a Caesarean operation with only a local anesthetic, while music (including the popularized Tchaikowsky B-flat minor *Concerto*) reached her through earphones.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL aspect of music is very carefully considered by Muzak. The change in mood of music takes place gradually through day and evening hours—from melodies that stimulate to those which relax. Selections are made from a collection which has gradually swelled to 7,500 transcriptions, all made under the supervision of Recording Director Ben Salvin:

Sunday morning brings organ music. Weekdays are divided into four major portions: Gay and scintillating pieces by concert and popular orchestras for the luncheon hour. For cocktail time—novelties, trios, sextettes, Hawaiian guitar, marimbas, accordion; all light, frivolous music without brasses. Dinner music has something of the luncheon-time quality, but a trifle heavier—with Viennese waltzes, hits of the day, and semi-classical pieces. The after-theater period starts on "sweet" music, gradually changing

to "swing" and vocal choruses for the small hours of the morning.

Although it is possible through music to speed up production in factories, this definitely has not been the idea back of Muzak programs where used in American industry. In this national crisis, conditions are different, of course. Certainly these programs have been used to make the worker happier and less weary in his job.

Tests show that fewer errors are made, and work accomplished with less tiredness, if music is played when the worker's "fatigue curve" is low—at 11 o'clock in the morning and around 4 in the afternoon.

First in America to try the "Muzak While You Work" experiment was Cluett, Peabody & Co., shirt manufacturers of Troy, New York. The results were so encouraging the company ordered complete equipment installed in the factory—a service many plants prefer, as it is then possible to arrange programs from requests.

A dry cleaner of Arlington, Massachusetts found that the music actually increased his volume of business, as

well as putting his workers in a good frame of mind. Two Eastern plants turning out defense materials have it, as does a Detroit jeweler and optometrist, and recreational rooms of large firms like Consolidated Edison.

Skaters at Rockefeller Center's outdoor rink have programs of music planned specially for them, varying according to ice and roller seasons. Even the life of the museum-goer becomes less arduous, as was found when Muzak was turned on softly at the Museum of Science and Industry in Rockefeller Center. Tension among sightseers appeared to lessen.

Adjoining the three broadcasting studios in Muzak's New York offices is a newsroom equipped with a United Press ticker. Announcers stand by, ready to interrupt a musical program in the event of some announcement of such magnitude that it could not await regular news channels.

So far, the newsroom has never been used.

The original intention to broadcast music-without-words has been, literally, kept.



### **Wrong Number**

**A**N ANGRY subscriber, having trouble with the telephone, bel-  
lowed at the operator, "Am I crazy, or are you?"

"I'm sorry, sir," she replied in her sweetest institutional voice,  
"but we do not have that information."

—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)



*IALA may transform a multi-lingual warring world to a union of happy nations speaking the same language*

## **Esperanto's New Challenger**

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

THE NEXT PARAGRAPH is an unscheduled peek into Tomorrow. It is written in a strange yet vaguely familiar language about which you may be hearing a whole lot more after the war. What's more, it is written here for the first time in any publication on earth. So look sharp. You may recognize it:

*"Ante octante et septa annos, nostre patres creaba in iste continente un nove natione concepte in liberta et dedicate all proposition que homos son create equal."*

That, of course, was the opening sentence of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. No, the language isn't Latin; nor Esperanto, Ido, Novial, Occidental, Latino, Mondolingue, Kosmos, Myrana, Spelin, Universala, Ro or any of the other 300-odd artificial international languages that the world has been receiving since 1879.

This new language is still in the works. Even the passage quoted above

might be subject to some minor revisions before the project is completed. Although it has no formal name as yet, some are inclined to call it IALA (pronounced *ee-ah-lah*), from the initials of the International Auxiliary Language Association which is nurturing the growth of this newest of languages. Incidentally, the passage I quoted is fairly typical. Anybody with a fair command of English will recognize at least 70 per cent of the words in the new tongue.

IALA harbors no wild-eyed visionaries or cranks. Its Board of Directors and Advisory Committee include Thomas J. Watson, president of International Business Machines; James G. Harbord, chairman of the Board of the Radio Corporation of America; W. Hallam Tuck, vice president of Allied Chemical; Stephen Duggan, director of the Institute of International Education; Frederick G. Cot-

trell, internationally noted chemist; Alfred N. Goldsmith, renowned television pioneer, and Brigadier-General Frederick Osborn, now in charge of Army Morale.

Most active of all, though, is Alice Vanderbilt Morris, great-granddaughter of the Commodore. She is the guiding spirit of IALA.

BUT, WHY, you want to know, do we need an international auxiliary language? What purposes will it serve?

To begin with, there is no language understood by all peoples. As a matter of fact, there are numerous instances where people speaking the same language have difficulty understanding one another. The classic example, of course, is the case of the two transatlantic telephone operators.

Again and again the London operator asked "Are you through, New York?" And each time the New York operator answered, "No, London. One moment, please!" Both were talking the same language, yet they were miles apart in meaning. The English lass was merely asking if the connection had been made, while the American gal had, of course, thought she meant, "Has your party finished talking yet?"

If we look upon this considerable variation in just one language as a nuisance, we can only regard the hundreds of different languages and dialects on earth as walls—walls which have barred us from greater international trade, better international understanding and the wider spread of scientific and medical knowledge.

In the thousands of international conferences held between World Wars I and II, every word usually had to be translated successively into three, four or five languages. The existence of two official languages in the League of Nations cost a little more than one-third of the total cost of all the meetings held by that body.

Closer to home, consider Hollywood's problem of "dubbing in" Spanish voices for Clark and Gary and Joan and Olivia, or resorting to the even less satisfactory method of superimposed "titles" on reels sent out into a Babel-ing world.

In the wind is talk of a Federal Union of the democracies—when all this is over. But no one yet has announced how these different nations with their many languages will be able to converse freely.

To scientists and medical men, it has been an old and disheartening story. Translations of foreign research reports are unavailable or inadequate. The huge, invaluable Engineering Index covered 1,400 engineering and allied periodicals in 16 languages up

---

*Naturally, the first question we asked Murray Bloom upon completion of his assignment on Iala, was whether he had mastered the language. He hadn't, he said, adding: "Linguist Stillman is about the only person alive who does speak it—it's still in a formative state. But I don't think I, or anyone else, will have much trouble learning the language when it finally makes its appearance." Bloom who, in addition to his native English, speaks German, reads French, Italian, Dutch, Hebrew, Arabic, "plus James Joyce and Variety," recently had one of his articles circulated throughout both the Americas by the Nelson Rockefeller Committee. Since then, he's been flooded with letters and invitations in Spanish—a language that he's never bothered with.*

until the outbreak of the war. Yet when this great job of condensation and indexing is completed, results are available only to those who read English!

At this point the very natural thought occurs: why don't we make English the international tongue? Look, you say, at the hundreds of millions who already speak English—or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Why shouldn't it be a simple matter to get the rest of the world to talk our language?

As a matter of fact, there is a group of ardent enthusiasts whose mission is to boom "Basic English" as the world's auxiliary language. With its greatly simplified grammar and streamlined vocabulary—850 words—it definitely has points in its favor. But many oppose it on the ground that, Basic or not, it's still English. They maintain, with considerable justice, that the auxiliary language should be neutral in make-up; if any one leading language lords it over the rest, you won't have any world-wide agreement. Hence, an international language must be constructed.

But constructing a language is a tedious, maddening task. The rewards are few—chiefly profits from dictionary sales. You and your language may go down in the history books of a generation hence—in a footnote, probably. During your lifetime however, you've got to expect to be assailed, cursed, laughed at and generally misunderstood—that is, if your new language gains any adherents at all.

The story of IALA begins properly

in 1919, when the International Research Council called for an investigation of an international language for science. Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell, chairman of the committee, interested a group of Americans, among whom was Alice Vanderbilt Morris. Mrs. Morris was instrumental in getting IALA set up on a permanent basis in 1924.

From the beginning, IALA had two goals. First, to select, adapt or assemble a "constructed language of demonstrated usefulness"; second, to establish its world-wide use as an auxiliary tongue.

The chief auxiliary tongue already in existence was Esperanto, originally introduced by Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, an oculist and linguistic genius. Zamenhof believed that international hostilities could be ameliorated through a common neutral language—a language free from any racial, national or religious bias. He died in 1917.

Current estimates of the number of Esperanto-speaking men, women and children the world over, range from 100,000 to 5,000,000. Esperanto was the unfamiliar tongue used by army officers towards the end of the film, *Idiot's Delight*; the language was also used for signs in Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*. The other artificial languages never really got under way.

IALA CALLED a conference in 1930 of the advocates of the many constructed languages, independent linguists and philologists, and a program was worked out containing the

specifications which an international language should follow. The spelling must be simple and clear; the structure of the language should be logical and regular; there would be one word to a meaning, and one meaning to a word; and the vocabulary should be based primarily on West European languages. There was reason to believe that if the West could adopt one auxiliary language, the East would gladly accept it.

And so work got under way on the new language. Bombed out of England in 1940, IALA moved to its present skyscraper headquarters in mid-town New York. Here, high atop a New York which speaks dozens of different languages and tens of different dialects including Brooklynese, Pig-Latin and Double-talk, are IALA's hand-picked research workers. They are directed by E. Clark Stillman, studious, pink-cheeked and youngish-looking. He has taught at the University of Michigan and in leading European universities.

THE MAJOR task ahead of Stillman and his well-trained staff is to find the common roots of words in the divers West European languages. Thousands of words are almost identical in each of these languages. For example, *general*, *possession* and *humanity* are almost exactly alike in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French and Latin. The new language will also incorporate the hundreds of "international" words such as *bazaar* (Persian), *coffee* (Arabic) and *tea* (Chinese). Their IALA forms are *bazar*, *caffè* and

*te*. Such strictly English words as *tennis*, *rum*, *club*, *football* and *boycott* will also be incorporated. Other international forms will be taken over from the Italian (musical terms); navigation terms from the Dutch; literary and cooking words from the French, and an odd assortment of strictly American derivatives such as *canoe*, *tobacco*, *maize*, *movies* and *jazz*.

Little everyday words are the really tough nuts of the new language. Over centuries of usage they have acquired very special meanings and nuances all their own in each of the languages. A simple word like *child* is a nightmare to the new language-makers. Let's take a look at the IALA development of a simpler word, like *bird*. In French it's *oiseau*; *uccello* in Italian; *pajaro* in Spanish; and the Portuguese say *passaro*. In the Latin it's *avis*, and also *avicula*, which means little bird. Further research disclosed that the languages weren't so far apart from a common root as might seem on the surface. For Spanish and Portuguese used a poetic form for bird: *ave*. And in English we have, of course, *aviary*. It wasn't hard to see that the predominant root was obviously *ave* and so the word for bird in IALA is *ave* (pronounced ah-vay). Now from *ave*, IALA goes on, logically enough, to *aviare* (ah-vee-ah-ray) which, literally translated, means "to bird"; more practically, it means "to fly." Then you get, very logically too, *aviator* (ahvee-ah-tor), "he who flies." Simple, no?

Keep in mind, of course, that any auxiliary tongue is only intended to

supplement, not displace, your mother tongue. The new language will be sparse, streamlined and precise—like numbers: *un, du, tri, quar, quin*. Strictly business.

What business will find this international medium useful? To begin with, you have the matter of international business correspondence. Once established, IALA will save costs of translations, and delayed orders due to faulty translations. International conventions will blossom out prodigiously after World War II. Instead of three or four "official" languages and the necessary translation staffs in attendance, the use of IALA alone will be sufficient. The business of science will benefit immeasurably. Medical and engineering libraries will no longer have to subscribe to periodicals printed in 10 or 12 different languages.

Tourists and travelers will find one official international language helpful no end. No more ludicrous struggling with Spanish-at-a-glance volumes. International telephone conversations would benefit. And should that old, old dream of a world state come true, a truly international tongue will be needed; and the IALA experts are convinced that with its scientific structure and simple gram-

mar their language will fill that need satisfactorily.

When IALA comes forth with its completed grammar and basic vocabulary, late in 1942, it will enter the linguistic jousts with two other leading entries, both claiming priority and general superiority: Esperanto and Basic English. Both are now making active drives for new adherents in South America and in the U. S.

The going won't be easy for IALA, but there are great and powerful forces backing it. In a millennium-seeking post-war world, Esperanto and Basic English are going to have the fight of their young lives. The first is likely to be considered too much on the cultist side, and rather difficult. The latter's chief handicap will be that it is English, and thus a very partisan entry in what should be a neutral race.

To many experts, IALA looks like an odds-on favorite, a simple, compact, clear auxiliary language for all the world.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATION

by *Herbert N. Shenton, Edward Sapir*

and *Otto Jespersen* About \$7.70

*George Routledge, London*

COSMOPOLITAN CONVERSATION

by *H. N. Shenton* \$7.50

*Columbia University Press, New York*



**T**HREE ARE two things to aim at in life: first, to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

## Game Book Section:



A miscellany of games and quizzes to test  
your mettle and that of your friends

"I Saw It with My Own Eyes" ..... 162

Posers for the Well-Versed ..... 163

News in the Making ..... 165

Whom Do You Know? ..... 170

What's Your Army and Navy I.Q.? 173

*Prather*



## ***“I Saw It with My Own Eyes”***

ANY MOTORIST will instantly recognize the above scene as a road junction "somewhere in the U.S.A." And here is one example of how keen observation can save time and trouble — while lack of eye-memory co-ordination might prove disastrous.

In taking this test, you are asked to

study the picture for 60 seconds, noting as much specific detail as possible. Then turn to page 169 and see how many of the questions you can answer from memory. Check yourself by comparing your answers to this picture. A score of seven right would be good—nine unusual. Ready? Go!



*The rhyme is at once the clue and the test  
in this double-barreled quiz that requires  
an ear for sound as well as an eye for sense*

## **Posers for the Well-Versed**

**H**ERE ARE a hundred questions insidiously disguised as a mere 50. But, unfortunately, you have to score two points for each question—or nothing. It's all part of the game, you see.

The first half of each question suggests the name of an individual, geographical location or object. The second half provides the definition of a word or phrase. Your task is to answer both halves of each question—and your clue is that the two answers to each question rhyme.

Thus, you should emerge from this quiz with 50 pairs of rhymed answers. Don't try to rhyme the name at the beginning of each question with the phrase at the end, but with the word that this phrase defines.

*Example:* What famous 19th century composer rhymes with sacred poems? "Psalms" are sacred poems, rhyming with "Brahms"; therefore,

the answer to this question would be "Brahms—psalms."

Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 60, while 70 or over is good and 80 or better is excellent. Answers to the quiz will be found on page 172.

1. What U. S. president rhymes with a current of air?
2. What ex-champion pugilist rhymes with humorous?
3. What poet rhymes with noises made by a sheep?
4. What English river rhymes with precious stones?
5. What American author rhymes with ferocious?
6. What Roman ruler rhymes with one who makes cowardly compromises?
7. What mountain range rhymes with confections?
8. What military genius rhymes with

a savage who eats human flesh?

9. What castaway rhymes with a bridal outfit?
10. What Indian tribe rhymes with the noise made by a cow?
11. What American artist rhymes with pertaining to Lent?
12. What Biblical character rhymes with a kind of plum?
13. What German poet rhymes with the handle of a boat's rudder?
14. What country rhymes with first person singular of "to be?"
15. What coin rhymes with the correspondence in sound of two words?
16. What city on the Riviera rhymes with devotee?
17. What American traitor rhymes with mongrel?
18. What tree rhymes with a fish?
19. What mineral rhymes with athletic games?
20. What Russian river rhymes with a harvester?
21. What Biblical patriarch rhymes with a long feather scarf?
22. What Latin poet rhymes with a chair?
23. What animal rhymes with a melon?
24. What foreign coin rhymes with a term in dentistry?
25. What Greek sun god rhymes with a bird?
26. What lake rhymes with lachrymose?
27. What legendary lumberjack rhymes with a vegetable?
28. What tennis player rhymes with a home-made confection?
29. What fictional skater rhymes with a mender of pans?
30. What tower rhymes with riff-raff?
31. What geographical cape rhymes with ripped?
32. What sign of the zodiac rhymes with permeable?
33. What German philosopher rhymes with peachlike?
34. What American patriot rhymes with storm?
35. What planet rhymes with astral bodies?
36. What Western city rhymes with horny?
37. What Ibsen play rhymes with vaunts?
38. What 17th century English poet rhymes with hoisting apparatus?
39. What Civil War battle rhymes with a farm structure?
40. What breed of dog rhymes with spiritual redemption?
41. What English author rhymes with lad?
42. What contemporary actress rhymes with a labyrinth?
43. What Egyptian god rhymes with a color?
44. What evangelist rhymes with a week-day?
45. What presidential candidate rhymes with resembling a luxurious fabric?
46. What pilgrim rhymes with bizarre appearance?
47. What prime minister rhymes with an article of baseball equipment?
48. What murderer rhymes with a form of precipitation?
49. What animal rhymes with a Negress servant?
50. What university rhymes with wan?



*In Europe, dictators marched, war thundered; in America, people worked and played and voted. It's all history now, covered in this quiz from '37 on*

## ***News in the Making***

PRESIDENT Roosevelt sent a "white paper" to Congress last December. It was the chronology of events leading up to the war with Japan. This quiz is a "white paper of the last five years, pointing up the big events in the world arena." What with the dictators swallowing country after country by economic-politico-military mouthfuls, with the aftermath of the greatest depression of modern times, with one historic day treading on the toes of the next, most people have become more than a little dizzy trying to get things straight. The purpose of this quiz is to see if you know the pertinent facts of the past five punch-drunk years.

There are fifty questions. Count 2 points for each correct answer. A fair score is 56 points; 64 is good; and 72 or more is excellent. Answers will be found on page 177.

1. 1940—The U. S. population was about
  - (a) 151 million
  - (b) 131 million -
  - (c) 111 million
2. 1937—Wendell Willkie
  - (a) was chosen to head the Republican presidential ticket
  - (b) visited war-torn London
  - (c) tried to arrange a peace between the Administration and the Big Utilities
3. 1939—Lou Gehrig of the New York Yankees
  - (a) died after a long illness
  - (b) broke Babe Ruth's home run record
  - (c) played in more continuous games than any other man in baseball
4. 1938—The Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year went to
  - (a) *Hellzapoppin*

(b) *You Can't Take It With You*  
 (c) *Blithe Spirit*

5. 1937—Thomas Pendergast ruled the political machine of  
 (a) Los Angeles  
 (b) Kansas City  
 (c) St. Louis

6. 1940—The Nazi invasion of the Low Countries occurred  
 (a) March 15  
 (b) May 10  
 (c) August 23

7. 1939—Judged by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the Best Actress of the year was  
 (a) Luise Rainer  
 (b) Bette Davis  
 (c) Joan Crawford

8. 1941—The symphony closely connected with the V for Victory campaign was the  
 (a) D Minor by Franck  
 (b) 5th Symphony by Beethoven  
 (c) 5th Symphony by Tschaikowsky

9. 1938—The three nations which were bound in the Anti-Communist pact were  
 (a) Japan, Germany, Italy  
 (b) Germany, Spain, Italy  
 (c) Britain, France, U. S.

10. 1939—One of the outstanding trade developments was  
 (a) the introduction of solid rubber tires in automobiles  
 (b) the introduction of F. M. in radio  
 (c) the introduction of Nylon hose

11. 1937—The average pay per wage-earner was  
 (a) \$690 per year  
 (b) \$890 per year  
 (c) \$1,590 per year

12. 1940—The new Governor-General of Canada was  
 (a) Lord Halifax  
 (b) Anthony Eden  
 (c) The Earl of Athlone

13. 1938—The representatives at the Munich Conference were  
 (a) Chamberlain, Benes, Mussolini, Hitler  
 (b) Hitler, Mussolini, Daladier, Chamberlain  
 (c) Goebbels, Churchill, Mussolini, Daladier

14. 1941—Movie-goers (according to the Gallup Poll)  
 (a) acclaimed double-features  
 (b) denounced double-features  
 (c) demanded more Nazi pictures

15. 1939—A World's Fair opened in  
 (a) Chicago and New York  
 (b) New York and Paris  
 (c) San Francisco and New York

16. 1940—Winston Churchill became Prime Minister after  
 (a) the Norwegian fiasco  
 (b) France fell, in June  
 (c) Poland went down in smoke

17. 1937—One of aviation's outstanding tragedies was  
 (a) the failure of the Nungesser-Coli flight across the Atlantic  
 (b) the Wiley Post-Will Rogers crackup in Alaska  
 (c) the Amelia Earhart - Fred Noonan disappearance in Mid-Pacific

18. 1941—Charles A. Lindbergh  
 (a) pointed out that Germany's

air force was superior to that of France, Britain, and the U. S. combined

(b) resigned from the Army Air Corps Reserve

(c) married Anne Morrow

19. 1939—The trend in U. S. movies was for

(a) gangster films

(b) biographical films

(c) documentary films

20. 1940—Roosevelt was re-elected President by winning in

(a) 43 states

(b) 28 states

(c) 38 states

21. 1938—The major complication in the California election was

(a) migrant workers

(b) the money of the movie industry

(c) old age pensions

22. 1937—Getulio Vargas was

(a) Brazil's president

(b) the winner of the Indianapolis Speedway classic

(c) Franco's rival for leadership in Spain

23. 1941—The government's new income tax bill lowered personal exemptions to

(a) \$1,500

(b) \$750

(c) \$500

24. 1939—The U. S. Army was equal in size to

(a) Germany's

(b) Italy's

(c) Britain's

25. 1940—The Republican Convention was held in

(a) St. Louis

(b) Chicago

(c) Philadelphia

26. 1937—The nation with the heaviest investment in China was

(a) U. S.

(b) Japan

(c) Great Britain

27. 1938—The president of Czechoslovakia was

(a) Emil Ley

(b) Seiss-Inquart

(c) Edouard Benes

28. 1940—Henry Ford announced he could build

(a) 2,000 planes a week

(b) 1,000 planes a day after six months' preparation

(c) 50,000 planes a year

29. 1941—The outstanding event in Japanese-Russian dealings was

(a) Soviet recognition of Manchukuo

(b) the Japanese invasion of Northern Siberia

(c) a mutual pledge of neutrality in case of attack on one of them by a third power

30. 1938—The Surgeon General of the U. S. was

(a) Dr. Thomas Parran

(b) Dr. Charles Mayo

(c) Dr. Royal S. Copeland

31. 1940—Labor's latest estimate of unemployment was

(a) 3 million

(b) 6 million

(c) 8 million

32. 1937—The new and sensational drug discovery hailed in medical circles everywhere

was called  
(a) sulphanilimide  
(b) ethylene  
(c) protomine insulin

33. 1941—Joe DiMaggio made baseball history when he  
(a) hit five home runs in one game  
(b) hit in more consecutive games than any other player in baseball history  
(c) broke Babe Ruth's long string home run record

34. 1939—The two largest navies in order were  
(a) Britain, U. S.  
(b) Britain, Japan  
(c) Germany, Britain

35. 1937—The nation's newest racket smasher was  
(a) J. Edgar Hoover  
(b) Frank Murphy  
(c) Thomas E. Dewey

36. 1941—*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was revived for the nation's movie-goers with  
(a) Fredric March in the lead  
(b) Lon Chaney in the lead  
(c) Spencer Tracy in the lead

37. 1938—Spending more money per capita than any other nation was  
(a) France  
(b) Germany  
(c) Great Britain

38. 1940—The new baby-voiced singing sensation was  
(a) Dolly Kay  
(b) Ethel Waters  
(c) Bonnie Baker

39. 1937—Russia made headlines all over the world with  
(a) an attack on Japan  
(b) war on Finland  
(c) widespread internal political purges

40. 1941—One of the "greatest battles of all time" took place at one of these places  
(a) Rostov  
(b) Jena  
(c) Tobruk

41. 1940—The authorized strength of the U. S. Army was  
(a) 740,000  
(b) 280,000  
(c) 510,000

42. 1937—Frank Hague was mayor of  
(a) Boston, Mass.  
(b) Jersey City, N. J.  
(c) Kansas City, Mo.

43. 1938—The top picture for juvenile movie-fans was  
(a) *Ferdinand*  
(b) *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*  
(c) *Fantasia*

44. 1941—General Rommel was in charge of the Libyan operations of  
(a) England  
(b) Italy  
(c) Germany

45. 1937—In Belgium the Fascists were known as  
(a) the Iron Guard  
(b) the Cross of Fire  
(c) Rexists

46. 1938—Orson Welles achieved national fame with his  
(a) movie *Citizen Kane*  
(b) "Broadcast from Mars"  
(c) public denunciation of Hollywood

47. 1937—R. C. A. brought out of retirement the following famous conductor

- Walter Damrosch
- Arturo Toscanini
- Leopold Stokowski

48. 1937—The unemployed in the U. S. was estimated at

- 25 million
- 17 million
- 11 million

49. 1939—"Total war" as perfected by the Germans, was the brain child of

- Douhet
- General de Gaulle
- General "Billy" Mitchell

50. 1940—The *Bismarck* sank the British battleship

- Sydney
- Prince of Wales
- Hood



### **Questions for "I Saw It with My Own Eyes"**

*(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 162.)*

- There is a Chattanooga sign
  - pointing right
  - pointing left
  - pointing right and left
- Knoxville is
  - 4 miles distant
  - 75 miles distant
  - 31 miles distant
- The closest town is
  - Homestead
  - Meadville
  - Rockwood
- The farthest town is
  - Wilson
  - Chattanooga
  - Canton
- The base for the road signs is made of
  - wood planking
  - concrete
  - rock and mortar
- The base is
  - circular
  - square
  - triangular
- The base has a
  - vertical striping design
  - horizontal striping design
  - all one color
- In the background are
  - one automobile
  - two automobiles
  - three automobiles
- One of the following names is not listed on the directors:
  - Kingston
  - Pikeville
  - Daleville
- In the background is
  - a schoolhouse
  - a country church
  - a house



*People you should know—because they're always in the news. Just in case you do not know, we'll furnish you with clues*

## **Whom Do You Know?**

**N**AMES MAKE NEWS, goes an old newspaper maxim—and the names in this quiz would put a smile on the toughest city editor's face. See how many personalities you can connect with the events that made them famous.

Methods of answering and scoring this quiz are a little unusual—but if you follow the directions, you'll find they're very simple, and full of fun.

There are 25 questions; for each question, you are given four clues. The object is to write down the correct answer as early in the game as possible.

Rule a sheet of paper in four columns, labeling them, respectively, "Clue A," "Clue B," "Clue C" and "Clue D;" then write the numbers 1 to 25 down the left hand side. Now you are ready to take the test.

Look at the following column with identifying phrases under "Clue A."

What person comes to mind, for instance, at the phrase "Wonder Boy"? If you don't know the answer, never mind—leave it and go on to the phrase below it. Try to write all the names you can before glancing at the next column. You'll probably have some blank spaces, but don't worry, you have three more chances for each.

When you look through the column giving Clue B, you are given a second hint as to the identity of the person in question. Follow through this set as you did with the first, and then go on to the third column; "Clue C." Finally, as a last chance, there is the fourth set of phrases under "Clue D." You can change your answers as you go along, but the last name you write is the one that counts. And the last clue you use is the one that determines the score. It's perfectly all right to refer to any of the preceding columns—but to play fair,

peeking ahead is out.

Count four points for each correct answer on your sheet under the column you have headed "Clue A;" three points for each correct answer under "Clue B;" two points for each under "Clue C;" and one point for each under "Clue D." If your answer is wrong, give yourself zero. A score of 70 points or more is excellent; 60 points is good, and if you make 50, you're doing fairly well.

If you're at a party, where the phrases are called off to the crowd, of course you can follow one personality through all four clues before taking up the next question. In that case, you'd chalk up your score as you went. Answers are on page 176.

#### **Clue A**

1. Wonder Boy
2. Texan Nightingale
3. Fiddling Scientist
4. Black Jack
5. East Side Governor
6. Chief Bum
7. Coast-to-Coast Commuter
8. Toothache in Florida
9. The Outstanding Living Norwegian
10. Scrooge
11. Music Pictorializer
12. Flash Maker
13. Jazz Pioneer
14. Ex-Leatherneck Heavyweight
15. Bride of Adventure
16. Fire Engine Chaser
17. Pioneer Braintruster
18. Heartless Comedian
19. Munich Escapist
20. Remember the Maine!

21. Evening Colonel
22. First Congresswoman
23. Boer War Correspondent
24. Maestro in Exile
25. Moocher Man

#### **Clue B**

1. Rosebud
2. Shy voice
3. Princeton Professor
4. Arizona Convalescent
5. Boss of world's tallest building
6. Lippy
7. Mistress of Hyde Park
8. First Lady of the Bahamas
9. Three-time Olympic Winner
10. Dr. Gillespie
11. Cartoonist in Celluloid
12. Calling Mr. and Mrs. America
13. A Battered Top Hat
14. Shakespearian Student
15. Safari Heroine
16. Little Flower
17. One Man Cabinet
18. Pinocchio's Counterpart
19. So You Won't Talk, eh?
20. Newspaper Titan
21. Republican Cabinet Member
22. Montana Representative
23. Ex-Admiralty Lord
24. Scoreless Conductor
25. Witch Doctor in a White Tie

#### **Clue C**

1. Man from Mars
2. Tucker Songbird
3. Fugitive from Hitler
4. 81-Year-Old Volunteer
5. Ex-Presidential Candidate
6. Brooklyn Hero
7. My Day
8. American-born Duchess

9. Mrs. Dan Topping  
 10. Rasputin  
 11. Animal Director  
 12. Broadway Insider  
 13. Cane Twirler  
 14. Naval Conditioner  
 15. Paradise Dweller  
 16. Air Warden No. 1  
 17. Ex-W. P. A. Head  
 18. Bergen's Mouthpiece  
 19. Britain's Headline Prisoner  
 20. Septuagenarian  
 21. Midwest Publisher  
 22. Pioneer Suffragist  
 23. Blood, Sweat and Tears  
 24. Orchestral Idol  
 25. Jive Originator

**Clue D**

1. Mercury Player  
 2. Oh Johnny  
 3. Relativity

4. Ex-A. E. F. Commander  
 5. Brown Derby Glorifier  
 6. Baseball's Bad Boy  
 7. First Lady  
 8. The Woman I Love  
 9. Ice Pavlova  
 10. Wheel-Chair Movie Star  
 11. Mouse Glorifier  
 12. Orchid Donor  
 13. Is Everybody Happy?  
 14. Gentleman Pugilist  
 15. Veldt Queen  
 16. Fiery Fiorello  
 17. Roosevelt's Man Friday  
 18. I'll Mow You Down  
 19. Ex-Number Three Nazi  
 20. San Simeon  
 21. Navy Chief  
 22. Congressional War Dissenter  
 23. Britain's War Leader  
 24. N. B. C. Concert Leader  
 25. Sister Blanche

**Answers to "Posers for the Well-Versed"**

1. Taft-draft  
 2. Tunney-funny  
 3. Keats-bleats  
 4. Thames-gems  
 5. Bierce-fierce  
 6. Caesar-apeaser  
 7. Andes-candies  
 8. Hannibal-cannibal  
 9. Crusoe-trousseau  
 10. Sioux-moo  
 11. Benton-lenten  
 12. Samson-Damson  
 13. Schiller-tiller  
 14. Siam-I am  
 15. Dime-rhyme  
 16. Cannes-fan  
 17. Burr-cur

18. Birch-perch  
 19. Quartz-sports  
 20. Dnieper-reaper  
 21. Noah-boa  
 22. Horace-Morris  
 23. Antelope-canteloupe  
 24. Shilling-filling  
 25. Apollo-swallow  
 26. Erie-teary  
 27. Bunyan-onion  
 28. Budge-fudge  
 29. Brinker-tinker  
 30. Babel-rabble  
 31. Horn-torn  
 32. Taurus-porous  
 33. Nietzsche-peachy

34. Hale-gale  
 35. Mars-stars  
 36. Dallas-callous  
 37. Ghosts-boasts  
 38. Herrick-derrick  
 39. Shiloh-silo  
 40. Dalmatian-salvation  
 41. Kipling-stripling  
 42. Hayes-maze  
 43. Ra-gray  
 44. Sunday-Monday  
 45. Willkie-silky  
 46. Standish-outlandish  
 47. Pitt-mitt  
 48. Cain-rain  
 49. Chamois-mammy  
 50. Yale-pale



*Of special interest to an America at war—these fifty questions on her armed forces, now bravely fighting for freedom on land and sea and in the air*

## **What's Your Army and Navy I. Q.?**

UNITED we are engaged, each in our own way, in concentrating our entire thoughts and actions in polishing off the rude aggressors of truth and freedom. Today we are not mere wishful thinkers who know what's wrong and hesitate doing anything about it. Today we are active participants who know exactly what's wrong and are resolved to correct it with all possible expediency.

Therefore daily our attention is rigidly and steadfastly fixed upon those who are directly responsible for the fulfillment of our future—our Army and Navy.

These questions deal with some of the on-the-surface facts that every American might or should know about his soldiers, sailors and marines.

Answers are on page 177.

1. The title of Commander-in-Chief is at present held by  
(a) General Ben Lear

- (b) Franklin D. Roosevelt
- (c) General George Marshall

2. A cadet of West Point upon graduation receives the rank of
  - (a) first lieutenant
  - (b) second lieutenant
  - (c) captain
3. The marines are under the authority of the
  - (a) War Department
  - (b) Navy Department
  - (c) Treasury Department
4. To signify his rank, the brigadier general has upon his epaulets
  - (a) one star
  - (b) two stars
  - (c) three stars
5. Big guns, for instance the 16-inchers, are classified as such by the measuring of
  - (a) the diameter of the barrel
  - (b) the circumference of the barrel
  - (c) the length of the shell
6. The first rank above captain in

the U. S. Army is

- major
- lieutenant-colonel
- first lieutenant

7. The smallest group in the U. S. Army complete with practically all units or arms is a

- regiment
- division
- company

8. A panzer division is almost completely made up of

- cavalry
- motorized troops
- artillery

9. United States battle cruisers are named after the

- states
- cities
- presidents

10. Experts claim the greatest discovery in modern warfare is the effectiveness of the

- dive bomber
- two-man submarine
- battleship

11. The next ranking officer below Admiral is

- captain
- vice-admiral
- rear-admiral

12. The Army barracks are the

- guardhouses
- living quarters
- parade grounds

13. The M. P. acts in the capacity of

- police
- sentry
- orderly

14. A regular Army corps is composed of

- medical regiments

(b) two machine-gun battalions

(c) two or more divisions

15. Submarines, when submerged, see above the surface of the water through a

- stethoscope
- stereoscope
- periscope

16. The school which is sometimes spoken of as the "West Point of the Air" is

- Kelly Field
- Langley Field
- Randolph Field

17. When in camp, a soldier purchases his cigarettes from the

- cantonment
- canteen
- delicatessen

18. If a soldier is suspected guilty of a major offense, he is brought before the

- local court
- State Appellate Court
- Board of Court Martial

19. The "first line" ships of the U.S. Navy are

- destroyers
- submarines
- battleships

20. The lowest commissioned officer in the Navy is

- petty officer
- ensign
- boatswain's mate

21. Soldiers are always ordered to breakstep

- before the reviewing stand
- when dismissed from rank
- crossing a bridge

22. Reveille is the call to

- retire

(b) get up  
(c) drill

23. On shipboard, the time 12:30 is sounded by  
(a) one bell  
(b) two bells  
(c) three bells

24. Destroyers, when combatting submerged submarines, use mainly  
(a) depth bombs  
(b) mines  
(c) torpedoes

25. A U. S. Army battalion is commanded by a  
(a) colonel  
(b) brigadier general  
(c) major

26. In the Army dictionary, furlough means  
(a) honorable discharge  
(b) leave of absence  
(c) Army mile

27. A battery is a term used in  
(a) cavalry  
(b) artillery  
(c) tank units

28. The Naval rank of captain is equal to the Army rank of  
(a) captain  
(b) colonel  
(c) major

29. The officer who accompanies the general on official duties, assisting him when necessary is an  
(a) adjutant  
(b) aide-de-camp  
(c) orderly

30. A corporal has upon his arm to signify his rank  
(a) one stripe  
(b) two stripes

(c) three stripes

31. U.S. Destroyers are named after  
(a) famous battles  
(b) states  
(c) noted Americans

32. Soldiers are told which uniform to wear every day by the  
(a) officer of the day  
(b) top sergeant  
(c) company commander

33. The word that most closely describes the quartermaster's duty is one of the following  
(a) bridges  
(b) signals  
(c) supply

34. The U.S. Coast Guard, until last year, was affiliated with the  
(a) Navy Department  
(b) Treasury Department  
(c) Labor Department

35. The highest United States award of valor a soldier can obtain is  
(a) Victoria Cross  
(b) The Congressional Medal of Honor  
(c) The Distinguished Service Cross

36. A sailor or soldier obtaining a commission receives it from  
(a) his superior officer  
(b) his senator  
(c) the U.S. Government

37. The Army school attended only by officers is  
(a) Annapolis  
(b) Army War College  
(c) West Point

38. A ship that is equal to anything on the water but a heavy battleship, and yet noted for speed and fighting power is a

(a) submarine  
 (b) destroyer  
 (c) cruiser

39. The mess sergeant's duties are to  
 (a) supervise laundering  
 (b) drill  
 (c) cook

40. A "barrage" is a creation of the  
 (a) infantry  
 (b) engineers  
 (c) artillery

41. The general's staff has as its chief purpose to  
 (a) guard the general  
 (b) advise the general  
 (c) run errands

42. The adjutant usually  
 (a) handles the records  
 (b) wakes the bugler  
 (c) commands a regiment

43. A "non-com" is a corporal or a  
 (a) private  
 (b) sergeant  
 (c) second lieutenant

44. During a battle, the captain of a ship directs the action from the  
 (a) bridge  
 (b) crow's nest  
 (c) deck

45. The flagship of the fleet

(a) carries the flag  
 (b) houses the fleet commander  
 (c) is the largest ship

46. Quantico, Virginia, is the famed encampment of the  
 (a) Army  
 (b) Air Corps  
 (c) Marines

47. The war that the U.S. Navy could claim as entirely their victory was  
 (a) War of 1812  
 (b) World War I  
 (c) Mexican War

48. Pensacola, Florida, is noted as the training school for the  
 (a) Coast guard  
 (b) Air-Raid Defense  
 (c) Naval Air Corps

49. The ship that outdated the old wooden battleships was the  
 (a) *Monitor*  
 (b) *Constitution*  
 (c) *North Carolina*

50. The man who wasn't a four-star wearer (general) of the U.S. Army was  
 (a) Pershing  
 (b) Washington  
 (c) Grant

### *Answers to "Whom Do You Know?"*

|                       |                      |                         |
|-----------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Orson Welles       | 9. Sonja Henie       | 18. Charlie McCarthy    |
| 2. Bonnie Baker       | 10. Lionel Barrymore | 19. Rudolph Hess        |
| 3. Albert Einstein    | 11. Walt Disney      | 20. Wm. Randolph Hearst |
| 4. General Pershing   | 12. Walter Winchell  | 21. Colonel Frank Knox  |
| 5. Al Smith           | 13. Ted Lewis        | 22. Jeanette Rankin     |
| 6. Leo Durocher       | 14. Gene Tunney      | 23. Winston Churchill   |
| 7. Eleanor Roosevelt  | 15. Osa Johnson      | 24. Arturo Toscanini    |
| 8. Duchess of Windsor | 16. Mayor LaGuardia  | 25. Cab Calloway        |
|                       | 17. Harry Hopkins    |                         |

### **Answers to "News in the Making"**

|        |         |         |         |         |         |         |
|--------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (b) | 8. (b)  | 15. (c) | 22. (a) | 30. (a) | 37. (c) | 44. (c) |
| 2. (c) | 9. (a)  | 16. (a) | 23. (b) | 31. (c) | 38. (c) | 45. (c) |
| 3. (c) | 10. (c) | 17. (c) | 24. (c) | 32. (a) | 39. (c) | 46. (b) |
| 4. (b) | 11. (b) | 18. (b) | 25. (c) | 33. (b) | 40. (a) | 47. (b) |
| 5. (b) | 12. (c) | 19. (b) | 26. (c) | 34. (a) | 41. (b) | 48. (c) |
| 6. (b) | 13. (b) | 20. (c) | 27. (c) | 35. (c) | 42. (b) | 49. (a) |
| 7. (a) | 14. (b) | 21. (c) | 28. (b) | 36. (c) | 43. (a) | 50. (c) |

### **Answers to "What's Your Army and Navy I. Q.?"**

|      |       |       |       |       |       |       |
|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. b | 8. b  | 15. c | 22. b | 30. b | 37. b | 44. a |
| 2. b | 9. b  | 16. c | 23. a | 31. c | 38. c | 45. b |
| 3. b | 10. a | 17. b | 24. a | 32. a | 39. c | 46. c |
| 4. a | 11. b | 18. c | 25. c | 33. c | 40. c | 47. a |
| 5. a | 12. b | 19. c | 26. b | 34. b | 41. b | 48. c |
| 6. a | 13. a | 20. b | 27. b | 35. b | 42. a | 49. a |
| 7. b | 14. c | 21. c | 28. b | 36. c | 43. b | 50. b |

### **Part Time Profits**

In past months, a very substantial number of men and women from nearly all walks of life have made welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Representing Coronet in your community or your neighborhood provides a simple and dignified means of securing extra pleasures which you might otherwise be unable to afford. At the same time, too, this extra-income activity has another less monetary reward—the knowledge that you will be introducing others to Coronet's illuminating and entertaining editorial content. Probably there are enough prospective Coronet readers in your own circle of friends to give you a handsome return, since the remuneration is more than generous. If you are interested in joining the rapidly growing number of men and women who are thus securing extra-income profits by acting as part-time Coronet Representatives in their communities, you need only write to Richard Harrington, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Promptly upon receipt of your request, all necessary particulars will be forwarded to you.

## **Censors with a Smile**

Censorship came to the United States last January 15th. But not like any censorship you've ever heard

about. For one thing, it came in the form of a cordial, well composed memorandum. And for another, the entire word family of "must," "demand," etc. was notably absent from the four polite pages.

Besides, it sprang more from the repeated requests of anxious editors than from any desire of our administration to curb what may be read. Coronet, at least, was tickled pink to receive a copy. For us, it solved many questions of "Shall we print this?"—questions which previously we had settled painlessly by omission, just to be on the safe side. Now we know.

But, as the direct mail circular would say, don't take our word for it—see for yourself. We quote:

"A maximum of accomplishment will be attained if editors will ask themselves with respect to any given detail, 'Is this information I would like to have if I were the enemy?' and then act accordingly.

"The result of such a process will hardly represent 'business as usual.' But it will not mean an editorial blackout. It is the hope and expectation of the Office of Censorship that the columns of American publications will remain the freest in the world, and will tell the story of our national successes and shortcomings accurately and in much detail."

Then follows a rather complete list of types of information which might aid the enemy. And that is all—not a single "or else" clause!

Needless to say, Coronet is proud to follow these important suggestions to the letter—and proud of our pre-memorandum record of self-censorship within their then unwritten limits.

## ***The Coronet Dividend Coupon***

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



### **READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 15**

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,  
919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I may receive the gatefold, *Winning Tack*, as my free April reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain, either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

- The American Sporting Scene (enclose 10c)
- Winning Tack: Painting by Montague Dawson (no charge)
- Daughter of Ceres: Color Photograph by Martin Munkaci (enclose 10c)

Name.....  
(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)

Address.....

City..... State.....

**Note:** Reprints may be ordered only on this coupon—valid to April 25, 1942

## **The Coronet Workshop**

### **RESULTS OF BALLOTING ON PROJECT #17**

You lined them up, surveyed the field and picked December as Coronet's Outstanding Cover for 1941.

But what the editors found most interesting was that *every single cover during 1941 was in the running!* This is how the issues stacked up:

|           |     |
|-----------|-----|
| January   | 9%  |
| February  | 6%  |
| March     | 7%  |
| April     | 2%  |
| May       | 7%  |
| June      | 4%  |
| July      | 5%  |
| August    | 2%  |
| September | 16% |

|          |     |
|----------|-----|
| October  | 12% |
| November | 6%  |
| December | 20% |

Four per cent could make no choice.

Some of you frankly said that you disapproved of the new cover at first, but that now you'd changed your minds. On the other hand, many said that, attracted by the covers, they bought Coronet for the first time in 1941.

Finally, you have told us that the cover has become, more and more, an invitation to look inside.

We cannot ask for more than that.

### **WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #17**

For the best letters on Project No. 17, first prize has been awarded to Roy Pascal, Jamaica, Long Island; second prize goes to Mrs. Floyd Appleton, Jamaica, Long Island; and third prize to Adrian L. Estey, New York City.

## **Project #21**

### **WAR SUBJECTS IN ARTICLES AND STORIES**

When you pick up your copy of Coronet, is it to get away from thoughts of the war? Or do you feel that it is impossible to steer clear of a subject that these days is absorbing most of our time and thought? Perhaps you want even more articles with a war slant—informative pieces that begin where your radio and newspaper leave off. Tell us if Coronet should:

- a.** Extensively carry articles and stories with a war slant.
- b.** Hold to the same proportion as in recent issues.
- c.** Keep articles and stories on the war to a minimum.

Best letters may win \$25 first prize, \$15 second prize or \$5 third prize. All letters should be addressed to Coronet Workshop, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois, and postmarked no later than April 25th.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



**Eileen Wilson (p. 26)**



**Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (p. 104)**



**John Kieran (p. 18)**



**Richard Sale (p. 10)**

## *Between These Covers*

• • • Eileen Wilson, author of *Advice to Pregnant Husbands*, is possibly less indulgent to expectant mothers than most. Not until six weeks before her son was born did anyone but hubby know . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was President Roosevelt's first publicity chief. FDR says he has known Neil longer than Neil has known him: he was present at the christening . . . John Kieran is never more amazing than when explaining nature lore, unless it is when reminiscing over sports as in *Brawn, Sweat and Glory* . . . Richard Sale is a fourth generation New Yorker whose hobby is model railroading.



HALLOWEEN  
YOU  
A BOO